



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

January

15c

20¢ in Canada



Bing
Crosby's
Human Side
Revealed

Margaret Sullavan
Offers Prizes in
Cover Girl
Contest



*The Natives of
Spitzbergen*

PERSPIRE on ICE... yet *Seldom Catch Cold*

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at \$450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to

produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so

common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue*. At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and

less severe colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



For Colds and Sore Throat.. LISTERINE.. The Safe Antiseptic

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-15
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Tom Kennedy, *Assistant Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Two Big Contests in the Next Issue!

WATCH for our next issue! You'll be given the unique opportunity to compete in TWO contests, both offering tempting prizes. The February issue of SCREENLAND, on sale December 21, presents the chance for you to capitalize your cleverness and ingenuity, without any involved and complicated work; both contests will be simple and straightforward, with no difficult effort for the contestants; but with ample opportunity to exercise your brains and originality.

You will enjoy entering these two contests, with the inspiration of prizes well worth your consideration. May we suggest that you place your order with your news-dealer *now* to reserve your copy of the February SCREENLAND.

January, 1935

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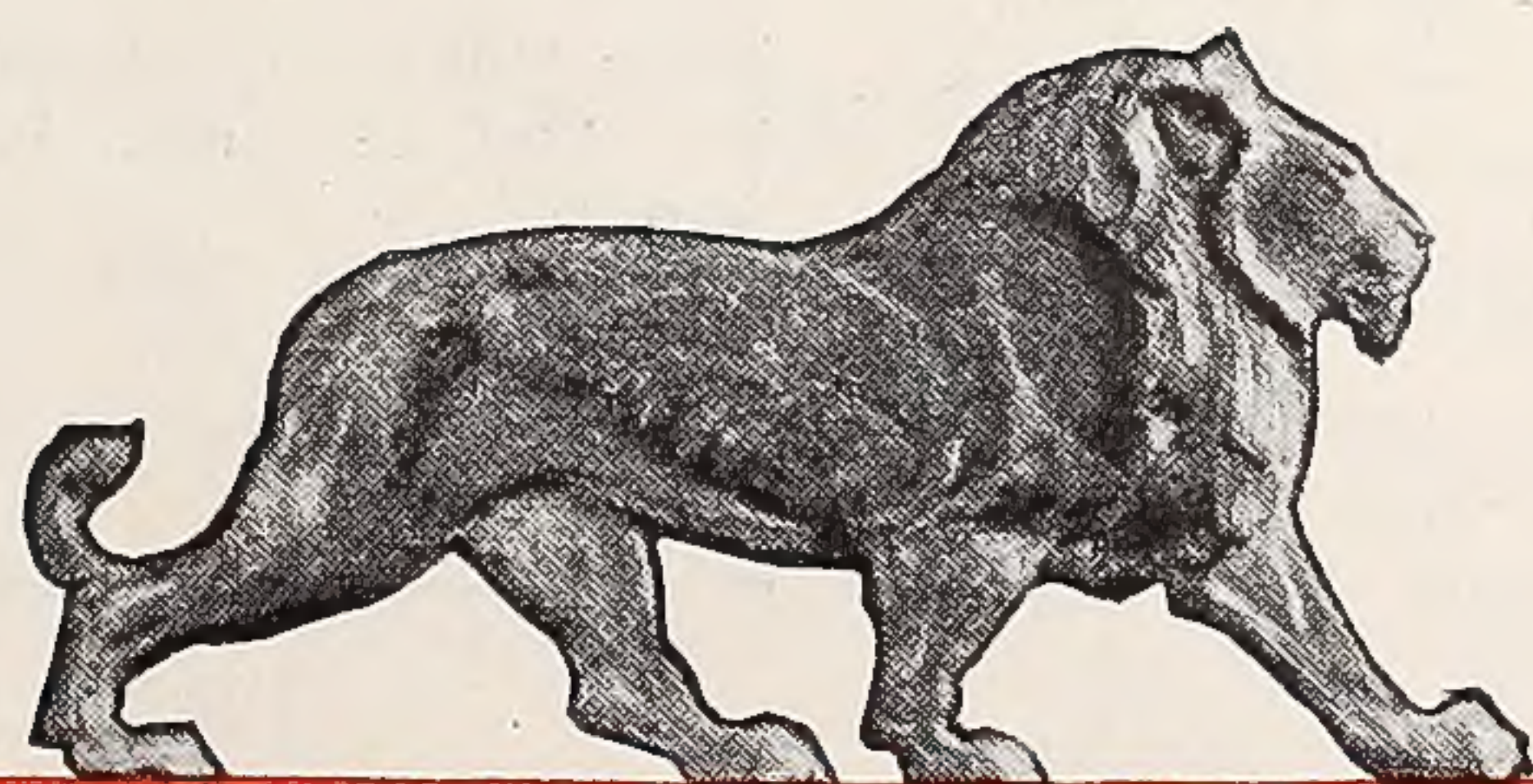
Printed in the U. S. A.

DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO - Goldwyn - MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Salutes and Snubs

"Talkies" produced by the fans
for their own theatre of opinion

The first eight letters receive
prizes of \$5.00 each

Let it never be said that the picture-goers who read SCREENLAND lack the courage of their convictions, or that with them is there any scarcity of ideas for constructive suggestion as to what makes good pictures and great screen personalities.

Here in these letters is abundant proof that the fans know what they like, and are capable of offering advice that might be taken to heart with profit by casting directors and story editors of even the smartest of the Hollywood show shops.

Many fine pictures, and some great stars get Salutes that do them proud. For example, read what Mrs. B. R. Gills has to say about the inspirational effect produced by "The Barretts of Wimpole Street;" and Miss Dee Kirk's suggestion for the ideal rôle for Mary Pickford—read all the letters, for in every one you'll find an interesting idea or a stimulating thought.

Now how about YOUR letter, setting forth your own ideas, and registering your Salute or Snub. Remember, a good idea goes for nothing if you fail to give expression to it. So write down your ideas, send them to this department and have your comment on pictures spread on the record. Incidentally, and very importantly, your letter may win a prize. Letters should be restricted to fifty words each, and mailed to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

UNDER BEAUTY'S SPELL

I'm still under the spell of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"! My faded wall paper and frayed denim curtains have an air of perkiness; everything seems gayer!

Please, can't we have more pictures of such ethereal beauty and fine old romance? The world changes but love and romance never!

Mrs. B. R. Gills,
235 Hood St.,
Lynchburg, Va.

BABY TAKE AN ENCORE!

A dash of honey and spice and all things that are nice, that's Shirley Temple, the biggest little star on the screen today! A dainty elf whose angelic face creeps into your heart to stay. With every mother inwardly sighing—"Ah, if she were only mine!"

Fanny Kelly,
1318 W. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

LO SPEAKS UP!

Lo! the Poor Indian, the Vanishing American! We, the redskins, should have a break in a big feature. Let the public

Shirley Temple will need more stockings than that to accommodate what Santa will bring if old St. Nick follows the overwhelming plaudits and good wishes of our readers in voting Shirley the greatest of favorites of the screen, as they do this month in letters of Salute to as infectious a little personality as ever proved herself a fine actress.

hear what an Indian has to say as a hero, in a real true Indian story, based on some of our lives rather than material written by some writer who does not know us.

Art Wakolee,
Indian Reservation,
Irving, N. Y.

CELLULOID AND CULTURE

When I hear somebody say "There's nothing to do in this town but go to the movies," I wonder what some small towns I know would be like without pictures.

Movies, presenting life in many localities, give small-townners a background which can support them in contacts with more widely traveled people.

Lucretia Money,
McComb, Miss.

PROFESSOR PICKFORD!

Mary Pickford belongs with children, and I wish she could appear in the rôle of a modern school teacher. There is plenty of "dramatic content" and "comedy relief" in a schoolroom—and picturesque romance for the teacher, too! (Yes, I'm one of 'em.)

Dee Kirk,
2111 G St.,
Bakersfield, Calif.

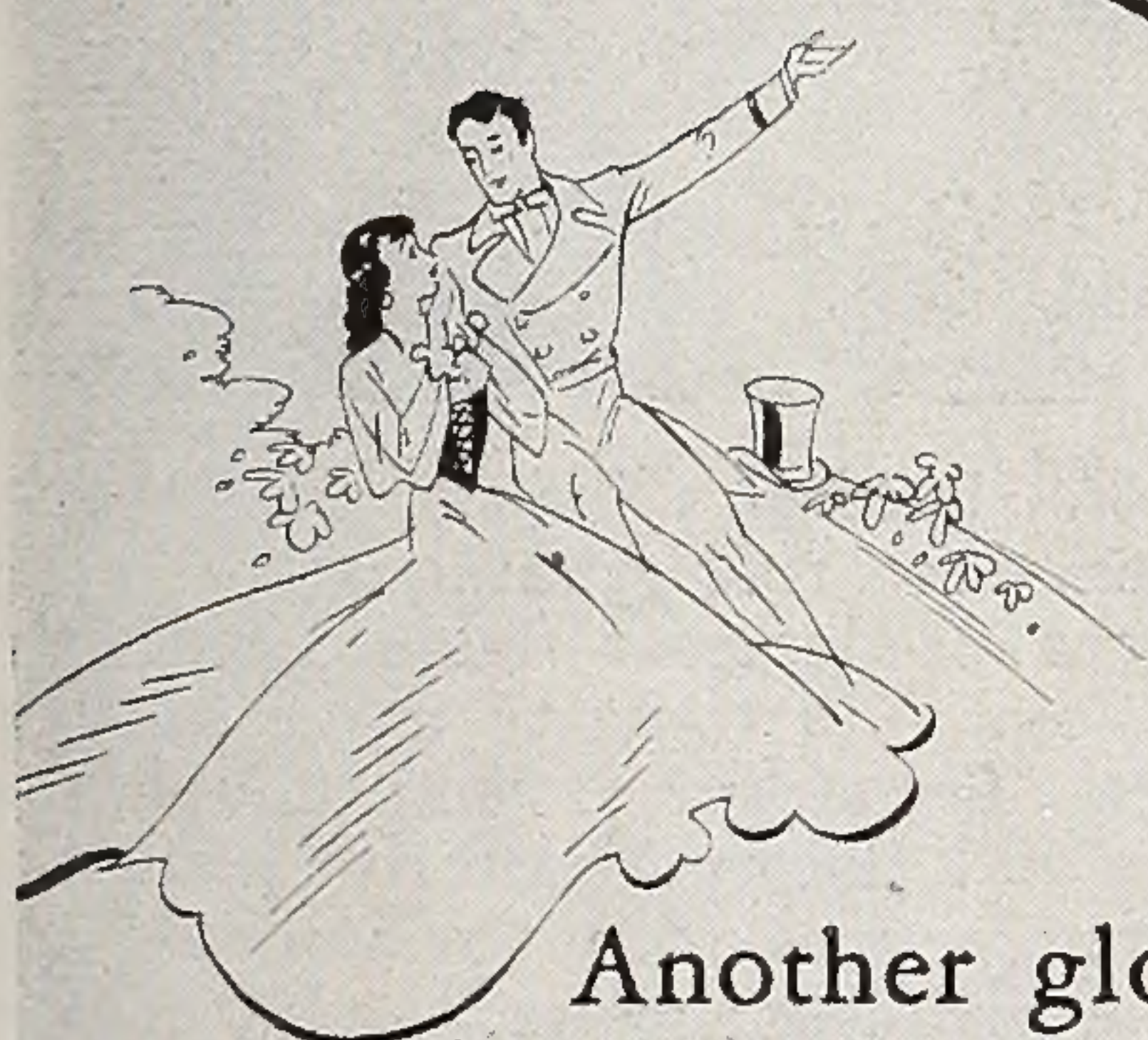
TRULY RURAL

Several pictures have gone rural lately. With their influence—they were so thoroughly enjoyable—I am wondering if the near future will not find us all back to the

(Continued on page 89)



RKO - Radio's Christmas Gift to the World



Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the

Katharine
HEPBURN
in **"THE LITTLE MINISTER"**

by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

With JOHN BEALE and ALAN HALE

An RKO-Radio Picture

Directed by Richard Wallace • A Pandro S. Berman Production

fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!



The Age
of Inno-
cence
R-K-O-
Radio

As the title indicates this harks back to the lavender and old lace days, with Irene Dunne beautiful in the quaint costumes, and John Boles again as the man whom fate tricks into marrying the wrong woman. Both suffer along denying their love its fulfillment. That element makes it seem repetitious for both Miss Dunne and Mr. Boles. But the sentiment is effective just the same. And the acting notably good.



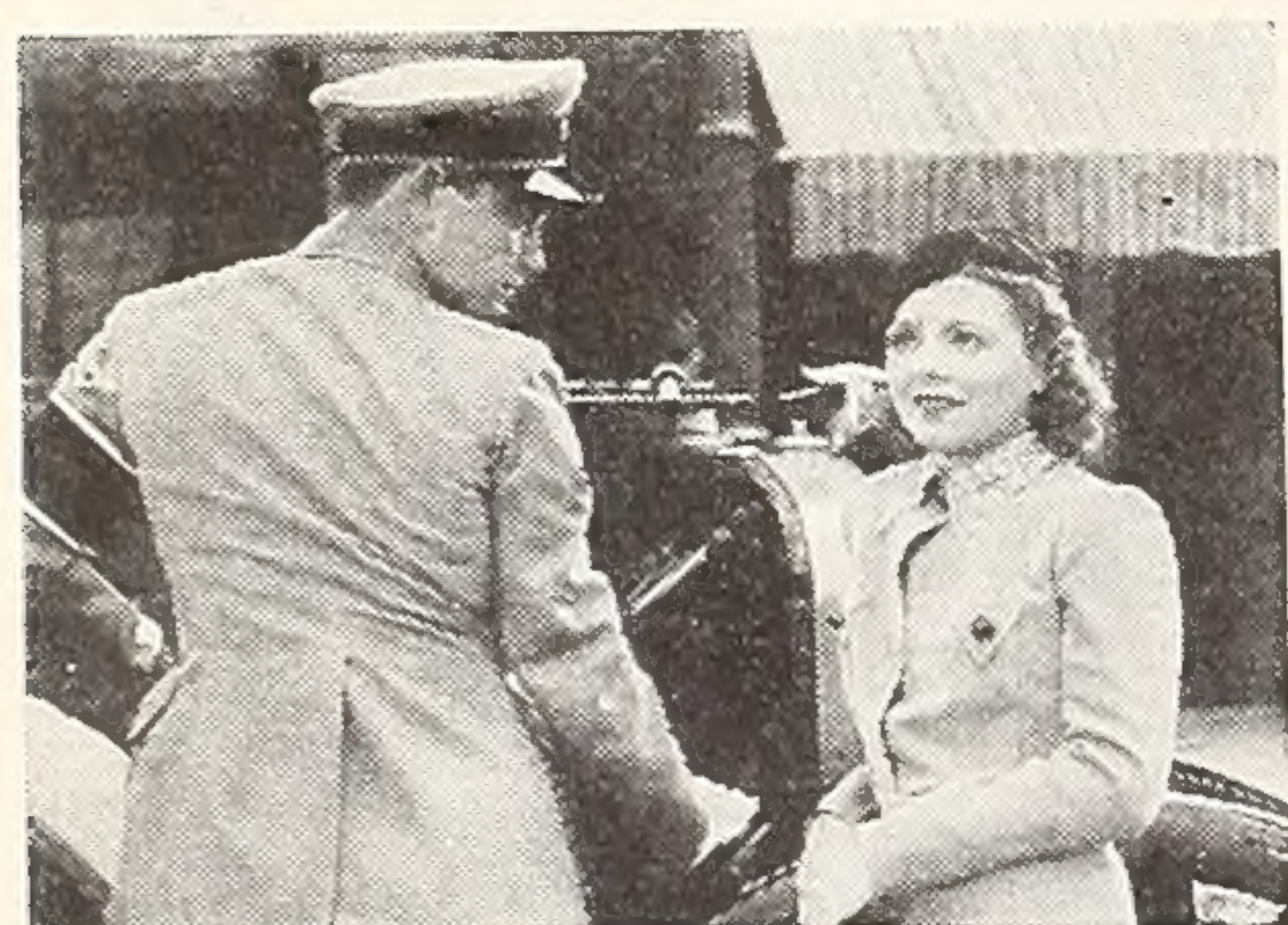
Car-
van
Fox

A lavish and beautiful production frames this dull story about an Hungarian princess who marries a gypsy to fulfill provisions of a will, and be free of an arranged wedding, only to find the chap they had picked for her is the man she loves. Loretta Young is the lady of rank—beautiful and charming she is. Jean Parker as the gypsy girl steals the show. Charles Boyer is grand as the gypsy, and Phillips Holmes good as the hero.



Little
Friend
Gaumont
British

Worth going out of your way to see if only for the reason you can make the acquaintance of Nova Pilbeam, English girl of extraordinary promise. It is the story, entirely from the child's standpoint, of what suffering there is for the girl when her parents separate. It is very British, so far as speech goes, but there are moments of very moving appeal to the heart, to which every adult will respond. Very moving drama.



Serv-
ant's
Entrance
Fox

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres return as a romantic team and again provide the appeal the Gaynor fans crave. This is an improbable but interesting story in which an heiress chooses to be a kitchen slavey. Of course, this eventually proves the road to real romance. There are some flashes of good humor and some comedy. But chiefly this is a vehicle for the presence on the screen of justly popular favorites, especially Janet.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

Du
Barry
Warners



A gorgeously caparisoned parade of historical characters led by the *Du Barry* who rose from the Paris gutters to rule France through her sway over the sensual Louis XV. The treatment is light, the aim is for amusement and robust guffaws at the silly intrigue which permeated the court of "The Grand Monarch." Dolores Del Rio is beautiful, while Reginald Owen steals the show as *Louis*. A rich but flavorless dish.



The St.
Louis
Kid
Warners

A grand offering, full of melodrama, comedy, and fast-moving action. The plot concerns a feud between truck drivers carrying dairy products, and the farmers. Jimmy Cagney, truck driver, is in jail for fighting, but gets out long enough to take his gal to a dance. The girl is kidnapped and a farmer murdered. Again Cagney escapes jail, and solves everything. Cagney is splendid, and so are Patricia Ellis and Allen Jenkins.

Now
and
Forever
Para-
mount



You'll be seeing this because of Shirley Temple and Gary Cooper, and you'll be enjoying it because of them, and also because of Carole Lombard and Sir Guy Standing. Shirley is again the girl whose daddy is a crook—a very smooth one as represented by Gary Cooper—but who reforms because of her. It is not so infectious as "Baby Take a Bow," but there's good theatre value in the dramatic scenes in which La Temple figures.

Mrs.
Wiggs
of the
Cabbage
Patch
Para-
mount



Well, here's *Mrs. Wiggs*, and all the *Wiggs* children, *Miss Hazy*, and *Stubbins* and with them the broadly appealing pathos and boisterous comedy naturally attendant upon the mere presence of W. C. Fields. Really, what more could you ask from an evening at the movies? Pauline Lord makes an auspicious debut; Zasu Pitts, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, George Breakston, all the cast are fine. By all means see it.

Have A
Heart
M-G-M



Jean Parker in her first starring rôle comes through with flying colors—as do also Jimmy Dunn, Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel, the other principals. That's a tribute to all of them, for the material is not of the best in this melodramatic comedy which shows Jean as a little lame princess who fights her way to eventual cure of her infirmity and wins the love of the boy of her heart. Implausible, but it holds you.

365
Nights
In Hol-
lywood
Fox



Want some laughs? Then here's the way to get them—see this revamping of many and many a predecessor dealing with the girls and boys who want to make good in the movies. The story? It's not much, but Alice Faye and Jimmy Dunn put plenty of personal magnetism into their parts, the former as a budding actress, the latter as a director who makes good again. And Mitchell and Durant are rough and funny.

Power
Gaumont
British



Pictorially magnificent and with a compelling characterization by Conrad Veidt as *Jew Suss*, historical character of the eighteenth century who rose to power in the Duchy of Wurtemberg by pandering to the dissolute tastes of the Duke, only to have his one great possession, his daughter, become a victim of the Duke's lust. Wonderfully acted, grandly staged, but somber and heavy. Has strength but not appeal.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

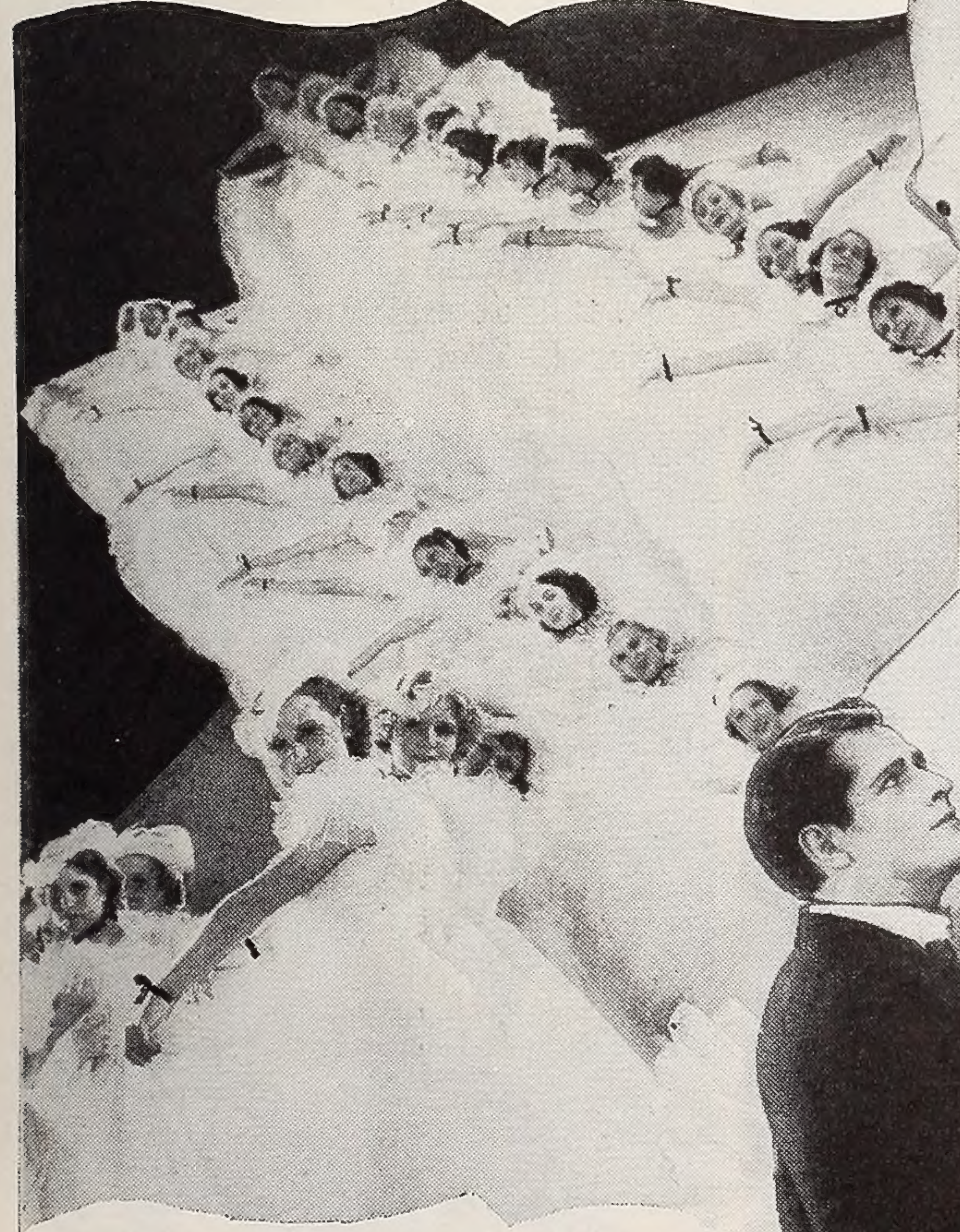


Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?

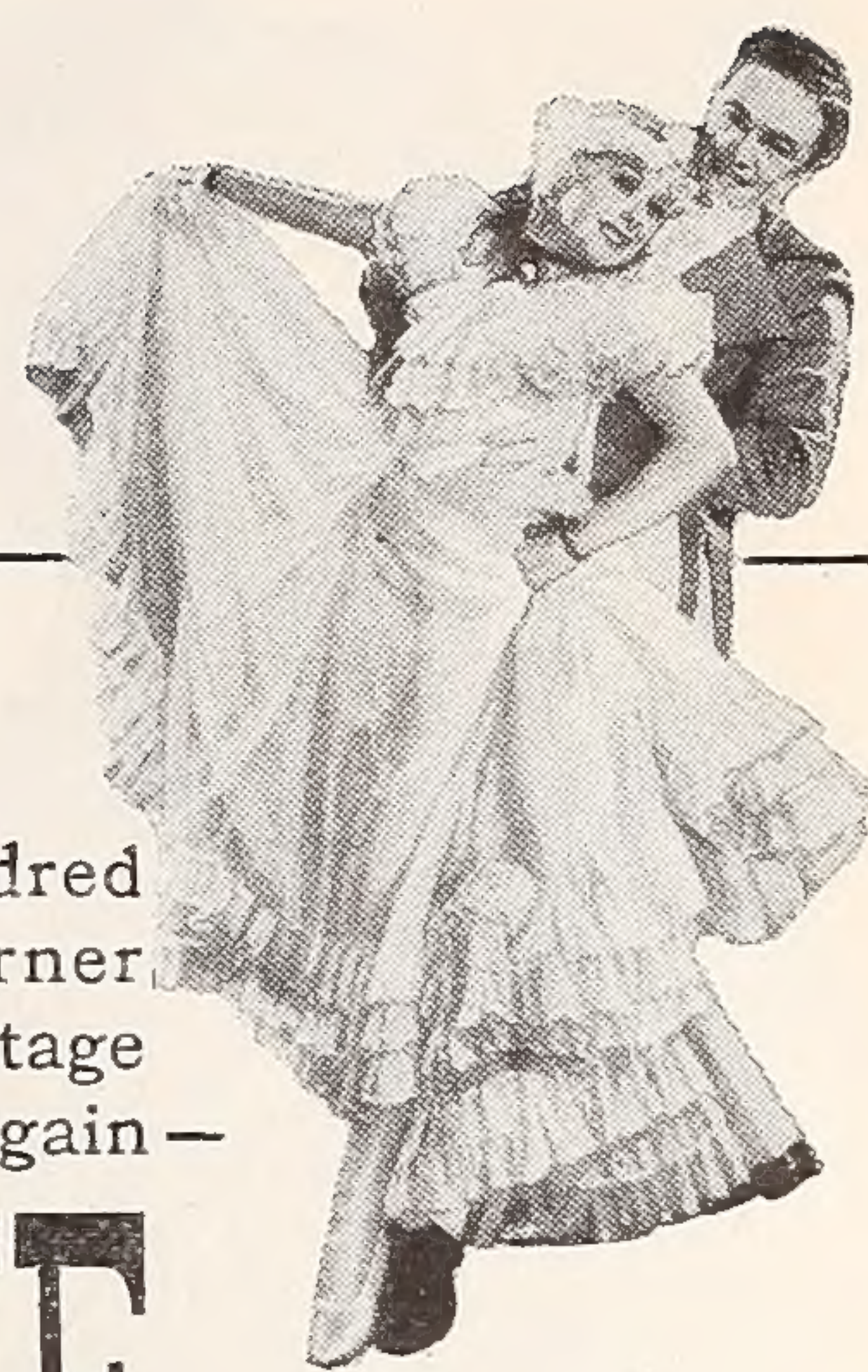


We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet *not* to mention.

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.



And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn Le Roy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!



IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63—on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingy Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY



Inside the Stars' Homes

4. Bette Davis

You're invited to Sunday night supper at Bette Davis' house! So come along, meet the Bette her best friends know, and share her favorite recipes

By Betty Boone

in smart riding outfits of dark brown wool with white silk shirts, were lounging, one in a lettuce green chair, the other on a cream-colored chesterfield, each with her nose in a book when I arrived. Tibby, a dignified Scottie, lay at Bette's feet, while Wogs, the white Sealyham, had cuddled himself on Bobby's lap and was being used to prop up her book.

"Hello! Have a cigarette?" said Bette, lighting one herself, "and listen to my sister trying to convince me that Leonardo da Vinci didn't have a frustrated life."

"Even if he wasn't recognized during his lifetime, he had the fun of doing the things, of knowing *himself* that they were good—" argued Bobby, making room for me beside her.

"Let's don't have a family quarrel over it," broke in Bette. "Just the same he had a horrible life and no one knew he was famous until he was dead, so what good did it do him? . . . No answers, Bobby, we're here to talk about Sunday night suppers! Let's deal in tangibles.

Bette greets you—yes, the brilliant actress you applauded in "Human Bondage" but in her wholesome real-life rôle of charming hostess.

INFORMALITY is the keynote at Bette Davis'.

She lives in an English house on a palm-tree-lined street in Beverly Hills, a homelike place; a flag-stoned walk leads across the trim green lawn to the wide front door, and there's another green garden beyond the French doors of the living room.

Two steps down from the hall takes you into this living room, which has all the essentials for informal comfort—a big fireplace, with andirons, roomy chesterfields and inviting chairs, with books in open bookcases, books on end-tables, books within easy reach of any hand; a baby grand piano, standing open, with sheet music scattered over its top.

Bette and her sister Bobby, whose real name is Barbara, dressed alike



Above, Miss Davis from New England presides at a "bean-fest"! Right, Bette about to indulge in her cook's famous gingerbread. Try her recipes yourself!



"We wouldn't think of serving a Sunday night supper without Boston baked beans," Bette continued, tucking her legs up under her. "I remember them as far back as I can remember anything. Every New England child—and we are New England children, all of us, my husband, too—is brought up on beans for Saturday night supper and Sunday morning breakfast, but we move them over to Sunday now because Hollywood is seldom free on Saturday night."

"I suppose the origin of the Saturday night bean-fest lay in the fact that a heavy meal was always eaten in the middle of the day on Sunday, in order to give the maids Sunday afternoon, and therefore a hearty dinner on Saturday night would bring the two meals too close together. Bobby and I used to look forward to Saturday night because that was the only night we could eat with the family."

"I serve, besides the beans, Boston brown bread, mustard pickles, apple sauce and gingerbread. Whoever is coming arrives 'as is' from golf, tennis, or whatever they have been doing, and I usually wear tailored dinner pajamas. Ham"—(her husband)—"works at night at the Colony Club, so he's the only one dressed as a rule. We sit down at six so that Ham can get to work on time."

"Show her the scenery for the event, Bette," smiled Bobby, dragging herself out of her book again. "I always think the table looks like a Maxfield Parrish illustration—"

I agreed with the comparison when I saw it. The table cloth was a stunning combination of black, white, and red. Yellow candles stood in silver candlesticks; the beans came on in a beautiful jade green crock.

Lillian Jackson, Bette's cook, is responsible for all food except the beans, which are prepared by Bruce, the colored butler, who used maple syrup instead of molasses. "Gives them a nutty flavor," according to Bette.

"You soak the beans over-night," Bruce explained, when called in to give details. "The amount depends on how many you're serving, but two cups will make a lot. Then you boil them until they are soft but not mushy, and then you put them in the crock with salt pork cut in chunks, some on the bottom of the crock and some on top. Add real maple syrup, about a cup, and brown sugar to taste. A little English mustard, pepper and salt and one large onion cut in eight sections."

Lillian confided privately that when she fixed beans she used molasses, chopped her onion fine, added spicy tomato sauce and a couple of bay leaves.

An excellent recipe for Boston brown bread is:

Sift 1 cupful of Graham flour with 1 cupful of rye meal, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful of soda and a scant teaspoonful of salt; add to this, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of molasses and $1\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of milk; mix well, fill a buttered mold three-quarters full with this mixture, cover and steam for three hours.

Lillian's apple sauce is foamy and soft as velvet. It is made with tart green apples, and Lillian prefers a sieve to a colander in straining it, because it's softer that way.

"Apple-sauce-and-gingerbread is older than apple pie and cheese," commented Bette. "Lillian has taken prizes for her gingerbread, so she won't tell how she makes it, but she said you could have a recipe that's 'almost as good.'"

Angel Ginger Bread

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening (measure after melted)

(Continued on page 88)

"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"

then she revealed her secret!

"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle... wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

You can Reduce YOUR waist and hips THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

The message-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 731, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

SCREENLAND

Honor Page



Here's a great new star, Fred Astaire! He's Head Man of the Movie Month!



Wonderful dancing feet, gay humor, smooth sophistication—something new!



HE WAITED until he had captured all the crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe and the smartest audiences of Manhattan and London before trying to win your applause in pictures. An amazingly modest young man, this Fred Astaire, for the world's greatest modern dancer! You met him first, but much too briefly, in "Flying Down to Rio." Now, in "The Gay Divorcée" he has his great chance, not only as a dancer but as a personality; and with one graceful leap he lands among the really important stars of the screen. Astaire is an Original, and we suggest that you step right out to see his very entertaining picture. You'll come back blithely dancing "The Continental."



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Helen S. W. Much as I'd like to establish a relationship between you and the popular John Boles of the screen, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. This appealing screen personality was born in Greenville, Texas, on October 28, 1900. He graduated from the University of Texas as a physician. His musical training was gained for the most part in New York City, teaching French and music in the city high schools to pay for his real musical advancement. His first screen appearance was with Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Sunya." His big chance came in "The Desert Song," his pleasing personality and singing voice carrying him to immediate success.

Michael. I'm sorry, too, that we do not see and hear more from that sterling actor, Conrad Veidt. He is busy doing important things on the stage in the European capitals. Conrad was born in Berlin, Germany. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. He was educated in Berlin and received his stage training on the stages all over Europe. His wife is a non-professional. One of his later releases was made in England: "I Was a Spy" with Madeleine Carroll and Herbert Marshall. Remember Anthony Bushell? He was in the cast. Tony has been making pictures and stage appearances in England since leaving Hollywood.

Dorothy L. If Joan Crawford is bow-legged, I haven't noticed it have you? No—Joan's underpinnings are perfect. Joan is growing handsomer with each new picture, her work is improving, and her admirers are screaming for another picture. John Boles and Bebe Daniels had the leading rôles in the musical picture, "Rio Rita." Many of the popular screen stars have forsaken Hollywood for the New York stage; among them Walter Huston, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Wyatt, Alan Dinehart, Lila Lee, Irene Purcell and Dennis King. Our very own Buddy Rogers lately has been devoting himself to radio and personal appearances with his own orchestra. Of course, you probably heard Buddy and his band on those recent Sunday night broadcasts. Buddy has signed to make a picture in England, and will leave for London, according to present plans, in the near future.

Jas. J. F. Edmund Lowe's admirers are legion, both foreign and domestic! They never miss a picture in which Edmund appears and go away asking for more. He studied law at Santa Clara University, graduating as the youngest B.A. in the history of the institution. Some time later he made a record for himself as the youngest member of the Santa Clara faculty. He turned to the stage, however, and was a member of the Los Angeles stock company for three years. In motion pictures he has never played anything but leads. His screen debut was made opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Vive La France," released in 1918. In 1925 he married Lilyan Tashman. His 1925 releases were "The Kiss Barrier," "Marriage in Transit," "Ports of Call," "Greater Than a Crown," "The Fool." 1926 pictures were "Soul Mates," "Palace of Pleasure," "Siberia," "Black Paradise," "What Price Glory." Releases of 1927 were "One Increasing Purpose," "Is Zat So?" "Publicity Madness" and "The Wizard."

Orlean. One of the best things I do is to settle arguments. The palm of victory goes to your friend. Don't you remember "King of the Jungle" and Buster Crabbe as the "lion man"?

Linda P. Don't come to blows over it, for it was John Barrymore who played in "Bill of Divorcement." I am wondering whether you win or lose!

Constance H. Just a couple of questions about your favorite? All right, here goes. Constance Bennett is really and truly named Constance Bennett; she is the daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor. Her entire name is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. I suppose she reads as much of her fan mail as any other very hard-working and busy picture star. Her hair is a lovely golden color and it is "natural." I should have to be a mind-reader to answer your other question! At least you have the answers which you especially wished.

Mrs. Helen G. How could I deny the request of an "Ardent Reader of the 'Ask Me' column," so here's your list. Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, Hollywood, California. Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California. Warner Bros., Burbank, California.

Ruth M. I'll ask the "picture department" to have a large portrait of Victor Jory right away just to please you! Well, now, let's see; you want to know several answers. Yes, he is married and has one child, a girl named after her mother, Jean Jory. His height is 6 feet 1½ inches; weight 182 pounds; has black hair and brown eyes. Played football and baseball at college, and likes golf and tennis now. He has written several popular songs and a play which was produced in New York not so long ago. Anything else?



Here's Sally Blane in a new portrait. Sally's next screen assignment is opposite Johnny Mack Brown.

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. SC-1-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The GIBSON FAMILY



Sally Gibson, 22 years ago when she had been using IVORY SOAP for 11 months.

WHO CAN BLAME JACK HAMILTON for adoring lovely Sally Gibson?

Sally's complexion *is* rave-worthy. It's been treated to pure Ivory Soap—and nothing else but—ever since she frolicked around in shirt-and-booties.

Sally pooh-poohs thrilling soap advertisements that talk of wonderful ingredients and beauty oils.

Time and again Doctor MacRae has told her, "Soaps can't feed your skin with magic oils or ingredients. The smoothness and fine texture of your skin depend largely upon thorough, gentle cleansing. Use IVORY, it's the best soap for sensitive skins."

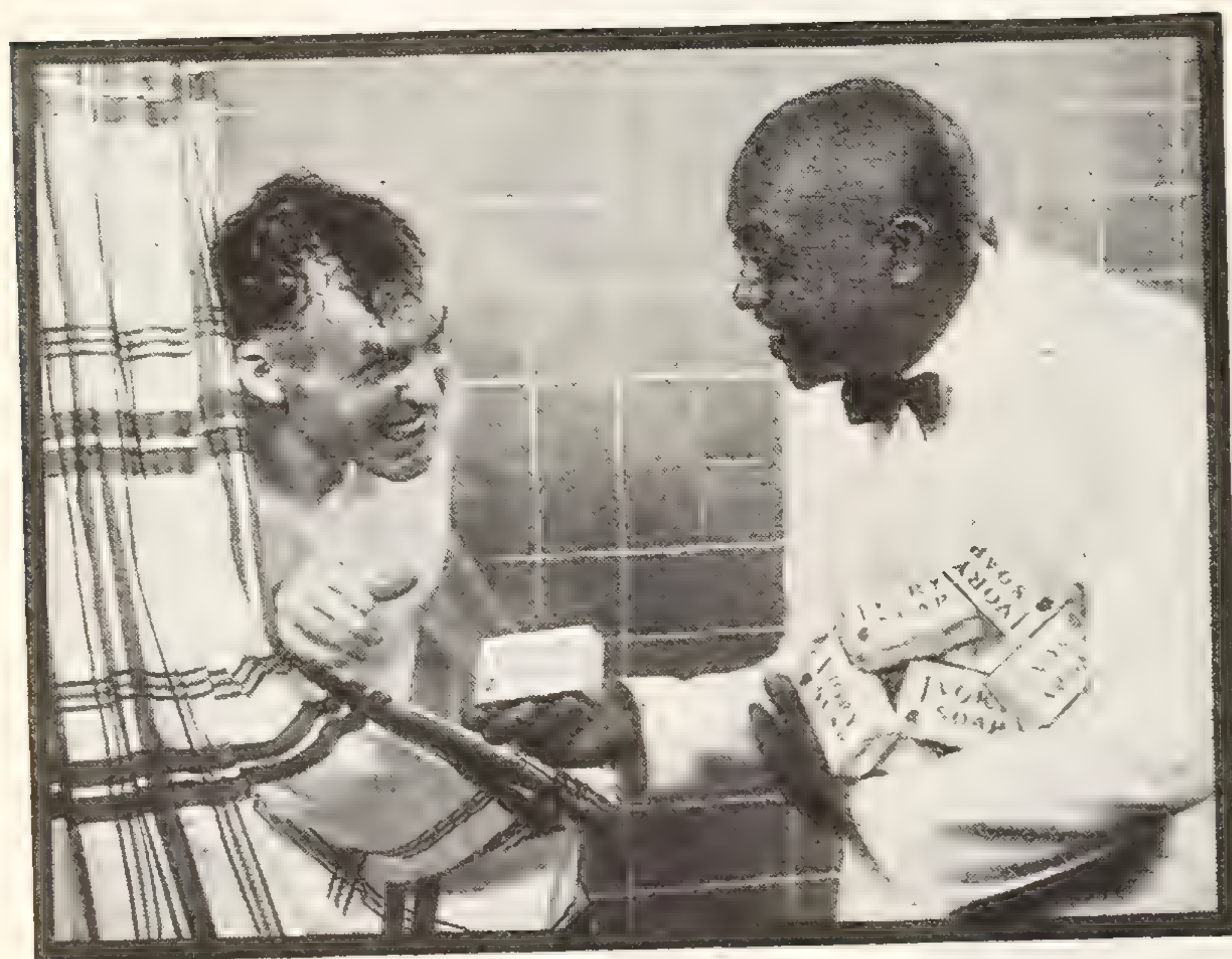
IVORY SOAP, pure enough for a baby's skin, will keep your complexion smooth and fine-pored, too.



SALLY GIBSON TODAY. Her skin can stand a "close-up" because it still has that "Ivory-baby" look. You, too, can win that

baby-clear, baby-smooth complexion with

IVORY SOAP • • 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"**AH SAYS TO MAHSELF,**" says Theophilus ("Awful" for short). "Ah says—Mr. Gibson, he madder dan a wet rooster if he have to use dat smelly soap of Mr. Bobby's—so ah brung some Ivory up."

"O.K., 'Awful,'" grins Mr. Gibson. "Give me one Ivory—save the rest and I'll have good clean-smelling baths for months."

PURE ODORLESS IVORY BATHS SOOTHE THE NERVES



"**C'MON, BOBBY GIBSON,** help me out!" puffs the girl friend. "Has this sweater shrunk!"

"Tut, tut," reproves Bobby. "Come 'round sometime, Dot, and let sister Sally show you how bright little girls wash their sweaters in cool Ivory suds. That keeps 'em right." Bobby's right, too—

FINE STORES SAY, "PURE IVORY FLAKES FOR WOOL"

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Spencer Tracy

DEAR Spencer Tracy:
Snap out of it, will you?

I know; I hate people who don't mind their own business as much as you do. But your business belongs to us, because you're a screen star; and because you have a million or so ardent admirers among motion picture audiences. As for me, I have been very much for you, as you know, ever since you made your first pictures. In fact, I was such a loyal little pal that even when your films weren't up to standard I would go just to watch you act, and always gave you credit for rising above your material. Now there's another thing! If you were just a personality—just a handsome fellow who stared into the camera and autographed fans' albums—I wouldn't give a hoot what you did. But you're an ACTOR—and a very fine actor. You have had Broadway background of the most important sort. You are not just Spencer Tracy strolling through a screen story. You are a different, and highly interesting character in every new picture. Your sincerity showed; your technique proved itself. You have been, in short, a credit to your profession of acting—a profession in which too many men, and women, too, are personalities rather than performers.

And now—well, I won't rub it in. But why must you disappoint us? I've read and heard that you're letting your private troubles affect your work. If you kept your worries to yourself, or "sublimated" and let us in on 'em by way of bigger and better characterizations, I'd never say a word. I'd cheer. But if you hold up production, and fail to give your best to your



Spencer Tracy, to whom the Open Letter this month is addressed, is one of the screen's finest actors. How will he answer this letter?

job, then it's time for your friends—and believe me, I'm one of them—to protest. So I do.

You can tell me to go to—ahem!—to Hepburn. (Oh, yes, Hepburn! Seems to me I remember her. She was the girl who put her hand in front of her face when the news photographers aimed at her.) I won't care. All I want is to see the old Spencer Tracy on the screen again—the guy who could tear a part to pieces; who never compromised with the second-rate; who made women watching him say: "Now there's a real man in the movies!" Bring back that Tracy, will you?

After all, most of the people who pay to get in to see your pictures, and sit there in the darkness watching you act, have troubles of their own. (And *what* troubles, some of them!) They like you because you've always played understandable and sympathetic characters, in whom they could believe. You came closer to the hearts of the men and women in your audiences than perhaps any other screen actor; there's a ruggedness, a simplicity, an earthiness about you that holds us. So think it over, please. I don't want to add to your burdens, but these people do depend on you. And did you ever hear of that old saying, "The show must go on"?

Delight Swann



Marlene and Von Sternberg are camera-caught at a preview.

What happens when you "catch" a preview with the star of the picture? Comedy or tragedy—and always excitement!

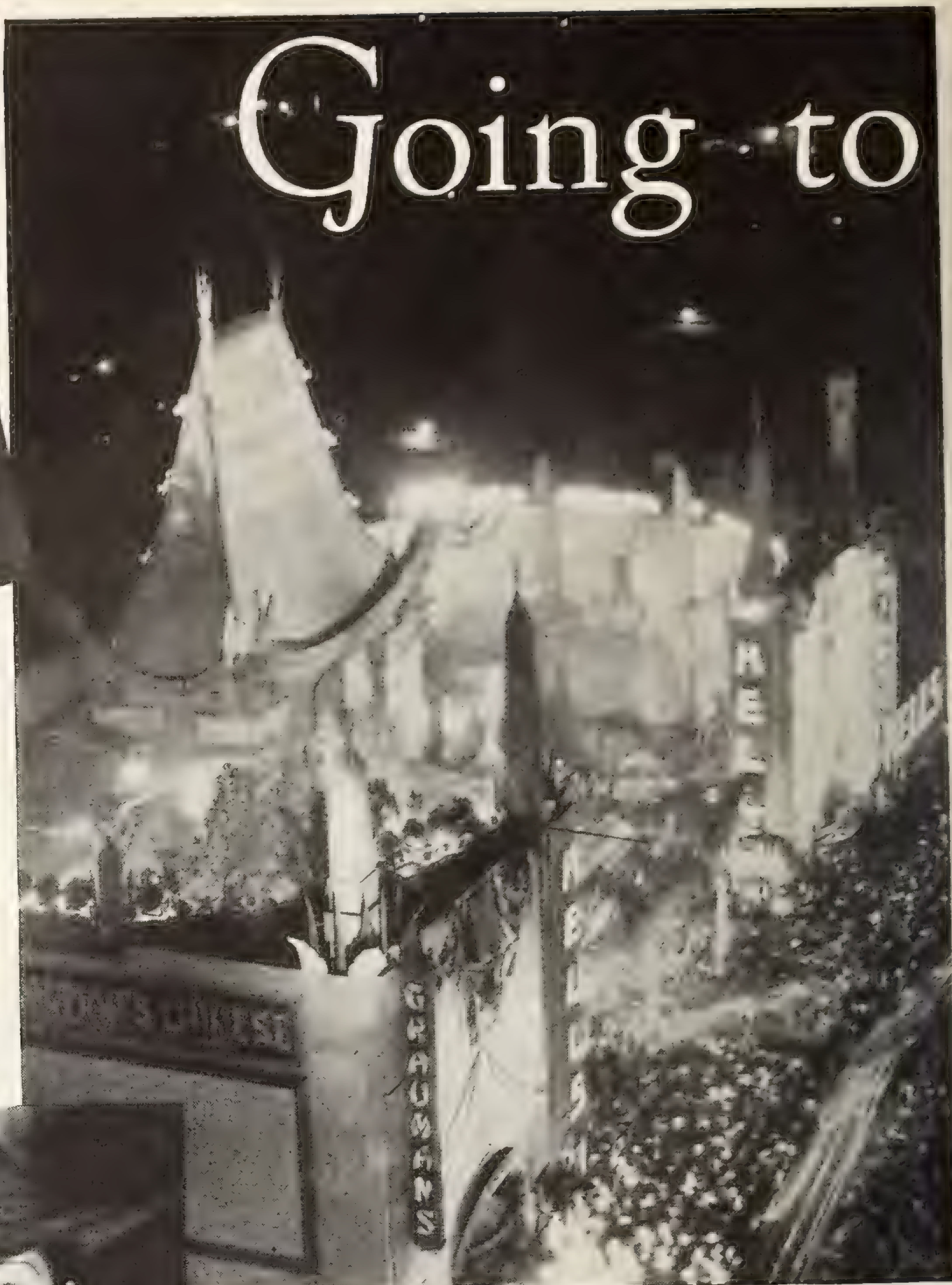
Norma Shearer comes to see herself as others see her—inwardly a-tremble, outwardly calm.

Wide World

Below, Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes arrive to see some other star's preview—so they smile! But Helen wept when she previewed "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."



Acme



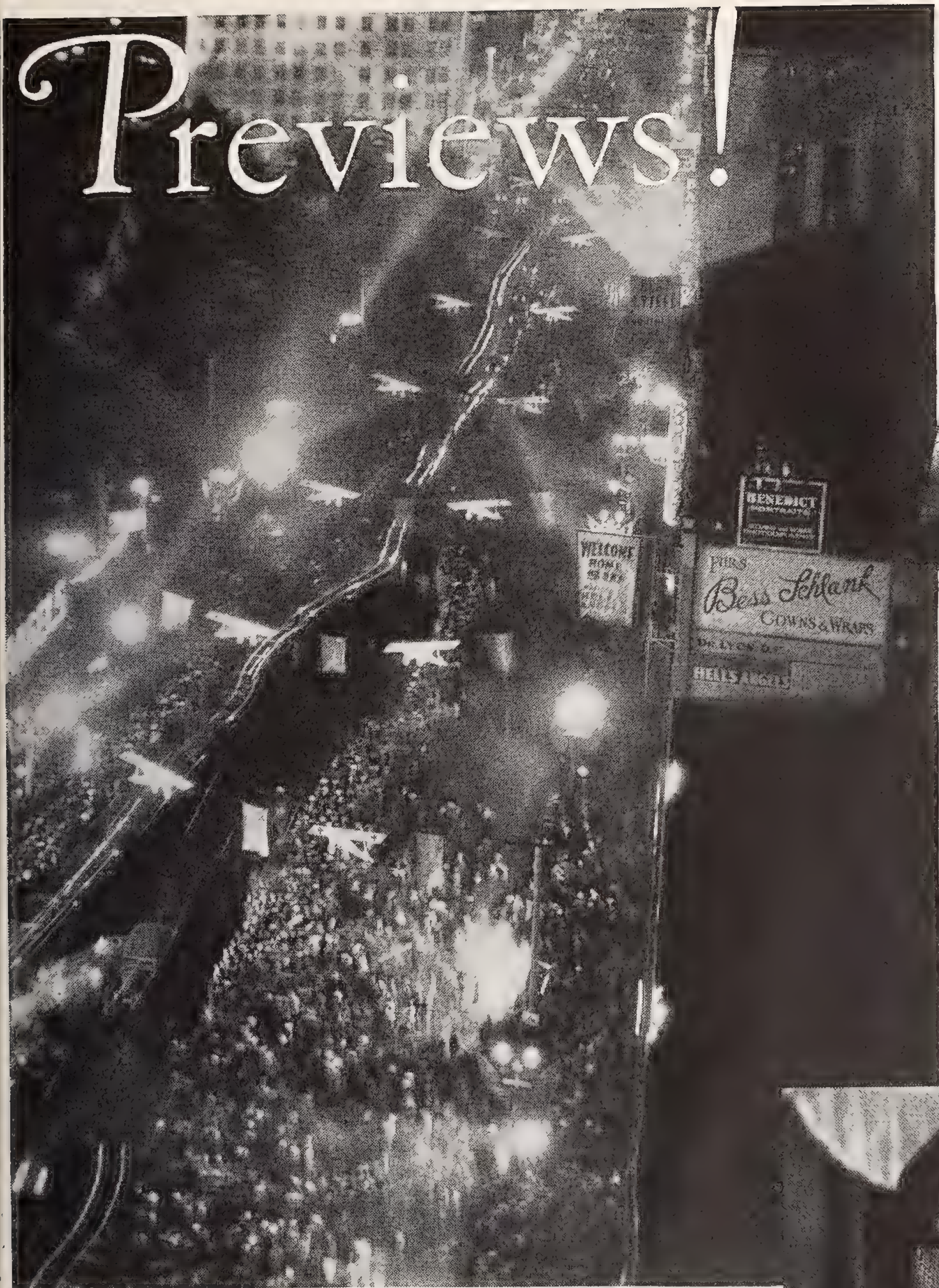
Glittering street of stars, where important those pictures must be previewed—

SOME people devote their lives to flagpole sitting, and some people devote their lives to reading "Anthony Adverse," but my life is devoted to catching previews. (A preview is always "caught"—like a volley ball or an errant wife.)

A preview is essentially a Hollywood institution. And inasmuch as there are seven major studios in and around Hollywood, not to mention dozens of itsy bitsy ones—(oh, there I go doing my Janet Gaynor imitation again!)—er—independents, scarcely a night passes that there isn't a preview. The preview is always called for eight-thirty and Hollywood hostesses always have dinner at eight, so for years now I have never gotten beyond the meat course. I know from nothing about Hollywood desserts. In fact, I don't even know what the second vegetable is. For nights and nights I subsist upon a dry martini, a plate of canapes, and two sips of consomme which invariably burn my tongue. As sure as Fate, the minute I sink my teeth in a poulet or a slug of roast lamb somebody shouts "preview" and away I go helter-skelter with a stalk of celery in my hand. But it's fun, and I wouldn't miss the excitement for anything.

I have often gone to their previews with Claudette

Previews!



pictures open in all their glory. But first and there's the real fun!

Colbert, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, Paul Lukas, Tallulah Bankhead, Madge Evans, Carole Lombard, Dick Cromwell, Connie Bennett, Norman Foster, Nancy Carroll and Joan Blondell—and the Editor of SCREENLAND has suggested that I tell you some of the funny and tragic things that have happened. Of course there is a great advantage to going to a preview with the star of the picture, for you get bowed to by the theatre manager and the head usher, and get to sit in reserved seats in the middle of the theatre.

Why is a preview so important? Well, my dear, it's like this. For six weeks, or six months if it is a Von Sternberg production, poor Miss Movie Star has been working away under hot lights day and night on a little opus which will do one of three things for her: establish her as a star, maintain her as a star, or kill her as a star. She has seen rushes in the projection room every evening, she has had a fight with the supervisor who "knows from nothing," she has heard the publicity department say that it is "colossal" and she has heard the office boy say that it "stinks," but she has absolutely no way of telling whether she has a hit or a flop until the preview in a local theatre. Usually there is an (Continued on page 86)



Wide World

Una with her husband at a Merkel preview, both nervous but not showing a sign of it.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

who goes to more previews with more great stars than any writer in Hollywood

Wide World



Claudette Colbert was so unhappy the night of the preview of "It Happened One Night" that she didn't want to go. Yet that film made her a great star.

Madge Evans takes her sense of humor along to previews, and she usually needs it, what with her family's fond kidding and the autograph hounds.

Wide World



This Belongs to YOU!



Only that which is necessary to make good pictures: A healthy body, a willingness to co-operate, an alert mind, a sense of fairness, and a right perspective of values

Clark Gable

Gable's only authorized interview on the subject closest to him!

A LOT of people have always refused stardom. You probably know neither Lewis Stone nor Adolphe Menjou ever wanted it. They always begged to be allowed to continue in featured rôles, rather than be made stars. This once seemed rather silly to me. I wondered how any man could turn down an opportunity to earn thousands of dollars a week, to say nothing of all the prestige that goes with it.

But it's this *prestige* that causes irritating misunderstandings which involve the star.

It was this that Stone and Menjou were refusing, not the work that goes with stardom. They were equal to that. When the other fellow is the recipient of all the honors, it looks so different from what it does when *you* are the proud (?) possessor of this prestige. Now, don't get me wrong! I'm not for a minute intimating that I am not glad I have reached a place where I don't have to sit up nights worrying about how the monthly bills will be paid; glad that I am not conscious of gnawing pangs of hunger from having gone without food for



Your Gable and ours, who gives his screen work with Joan Crawford or any other co-star the best that's in him.

days; glad that I have a comfortable home to return to at the end of the day, so I don't need to wonder if I will have a place to sleep; glad that I own a car, so I can be miles away from my work in a few hours, without thinking about whether I feel like walking twenty miles.

I am deeply grateful for all these physical comforts. You see, I have experienced all the inconvenience that comes to one without income or work, so I couldn't fail to be grateful for

the fact that I have permanent work and a steady income. But, just in this connection, I would like to remind you that *we do work!*

No matter how pleasant the impression you get from the finished picture, it represents work, hard work, not only on the part of the director, cameraman, author, electrician, prop man and many others, but work on the part of the actor.

My feeling, therefore, is that we earn our salaries by our work in pictures, and we shouldn't have to continue working every minute we are away from the studio.

This Belongs to ME!

All my life away from the studio: My hopes, my ambitions, my inhibitions, my shortcomings, my habits, my hates, my loves, my possessions, my disappointments

As told to Maude Lathem



Daring to tell the truth, in his own words Clark explains himself!

Don't raise your eyes at that remark and say you didn't know we worked away from the studio! No one will dispute the fact that it is the hardest kind of work to be forever appearing something that you are not. That is what is expected of us. We are never supposed to let down. Of course, there are a few people who play themselves on the screen; but they are in the minority. Lucky persons, they never have to put on any act when they appear in public. For myself, I'm anything but the gay Lothario that I sometimes play in pictures. I'm a plain man, with simple tastes, who doesn't care for clothes or formal parties.

But the thing you wanted me to talk about today is just what part of our lives belongs to the public, eh? And what part of it belongs to us?

Well, perhaps only Garbo and Leslie Howard will agree with me when I say that only that part of us which is necessary for the making of good pictures belongs to the public. Now, don't get excited. I'm not going to pull a Garbo on you. I'm not going into



Gable the man, who considers his private life only his own and his wife's business. Do you agree with him?

retirement and refuse to see interviewers, refuse to pose for pictures, refuse to make public appearances, refuse to answer my fan mail, or any other of a dozen things of this sort. I shall probably go right on doing them as long as my position on the screen seems important enough for these things to be desired of me. But you asked me to tell you what I think about it. This is what I am attempting to do.

To elaborate a little what I said about that part of us that belongs to the public: I mean by that, that it is imperative that we keep ourselves in good physical condition, so we can do our best work; that we shall keep our mental outlook as clear as possible, so that we shall approach our work with proper perspective. We should keep ourselves free from entanglements which would cause unfavorable comments and embarrass our producers. If we have built up a following on the screen, and have led our friends to expect a certain quality performance, we should not let them down, as it were. We owe a courteous, friendly consideration to (Continued on page 91)

Hollywood Can't Tame or Type This MAN!



Read Paul Muni's declaration
of independence

By
S. R. Mook

A FEW months ago in talking to Kay Francis, she mentioned the vitiating effect Hollywood has on people—how it saps their ambition. To illustrate her point, she commented on the fact that both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson have a clause in their contracts that permits them to do stage plays. Muni went back to New York and did "Counselor-at-Law" after making "Scarface." Since then—nothing. And Robinson has never returned to the stage since he first came here.

Meeting Muni recently that was the first thing that popped into my mind. He didn't strike me as having succumbed to the semi-tropical climate of Hollywood. He seemed full of pep and energy. Yet there is his long absence from his beloved stage. I wondered about it. A bad habit of mine—wondering about people.

"How come?" I inquired.

Mr. Muni bristled for a moment and then smiled. "You know when people mention that to me it always riles me! Yet, in a way, I'm glad you asked me that. Maybe we can settle the question once and for all.

"In the first place, I don't consider it anybody's business *what* I do! If I want to have a clause inserted in my contract that permits me to do stage plays and then not avail myself of the privilege, I don't consider it anyone's affair but my own. However, since everyone seems to be making it his affair I'll try to explain.

"In the first place, good (Continued on page 94)





\$ Hollywood Gambled 3,000,000 on this GIRL!

Read why Ann Sothern
must succeed

By
Richard English

HOLLYWOOD has gambled three million dollars on a girl who, three years ago, lost a picture contract as a stock player!

Two years ago was but a small part player in musicals!

One year ago was totally forgotten by Hollywood!

Today is the newest star of the silver screen!

And *gambled* is the right word! For Ann Sothern, as Harriette Lake, was just another small-part player three years ago; an unsung ingénue in musical comedies two years ago, and one of Hollywood's prettier forgotten faces only last year. Yet in six pictures made in the past twelve months, hard-headed producers in three major studios backed up their opinion of Ann's ability to the tune of more than three million dollars in cold, hard cash! And to make it the more impressive, Sam Goldwyn, who rejected her as a chorus girl several years ago when she sought employment in an Eddie Cantor picture, gave her the feminine lead opposite Eddie in a new picture on which the production cost has almost reached the staggering sum of a million and a half dollars!

Executives entrusted Ann with leading rôles in some of the most expensive productions of 1934. Despite the drawing power of great stars, pictures are made, and broken, by the supporting cast. One moment of false histrionics, a split-second-flash on the screen, can destroy all the glamor and illusion that a fortune in star talent created. Leading ladies playing (Continued on page 85)

The Merry MacDonald Hangs Up Her Hat!

By

Mary Sharon

AFTER years of hotel and apartment-house living, Jeanette MacDonald has succumbed to the lure of home. She is going to take root and live in the manner of other people, so far as it is possible for a talking picture star of rank and prominence.

She wants all the things that go with a home. A garden to dig in. Wide rooms to lounge in. An attic, where she can prowl through trunks and boxes of "stored-away" things, on rainy days. A basement where she can pile magazines and "junk." Guest-rooms to keep ready for unexpected visitors. A play-room where she can let her friends enjoy themselves to their liking. Dogs, cats, canaries or whatever pets claim her fancy and affection. Friendly, back-fence neighbors.

These are some of the things that Jeanette wants to have, now that she is living in a home again. What she really wants is "to belong." She wants to feel that she is a part of

Since reaching the heights as a song-bird and actress, Jeanette MacDonald has been fêted and acclaimed in the capitals of Europe as well as her native America, but now she wants to be back in the home life she knew before starting her career before the footlights and cameras.

"It's grand to have a house of your own again," says Jeanette as she tells you why she revels in her new home after years of hotel living



The Merry Widow, right, who decides there's no place like home, planned her own dressing room for her own house, and above you see the result. The color scheme is peach and silver.

the warp and woof of the community in which she lives. It is the little things in life that make us feel we're really living.

Jeanette has known all of the other side of it. For years, she has been fêted, wined, dined and acclaimed. On her last trip to Paris, she was paid homage by the entire French nation. Upon her return, she was handed the prize rôle of the year—the name part in “The Merry Widow.”

It was at the beginning of this production that she first realized her hunger for a home of her own. So she took a long lease on a beautiful stucco house on Rexford Drive in Beverly Hills and furnished it to her taste.

I visited with her the other afternoon. She was hurrying to get all of her affairs straightened out so that she could go to New York for a short vacation, before beginning her new musical, “Naughty Marietta.”

She turned everything over to her secretary when I arrived, and, (Continued on page 79)

Right, a view of Jeanette's bedroom. Antique gray, peach and flesh are the dominating colors, the bed and chairs covered with peach satin brocade, with chair frames of antiqued ivory.



Above, the living room, a beautiful and livable place done in green, gold and coral, in which Jeanette spends those waking hours at home when she is not digging in the garden. Yes, she grows her own flowers now.



The game room, of which Jeanette is especially proud, and where guests enjoy backgammon, ping-pong, bridge, or a talkie, projected from a balcony at one end of the room. Another reason why the star “loves home.”



Margaret Sullavan's Gifts to You!

Prize Contest sponsored
by Our Cover Girl!

MMARGARET SULLAVAN has brought you gifts of charm, loveliness, and fine acting in her screen performances; and now, with a grand gesture, she personally co-operates with SCREENLAND to be a genuine "Good Fairy." Miss Sullavan offers prizes of value, dignity, and beauty; and all she asks of you is to compete in the contest by submitting slogans describing her. Margaret asks you please to read all the rules carefully, to fill out the coupon on the opposite page, and to write the very best descriptive slogan you can.

HERE ARE PRIZES!

Margaret Sullavan, beloved Universal Pictures star, whom you loved in "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" and who is now making her third starring film, "A Good Fairy," offers exciting prizes to the winners of her slogan contest. Please don't be so dazzled by the prizes that you forget to read all our rules very carefully—that's important! You'll find the rules on the opposite page, as well as the coupon to fill out to send in with your slogan, or slogans—send as many as you wish; make them bright; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of originality, cleverness, and suitability to the star, Miss Sullavan. Now for prizes!

FIRST PRIZE: Charming evening gown with full-length wrap of velvet. *See the photographs of this prize as worn on opposite page by Miss Jane Wyatt, graciously assisting Margaret Sullavan in her contest.*

SECOND PRIZE: \$100.00 in Cash.

THIRD PRIZE: Crosley Radio. *Pictured on page opposite. Console model, six-tube superheterodyne, illuminated airplane type dial (standard broadcasts 540-1750 Kc. and short-wave broadcasts 5800-15,350 Kc.) Automatic volume control; continuous tone control.*

FOURTH PRIZE: Fitted travelling case. *Pictured on this page. Completely equipped with fittings of handsome modern design in separate case.*

Ten Additional Prizes of personally autographed new photographs of Margaret Sullavan, inscribed to the recipients.



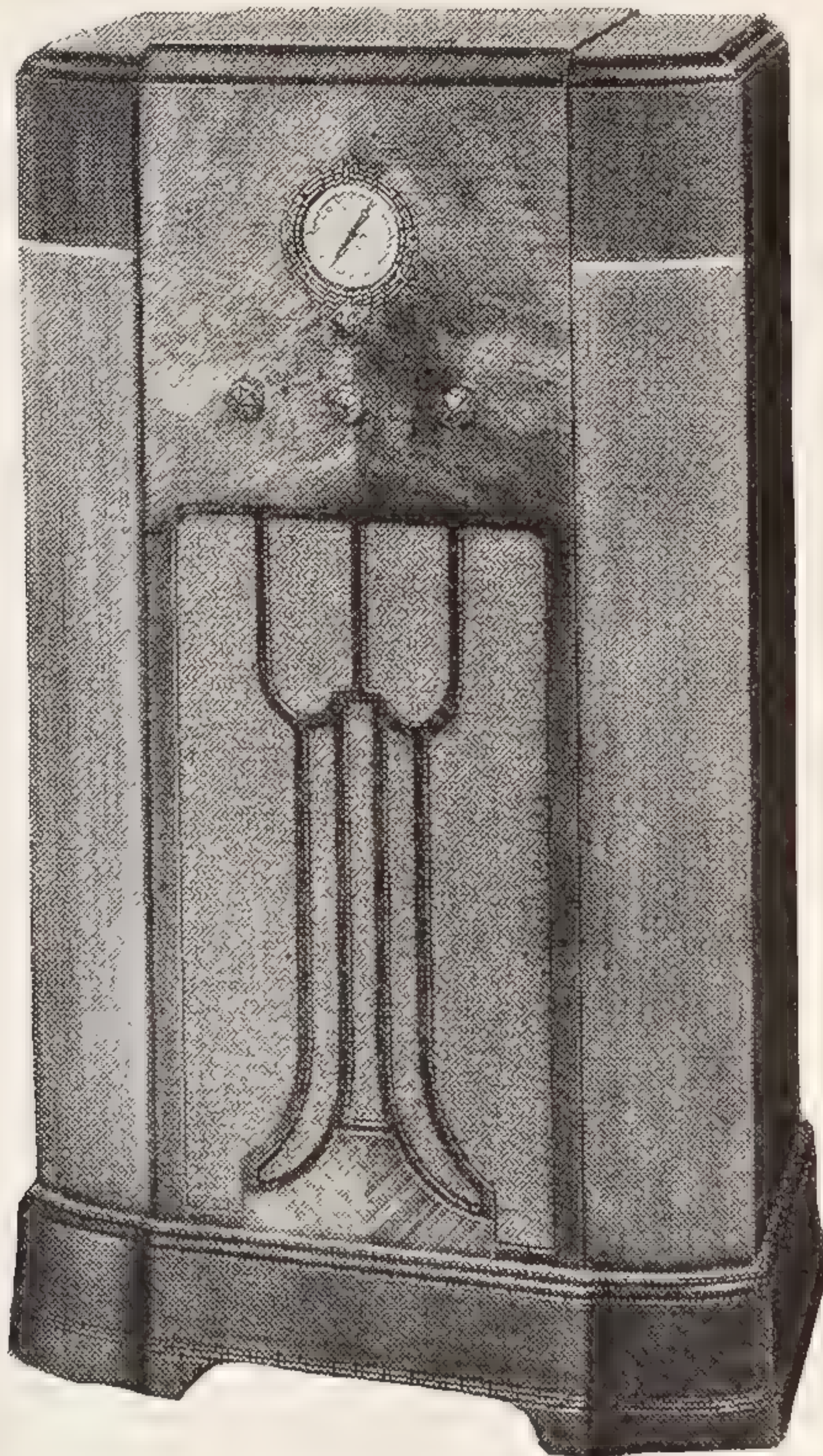
The fourth prize in our Cover Girl Contest, sponsored by Margaret Sullavan, is shown at the left: a handsome fitted travelling case, exactly as pictured. The very complete fittings, in separate case, are of modern design, in excellent taste. Whoever wins this travelling case is sure to be pleased!



Jane Wyatt, left, models for you the full-length black evening wrap of velvet, in the new mode, which with the evening gown is the first prize.

And here Miss Wyatt is wearing the lovely evening gown, which features the alluring dropped-shoulder effect, puffed sleeves—all high fashion!

The third prize in the Margaret Sullavan contest is the Crosley radio, below: a very good-looking console model, 36" high, 22¼" wide, 11¾" deep. Described fully on opposite page.



Joel Feder

Joel Feder

MMARGARET SULLAVAN, working hard making her new film, "The Good Fairy," in Universal City, California, asked her fellow-star, Jane Wyatt, featured on the New York stage right now, to pinch-hit for her and pose in the first-prize evening gown and wrap! Jane obliged—and so we present two-star talent in our Margaret Sullavan Cover Girl Contest, second in our contest series. Just look at the complete list of prizes on the opposite page!

RULES OF SCREENLAND'S COVER GIRL CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a descriptive slogan not exceeding eight words in length about Margaret Sullavan. Send in as many slogans as you wish. Each person, however, may win only one prize.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the star's.
4. This contest will close at midnight on December 15, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your descriptive slogan and mail to Margaret Sullavan Cover Girl Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Cover Girl Contest sponsored by Margaret Sullavan, with my slogan (or slogans) enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

YOU can write a clever descriptive slogan of Margaret Sullavan! Sample slogan: "Personification of Springtime; realization of Romance." Read all the rules. Enter this contest!



Jean Muir, spirit of true "Streamlining!"

Streamlining the

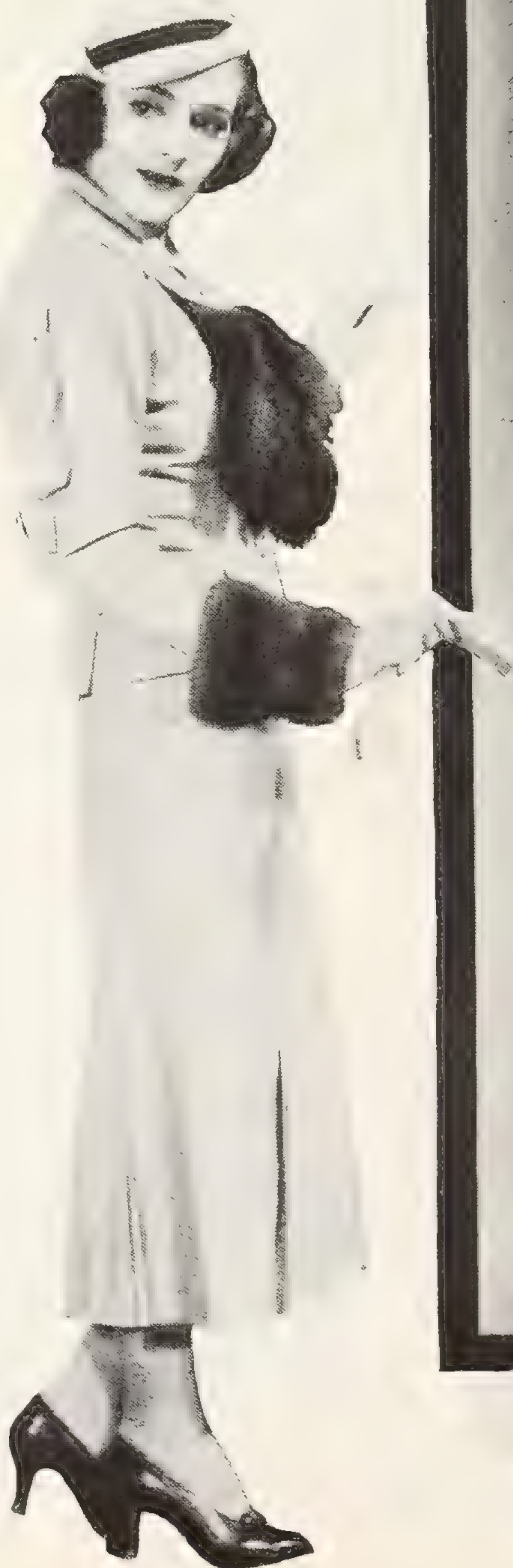
To illustrate his ideas, Orry-Kelly offers the especially posed style portraits on these two pages. Center, the large pictures show Margaret Lindsay, on the left-hand page, and Verree Teasdale, on the right, symbols of the "streamline" in clothes. Directly below, Ruby Keeler in a costume designed for her type. On the opposite page, the small figure shows Josephine Hutchinson wearing a street dress which suits her demure personality. Of course all these costumes were designed exclusively by Orry-Kelly himself for the stars to wear on the screen. Read his suggestions to you for better understanding of your own clothes problems.

Now you can have the personal, leading costume creators! Here is presenting monthly the priceless

BODY by Fisher. Gowns by Orry-Kelly.

It isn't absolutely necessary to be a Fisher-maid—but to be glamorous, my dear, you *would* do well to have your 1935 streamlining done by Hollywood's *de luxe* designer who is turning out the most advanced models in chic and good taste. Of course it's Orry-Kelly, one of the most important men on the Warner—or any other—lot, whose floating power among women is reaching into every city, town, village and hamlet.

It gets pretty tiresome to have to be satisfied with a copy of a copy of a copy that, somewhere along the line, got completely detached from its "originator." Tiresome—and rather foolish, too, because Orry-Kelly suggests that the cinema styles he creates be adapted, with all practicability, to your own use, and graciously offers to translate his ideas. So the next time you see Verree Teasdale, Ruby Keeler, or Dolores Del Rio in a perfectly penetrating costume that you just *know* would send the boys into some lively knee action,



STARS

authentic advice of Hollywood's
the first article in our new series
ideas of the world's supreme stylists



Orry-Kelly's Eight Steps to Streamlining:

1. I gain the confidence of my subject.
2. I design a "sample" creation.
3. I never force an issue.
4. I discount beauty—entirely!
5. I find intelligence, a well-proportioned figure, and style-sense equally valuable.
6. I ban an audience during fittings.
7. I substitute richness for glitter.
8. I avoid fads.



Orry-Kelly, celebrated Hollywood designer of wonderful—and wearable!—clothes, who guides you to chic in this feature, first of a series.

*By Helen
Harrison*



you can go home and try it out on your own chassis. It's a chance not to be missed!

To that purpose he has formulated his certain-to-be-famous "eight steps to streamlining"—simple, but revealing.

And now, wouldn't it be thrilling to crash the studio gates and have Orry-Kelly show you, step-by-step, the secret of his genius, explaining his methods in his own words? Let's go!

"More than any other one thing," says Orry-Kelly, "it is vital that a designer gain the confidence of his subject before launching himself on the task of originating a new wardrobe. My own method is to suggest to the player that I design one 'sample' dress for a certain occasion—a formal tea, an ocean voyage, an elaborate dinner—whatever is agreeable to both of us. This has invariably been successful in gaining the faith, and above all, the confidence of the star.

"But I think it extremely unwise to 'force' an issue. When a star insists upon revising a design I bow to her preferences. Usually she is very gracious in admitting the error of her persistence when the dress is completed—and I am then able to revise the costume before it is seen on the screen. Thus the point is (Continued on page 90)



Marion

Presenting a new and refreshing slant on the screen's Golden Girl—an exclusive interview granted in Europe

*By Henry
Albert Phillips*

Noted journalist now in Europe on special assignment

ALTHOUGH I had come to Naueheim especially to see Marion Davies, very formally, I came across her delightfully and most informally on my way up to her Grand Hotel. I was walking through the Kleingasse—or Very Little Street, it would be, translated. Kleingasse is one of those precious narrow alleyways that wander aimlessly off of Hauptstrasse following some cow-path of the Middle Ages, when they built up rows of pot-bellied houses that now because of the weight of centuries stagger drunkenly and threaten to topple over on one's head. Now Kleingasse is that kind of a street, with creaking signs and house-doors like barricades and everything musty and old about it—excepting Marion Davies!

I had been luxuriating in the antiquity and taken on the mood of a long by-gone age, and could scarcely believe my eyes at the sight of this blonde starry-eyed vision and the very Last Word of modern Hollywood. In



Marion—in character and as she really is, gay and gorgeous.

Davies' Vacation

the midst of all this crumbling age and these heavy, sedate, over-sized burgers' housewives, Marion Davies radiated youth and slenderness, vivacity and beauty.

In the first place, Marion wore baby-blue (that matched her eyes), flannel slacks, a bluish short-sleeved jumper that was also very slackish, socks and sandals, which with her crown of golden yellow hair, brightened that ancient German street. Miss Davies was quite oblivious to all this, and she wouldn't have given a darn if she had been aware of it. She was occupied in keeping Gandhi—her tiny, waddling 2-by-4 dachshund—out of mischief. For Gandhi had become rowdy American, barking at German cats and market-women, although he was still as German as a sausage in appearance.

Miss Davies and I started to walk back to her hotel, when it began to rain and we had to climb into a passing hack driven by a quaint coachman wearing a very sauer-krauty Weber-and-Fieldsian flat derby with a white band around it. A tarpaulin covering like a tent was let down through which we could peep out at passing Nauheim—its old gables, windows with flowers streaming out of them, the fountain of smelly waters with imaginary invalids going about sucking the waters from glass tubes.

Miss Davies and I had our interview in the great parlor, that might have been in an Atlantic City hotel for all its depressing modern grandeur—the "Grand Hotel" of the films to the life. Miss Davies curled up on an overstuffed sofa with Gandhi snuggled round her like a sausage.

As Hollywood's most famous hostess, Marion Davies entertained George Bernard Shaw, right, and SCREENLAND was the only magazine to tell you all about Shaw's visit. Now we give you an exclusive story about Marion's trip abroad.



Above, an exclusive snapshot of Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill, and Eileen Percy, with native dancers in Spain.

Miss Davies couldn't dodge the camera even on vacation! Here she is, right, in a glass shop in Venice.

Hollywood beauty in an old German town: Marion, below, in Bad Nauheim. These snapshots are SCREENLAND exclusives!



On that first glimpse of blue slacks startlingly enlivening, I was afraid that I wasn't going to like Marion Davies abroad. But it took less than five minutes of Miss Davies' charming, ingenuous personality to make me change my mind. She was the same Marion who won the hearts of practically everyone she came in contact with in Filmland, with all the charm that has made her the most loved hostess in the whole of Hollywood. She snuggled on the sofa, oblivious to the pompous and chilling atmosphere, completely comfortable. Gandhi sprang up and barked sharply at two women who went staring past us. "Oh, isn't he a love!" smiled Marion. "He doesn't look much like the real Gandhi, does he? He likes his sausage and beer too much. (Continued on page 78)

Charm *under* Contract

—John Boles!

Explaining the success of an actor who never hits headlines but has been causing box-office lines with every new picture

By
*Leonard
Hall*



HE HAS never walked into the Brown Derby on his hands.

He has had one wife and two children (actually their own) for—well, a lot of years.

He has never sued anyone, or been sued, or had a brawl in a night spot, or gotten into a jam with an extra on the make, or done anything else that rates "publicity" in a picture paper.

He wouldn't know a "morality clause" if one approached him riding a duck and leading an elephant.

And I'm not talking about my pastor. I'm speaking of Mr. John Boles, who has proved to a skeptical world that normality pays off in cash on Saturday nights—even in Hollywood, better known as Daffyland!

Do I describe a sissy, or a dullard?

I do not. I hymn a nice, charming, sensible bird who has built a very successful business of making faces and sounds for the movies, and who happens to be, by nature, a gent and a scholar.

He's a unique dodo, this handsome Boles. In the first place, he has been in Hollywood nearly eight years, and every minute under contract, first to Universal and now to Fox. This means that he has known exactly where to go every week for the jolly old pay-check.

The fact is, he dotes on a contract. He's not one of these screaming divas, so common today, who shriek that long-term contracts stifle their God-given genius. Texas Johnny goes along doing his stuff—cleverly ducking the worst scripts, and happy to knock out six or seven features a year, praying that a couple will be hits. He made seven during the past season.

As I sat across a hotel room in Manhattan from Brother Boles, a few days since, I decided that decency, peace, and normality were certainly a fine dish of berries—in his case, at least.

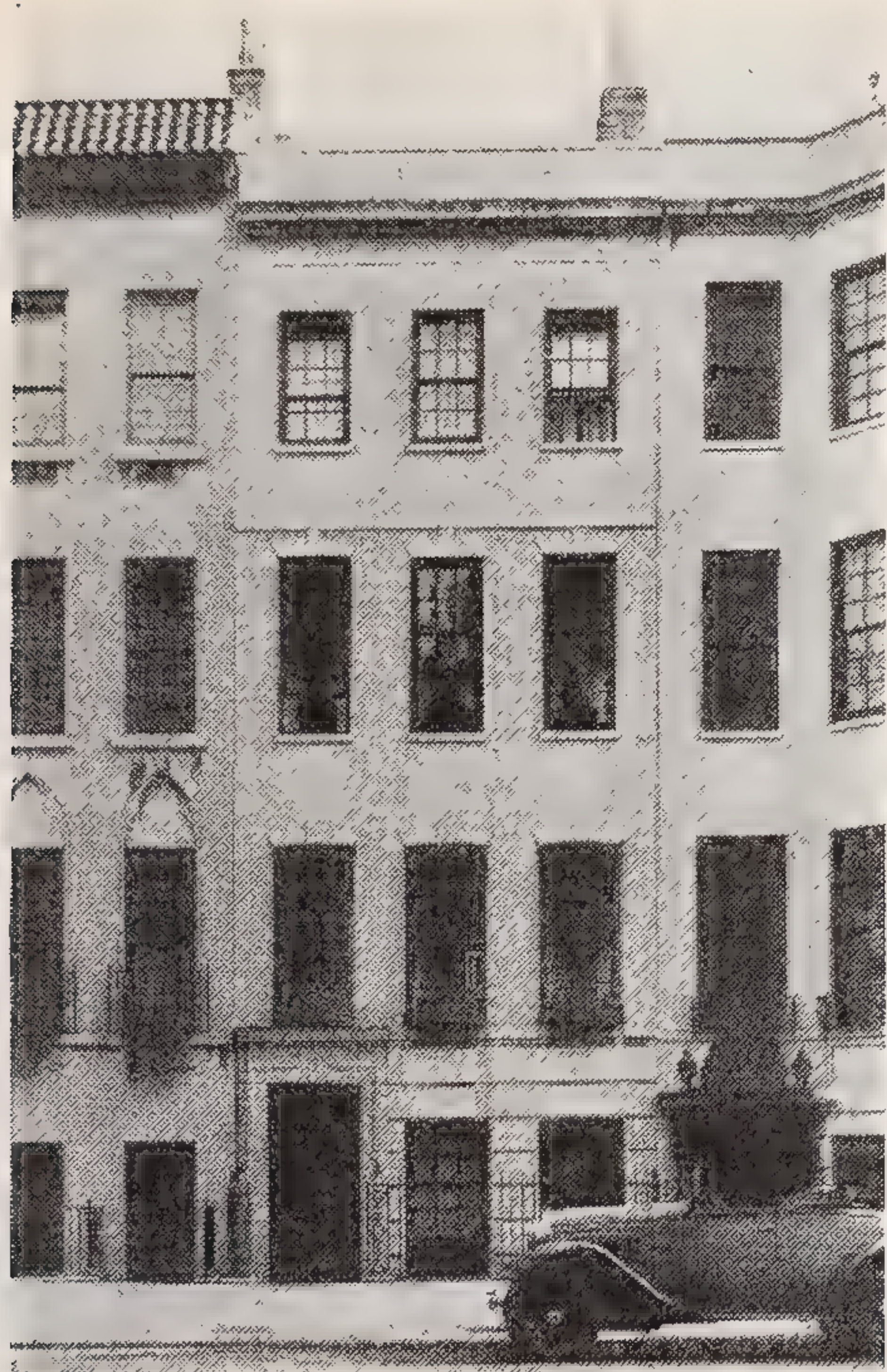
I have been witnessing Texas Johnny for over ten



"Such a nice young man!" say ladies of every age about John Boles, further described by Star Reporter Leonard Hall as "a charming, sensible bird who happens to be by nature a gent and a scholar!" Above, with Loretta Young in "The White Parade."

years, now—ever since the days when he was a struggling young singer in musical comedies, with a young wife, a still younger baby, a fine voice and quite a lot of hope.

Even then the kid looked too nice for rowdy-dowdy show business. I always had a feeling that some baby-faced chiseler of the chorus (Continued on page 75)



Metropolitan

At Home with Miriam Hopkins!

By
*Laura
Benham*

SCREENLAND is the first to take you to visit Miriam in her new home, where you'll catch this hard-to-know girl off-guard!



Miriam Hopkins is one of the stars who don't encourage "intimate" stories. But she invited SCREENLAND'S interviewer to be the first to explore her wonderful new home, of which you see the exterior view above. When the star is "settled" we'll show you the interior.

blonde beauty and ingratiating charm.

In fact, so soon after she moved in did we accept her invitation—tendered over a luncheon in the famous "Twenty-one" a few days previously—to go through her new residence that all of the curtains weren't up and several of the carpets weren't down when we arrived. Some of the chairs were just being moved into place, a few had not yet been delivered and boxes of books and lamps and china appeared every few moments, to be unpacked amid the thrilled "ohs" and "ahs" of Miss Hopkins and myself, the muted "Mah goodness, ain't they grand?" of her ebony maid, and the joyous gurgles of young Michael, the adopted son and heir of the ménage, who was an interested though uncomprehending observer of the whole proceedings.

"I'm sorry to be in such a mess," Miriam apologized in greeting, extending a firm but dirty small hand, a smudge of soot across her pert nose. "I expected to be all settled, with everything in place, and to trail in wearing my best morning gown—quite the chatelaine of the manor, you know. But just look at me!" she grinned ruefully and pointed to her pretty but slightly soiled blue pajamas, with a rent in one sleeve. "I've been up since eight o'clock helping unpack things—I'm too impatient to wait for people to do things for me, I must take a hand myself.

"Do you want to start at the beginning and go all through?" she added breathlessly, with the air of a small child who asks if you'd like to see everything that Santa Claus

brought him for Christmas.

There was but one answer to her question, of course, so we went down to the front door, which opens off the aristocratic quiet of exclusive Sutton Place, one of New York's choice residential sections, and found ourselves in an entrance-hall, cream as to walls with a rose-covered bench and two delicate lyre- (Continued on page 77)

MIRIAM HOPKINS has found her "Castle in Spain" at 13 Sutton Place, Manhattan. She is the first motion picture star to buy a house and establish a permanent home in New York City. And SCREENLAND is the first visitor she entertained in her new abode, which is indeed a lovely and fitting setting for Miriam's fragile, sophisticated



Bing Crosby's Hidden Side Revealed

By James M. Fidler

Service! Bing gives it! Not only in his new picture, "Here Is My Heart," does Crosby offer you his best, but off-screen he proves himself generous-hearted and open-handed, as this story proves.

Here's The Crooner as few know him, "exposed" for the first time

THE People—meaning Mankind in general—commonly think of Bing Crosby as a radio crooner and motion picture star. To them, that is sufficient.

Crosby's acquaintances regard him a little less casually as a radio crooner and motion picture star, and as a chap who likes to swim, play golf, and fish, and who has established a record among young screen actors by papa-ing three babies within a scant two years. They consider him quite a man.

Bing's intimates look upon him even more affectionately as a radio crooner and motion picture star; as a chap who likes to swim, play golf, and fish, and who has thrice been a father in two years, and as an indolent, good natured fellow with an abhorrence for work that sometimes approaches the point of phobia at the start of a picture. These intimates know he prefers to loaf in soft chairs and beds, except for the hours devoted to swimming, golfing, and fishing.

There is another and deeper side to Crosby; a facet that rarely reaches public disclosure. For want of more expressive words, it may be described as "down-to-earthness." Especially may he be accurately described as a man who never forgets old friends.

I believe the closest personal friend Bing ever had was the late Eddie Lang, who played guitar accompaniments for the Crooner's stage and radio appearances. Bing has had many friends before and after Eddie, among them Dick Arlen, Andy Devine, Dick Mook, this writer, and others. We play golf with (Continued on page 96)



Crooners of tomorrow? Anyway, Bing's wonderful boys, Gary Evan Crosby and the baby twins, are the reasons he keeps on crooning, and aren't they grand?

Lovely little Nova Pilbeam, Britain's pride and joy who came from London to New York for the premiere of her picture, "Little Friend." Right, "Miss England" meets "Master America," our own favorite, Jackie Cooper.

Below, the most beloved boy in America, with the grin that has endeared him to all of us. Jackie happened to be making personal appearances in Manhattan at the same time that Nova was in town; so they met, and this story tells you all about them as they really are.

Here's to YOUTH!

Follow the Youth movement in movies!
Meet Nova Pilbeam, England's leading child star, and check up on Jackie Cooper

By
Tom Kennedy

ONE of Manhattan's better-known men about town, confiding to friends that he felt he was getting on in years, was asked what made him realize that. "Because," he complained, his voice betraying just a suspicion of smoldering self-pity, "all the cops are beginning to look young to me."

Haw!

"Getting on," indeed! Why, if the youth movement in the movies gets any closer to the cradle, those in their upper 'teens will be old-timers, and their seniors will be entering the first stages of immortality.

Now in this no facetiousness is meant or implied. It's one thing to see these youngsters on the screen romping away with scene after scene as veteran stars strive furiously to hold their place in the sun of theatrical supremacy; and quite another to meet up, face to face, with them and realize how confidently they carry on immature shoulders the responsibilities that film producers and the public have placed upon them.

During the very month whose events are reported in this particular issue of your journal of tidings about cinema affairs, in the New York sector alone a large number of established adult stars were thrown into the publicity shade by two youngsters—a veteran of nine, with years of sustained popularity and screen achievement to his credit; and the current most widely publicized foreign actress, a girl now on her way to the ripe old age of fifteen years!

The boy whose appearance in New York was the signal for a fanfare of newspaper copy, pictures in the papers, and milling crowds of juveniles and adults, was Jackie Cooper.

The new English star in our midst was Nova Pilbeam, the girl who shot to instant screen prominence in her first picture.

Jackie's trip to New York was strictly business—he was on a personal appearance tour of some of the deluxe picture theatres.

(Continued on page 92)



The author and Jean Harlow, above, have been pals for years, in and out of the studios, so when Barbara Brown tells you here about the blonde charmer you know it's all authentic.

Jean as I Know Her

Only her stand-in and close friend for twelve years could reveal the personal details that make this the most intimate story ever printed about Harlow.

By Barbara Brown

as told to Mary Sharon

WHENEVER anyone finds out that I am Jean Harlow's "stand-in," they immediately ask such questions about her as:

"What is she like? Is she really as beautiful off the screen as she is on? Is she vampish? Or high-hat? Or is she likable and regular?"

I usually answer all of their questions at once by saying, "She is the grandest girl I know."

The other day, I gave this answer to a woman visiting on the set, who asked me about Jean. She gave me a queer look and I overheard her remark to her companion: "I suppose it would be worth her job to say anything else."

I resented her statement, because, after twelve years of close friendship with Jean, I would be the first person to criticize her if I found her at fault.

She would claim the same privilege where I am concerned. She insists on absolute honesty from her friends and she despises people who lack the courage to say what they think. In fact, the only quarrel we ever had was over this very thing.

I don't like corn on the cob. One evening, I had dinner at Jean's house and roasting ears were served.

Jean's mother asked me to try some and I declined politely. Mrs. Bello insisted. She said she felt sure I would enjoy some, because Marino (Jean's step-father) had a special way of preparing them. He rubbed them with butter and garlic and tied the husks down and roasted them. I said, then, that it did sound good, and I thought I would like some.

Jean lost her table manners right then and there.

"Don't be a hypocrite!" she shouted at me. "You know very well you hate corn. Just to make mother and

Marino feel good you are sitting there lying about it. If you don't like anything, stand up and say so. Don't pretend to something you don't feel or mean."

She was "mad" all the way through and threw down her napkin and left the table. So did I. We had a regular quarrel about it. Finally, we made up and went back and had our dinner. I didn't eat any corn, either!

That is how Jean is, though. She will not curry favors of anybody; and if she believes a thing is right, nothing on earth could make her change her opinion.

My mother and Mrs. Bello became friends when I was about ten years old and Jean and I were together continually for several years. Then her mother took her back to Kansas City to live with her grand-parents and I didn't see her again until after she was married to "Chuck" McGrew.

Jean was only sixteen but she seemed years older to me because she was the mistress of a Beverly Hills mansion, with a retinue of servants, a town car, and everything, while I was still going to high school. She could go every place, too, while I couldn't go any place. Jean and Chuck would go out in the evening to the Cocoanut Grove or some of the other smart dining and dancing places, while I had to go home and go to bed. I was only a year younger than Jean, but I felt awfully small on account of the difference in (Continued on page 70)



*I don't often get personal,
but this is personally from me
to you with all that goes with it—
which is plenty!
Mae West*

Eugene Robert Richee

FROM Mae to You! Miss West's personal selection of her latest portrait sitting, with her personal autograph—latest in SCREENLAND's series of authentic autographed star portraits, with not a rubber-stamp among them!

Priceless



C. S. Bull

It's a triumph to induce a golden grin from Garbo! Perhaps this indicates that Greta has decided to accept that new contract and remain with us.

Portraits!



Russell Ball

Another moody star consents to smile for SCREENLAND! Brian Aherne, now on a vacation in England, returns to Hollywood rôles soon.

Preview Portraits



The prettiest close-up of the month! Claudette Colbert shares honors with Baby Jane, herself runner-up for Shirley Temple's honors. "Imitation of Life"? It's the real thing itself!



Reunion! Robert Montgomery and Ann Harding met, screenically speaking, for the first time in "When Ladies Meet." Now they are together again in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and don't believe Bob's expression that he isn't pleased. He's overjoyed to play opposite Miss Harding again, and if you don't believe it see the rest of the scenes from the picture at your neighborhood theatre!



Above, Baxter, box-office king, in a new rôle, that of an intrepid aviator in "Hell in the Heavens." Heavens, what a title! But with Warner as hero we're sure everything will be all right.

Two "veterans" come back in a Zane Grey romance called "Code of the West." You'll recognize Evelyn Brent, charming as ever; but would you know Jackie Coogan without Toby Wing?

From the New Films



"The Mighty Barnum" won't be all Beery, even though the big boy is the star. Pretty Rochelle Hudson and clever Adolphe Menjou, shown above, will contribute their charm and talents to the picture.

The mighty Beery as "The Mighty Barnum," his latest characterization. Costume plays are here again, and Wallace Beery, because he is such an important actor, is appearing in them, from "The Bowery" to "Treasure Island"—and now this new rôle of the colorful American impresario who introduced Jenny Lind and the Siamese Twins to America, and who said—now let's see, what was it Barnum said?



"Spring 3100." No, we're not calling a number, but telling you the name of the new picture with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy. If that title turns out to be a wrong number, excuse it, please—that's Hollywood. Glad to see Nancy in her old blithe spirits; and we like George, too, having met him first with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl"



Don't be envious! Those two doggies Norma Shearer hugs, deserve good things. And you can't say they are not appreciative; look at their expressions in those adoring eyes. Can you identify which "Flush" played on the screen with Norma?

Love Norma? Then Love Her Perfect Pets!

Here's the glamorous Shearer with two "Flushes"—the one you saw with Norma in "Barretts of Wimpole Street," and the other "Flush," who played 602 performances on the stage with Katherine Cornell

There at the right is our idea of a picture fit for framing! Norma, as always, the last word in swank suited to the occasion, and those two spiffy spaniels, at ease before a camera after playing with famous stars of stage and screen.

Grimes





Happiness ahead for Bill Powell as he surveys the progress made in the building of his self-planned home.

An exterior view of the house that Bill Powell is building, right, with Bill himself in the foreground.



And right here we couldn't resist the temptation of showing you, left, how lovely Myrna Loy looks as she plays opposite Bill Powell in their second—and by command of the fans—co-starring picture.



On the terrace level where the luxurious Powell swimming pool will be located, above, Bill looks out over the Beverly Hills terrain from the secluded spot where he is building a home according to his own tastes.



The main entrance, left, meets with the evident approval of the fastidious Bill Powell, whom you see in the center foreground, just as many a guest will find him when they drive up to visit.

in Their Castles!

Here's the Toluca Lake retreat where George Brent relaxes and entertains



George Brent and an important member of the Brent ménage—Whiskey, his prize bulldog, pose for us, above.

A view of the Brent home, left, with the Master in comfortable slacks and sweater and his pal Whiskey nearby.



When cool night breezes come up off Toluca Lake, there's nothing like a bit of a glow in the fireplace, and there's George at the right standing before his own, in his commodious living-room.

Above, where George Brent plays the perfect host, the living-room of the Toluca Lake home with the star seated at the piano. One could—and George probably does—do a heap o' livin' in that room. Don't you think so?

Right, the master's bedroom, with George seen in the pleasant surroundings where all the worries about scripts, and re-takes, and pressure of strenuous studio labors are forgotten—we hope.





Clarence Sinclair Bull

Latin Fervor

RAMON NOVARRO promises that it won't be long before he returns to the screen in a new musical romance, so get ready! In his new portrait here, Ramon seems keen for the event, and that combined with the fact that he'll have the beautiful Evelyn Laye as leading lady, indicates all will be swell!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

British Charm

JUST one look and you know why Evelyn Laye was cast to fill the requirements of the singing rôle opposite Novarro. Also, in this characteristic pose the English beauty reveals the fascinatingly glamorous qualities with which she imbued her famous stage performance in the Noel Coward play, "Bitter Sweet."



Glittering Girl!

HERE'S Gloria Stuart, all ready and eager for the big opportunity some forthcoming screen rôle will surely afford her to display the gleaming Stuart personality and acting skill.

PRESENTING, in a striking portrait study, the appealing Josephine Hutchinson, whose personal triumph in her first screen rôle has won her the applause and promise of future stardom.

Lustrous Lady!

Elmer Fryer



"Sweet Adeline! My Adeline!"



Sweet Adeline in person, and singing the tuneful music written by Jerome Kern! Irene Dunne, above, whom we are soon to see as the star of this musical romance.



Can this be love? You bet it is, and you can see the love-light in Nydia Westman's beaming eyes as her woman's intuition tells her that Ned Sparks means he's happy even if he does wear that bad news expression on his expressively blank countenance. A sample of the comedy and humor that helped to make the play a Broadway success.

Let's hark back to the good old days when whoopee was just a buggy ride at the head of a torchlight parade



Irene Dunne and her new leading man, Donald Woods, above, as you will see them in their first picture together and which affords plenty of romance.

Louis Calhern is the gallant, and Irene Dunne the vision in frills shown in the picture above, which tells its own story about the sweet-scented romance which will serve as a vehicle for the vocal attainments, histrionics and charm of the star.

When love bloomed under the gas-light and the tall millinery! Right, Winifred Shaw and Hugh Herbert, lend their comedy talents to the auspicious occasion. Hugh can be funny even without a hat like that—so you can imagine!





Loretta Leads the Parade

OF PROMISING younger stars—and also "The White Parade," her big new picture. The story about her on the page opposite is the best interview, we believe, she has ever given.



7 Years *in a* Gilded Cage!

And still Loretta Young is
willing to sacrifice even love
for major stardom

By Ben Maddox

I WANT you to come behind the scenes with me and look at Loretta Young's extraordinary life *as it has really been!*

She has never before accurately revealed it.

Today she is famous—and heartbroken for the third time. Now she is a woman who has been through much, *and she is only twenty-one!*

No other girl has ever had quite the same hectic experiences. Hers has been the life the average girl dreams of having. At fourteen a miraculous bit of luck favored her. With bewildering, Aladdin-like rapidity she became a leading lady in pictures. And the seven most impressionable years of her life have been spent as a Hollywood celebrity.

She escaped the commonplace and, a perpetual vision of charm, has tasted of Excitement, Fame, Fine Possessions, and—Love.

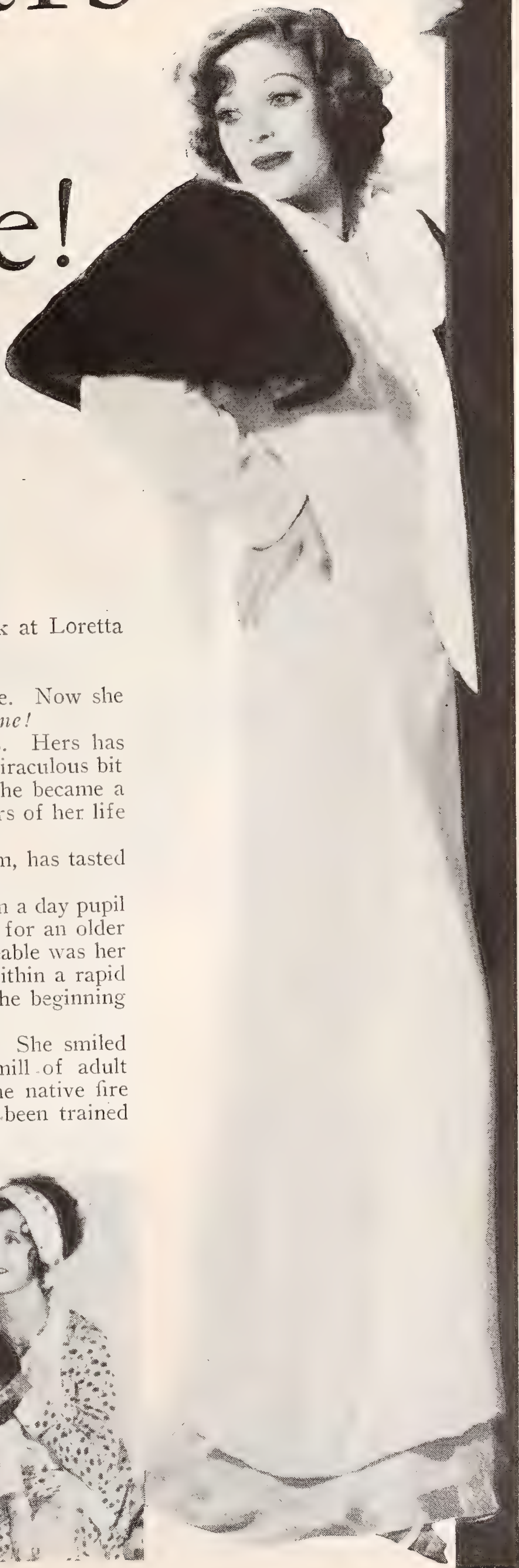
She quit the sheltered walls of a convent, in which she had been a day pupil ever since she had been old enough to go to school, to substitute for an older sister in a sequence of a Colleen Moore film. So instantly noticeable was her appeal that she was never allowed to return to a classroom. Within a rapid few months she was assigned to leading rôles. And that was the beginning of Loretta's fantastic "dream" existence.

As a movie heroine she stepped, at fourteen, into maturity. She smiled and wept, enacted ardent love scenes and went through the mill of adult emotion for the cameras. Big-shot directors, delighted with the native fire they detected, put her through the gamut of drama. She has been trained and groomed and molded into an excellent actress and from the very first she has had that intangible warmth which has distinguished her from the crowd.

Off the screen her life has been equally enviable. At fourteen when the average girl is starting to high school, Loretta had a tutor and, instead of cramming algebra and kindred dry lessons, she was instructed in the things which had a direct bearing on her profession. She made personal appearances at glittery premieres in lieu of attending proms.

What girl hasn't longed for such a life?
To be vibrantly (Continued on page 72)

Life began at fourteen for Loretta. At twenty-one she says, "I'm not sorry I had no 'student prince' days!" as she looks back across the crowded years and reveals here for the first time what Hollywood celebrity has really meant to her.



Talents Revealed *in*



Shirley Temple was an interested subject when Julianne, famous palmist, read the lines of her hand, and you'll be interested in what the palmist says about it too!

Here's what palmistry finds about character in the hands of Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy. Study your child's and see how they compare



Shirley Temple's hand-prints, above, reveal two arresting things, says Julianne. One is that the second finger is unusually dominant—a sign of thought, curiosity and philosophic trend of mind. The second, the prominence of the Mount right below the thumb, a sign of personality on any hand. Note also the length of Shirley's fingers in proportion to the length of her palms. This gives the celebrated child star her extraordinary love of detail in connection with her talents—and accounts for her physical attractiveness.

MUCH speculation goes on as to "what will become of our talented children." Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy are two of the interesting youngsters most in the spotlight at the present time. We wonder, will Shirley Temple give us another Mary Pickford, an Ann Harding, or perhaps a Mae West? Will Baby LeRoy develop into someone like Clark Gable, Fredric March, or even Eddie Cantor? On the other hand—do we become enchanted by the baby charm and brightness these two youngsters exhibit, and will they be forgotten fifteen years from now?

It is not generally realized how early a child's hands from a palmistic standpoint, will show character and talents. With correct analysis of children's hands, much can be done in the way of understanding their abilities



Shirley Temple tried to interest him in her "lesson work," but Baby LeRoy had eyes only for Shirley.

from the very beginning, as well as their faults and health tendencies, and with this knowledge as a basis, their success can be actually built.

I am going to tell you here of the findings of palmistry concerning the talents of Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy, and indicate briefly how authentic palmistry can be utilized in determining the best plan of training for these children. Look at your children's hands and see how they compare.

I walked into a very comfortable and home-like room in one of the buildings on the Paramount lot to keep my appointment with Baby LeRoy. His mother and his manager were waiting for me; the baby was hiding behind a chair. Someone called "Baby LeRoy, where are you, where are you?" and the child's merry laughter answered. We could see his blond hair and his bright excited eyes as he clung with his little fists to the back of the chair, but we looked under the desk and into the bookcase and up to the ceiling before we caught the delighted child with exclamations of "Oh, here you are,

Your Child's Hands!

By Julienne

Palmist who reads the most famous hands in Hollywood



"Handmindedness" is indicated in the prints above of Baby LeRoy. Are your child's hands like his in any detail? The fingers are strongly and squarely built, and have little cushions at the tips, the latter indicating ability to excel in using the hands, in either technical or artistic work. Note the difference in the life lines in Baby LeRoy's and Shirley's hands. Shirley's describes a semi-circle around the base of the thumb, while Baby's life-line goes directly across the hand. Read the accompanying article for diagnosis of these palms.

we thought we would never find you!"

His manager, Miss Rachel Hawthorth Smith, a slender, attractive woman, took him in her arms and directed his attention to me as I prepared to read his hands. He sat quietly in her lap—(about what other male film star could this be written?)—and submitted to being handprinted with remarkably little trouble, even becoming interested in the process as it neared its close. When the time came for me to read his hands, Baby LeRoy could see no more reason to keep holding them out, palms upward, than any other infant would, yet it was enough for Miss Smith to hold out her hands to me to get the baby to smile and do likewise. The whole affair getting beyond his comprehension, he remained big-eyed and thoughtful throughout his reading.

Looking at his hands I saw very clear evidence of his character and his vocational abilities. Are your child's hands like his in any detail? His fingers are strongly and squarely built, and have little cushions at the tips



Camera record of an historic meeting! Above, Adolphe Menjou introducing Shirley and Baby LeRoy.



And did Baby LeRoy get a kick out of having his palm read by Julienne! You can see for yourself, the star wasn't missing a trick!

which indicate "handmindedness." In other words, Baby LeRoy will excel in using his hands, and will easily learn such varying manual feats as playing musical instruments, doing mechanical and also artistic work. This combination of technical and artistic skill, together with indications in other parts of his hands which suit him for medical work, shows that he could easily become a successful surgeon. His mother was delighted when I mentioned surgery. "That is what I have always hoped for him," she confessed.

The question then arises as to whether the talent shown by Baby LeRoy's fingers will take him from screen work to surgery, or even to another occupation which combines something of the technical. His early start on a dramatic career may well prevent this, since he has a love of glamorous living, natural to those of his type, (Continued on page 76)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

What Every
Woman
Knows
M-G-M



This is every woman's picture! But men are going to like it in spite of themselves. They won't be able to resist Helen Hayes as *Maggie Shand* for more than half a reel. Sir James M. Barrie's play might have been written especially for Miss Hayes; it wasn't, but she makes it her very own with the finest performance she has so far given the screen. Of course, every woman knows that she loves a motion picture in which the humdrum of everyday is transmuted into romance by the magic of Hollywood. Here is such a picture. It's the simple story of a smart girl who took a promising man in hand, and, although he never guessed it until it was almost too late, managed his career and his home with brilliant understanding—and finally made him like it. Brian Aherne as *John Shand* will win every woman in the audience as surely as he won *Maggie* and—oh, yes—*Lady Sybil*. You see, in spite of its gentle feminism "What Every Woman Knows" is far from dull, with a *Lady Sybil* in it. If you miss "What Every Woman Knows" you'll be walking right away from the most refreshing entertainment Hollywood has to offer, with Miss Hayes and Mr. Aherne at their finest, and an excellent cast.

Lady By
Choice
Columbia



All right, you picked "Lady for a Day" as your screen sweetheart, and you couldn't forget her no matter how many other movie women came into your life. Now, at last, she has a rival, for Columbia comes through with that practically unheard of rarity, a follow-up film with the same star that is better than the original! May Robson in "Lady by Choice" eclipses her own "Lady for a Day"—and is *that* an achievement! In no sense a sequel, the brand-new Robson triumph takes up the adventures of a Broadway "lady," Miss Robson, who once picked the wrong path to follow and is going downhill as fast as possible when she is "adopted" as a mother by a fan-dancer. Ah, you're interested—I thought so! For once a celluloid reformation is more amusing than a cinema degradation, and May Robson, as she takes in hand the gorgeous Carole Lombard and proceeds to manage and "mother" her, is a character you'll love. There is real heart-appeal in the trials and tribulations of the lovely Lombard as she is pursued by crooked managers and a rich young man and a very just judge. It's Carole's best performance by far. Roger Pryor and Walter Connolly are excellent. A sparkling show for everybody!

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By

Delight Swann

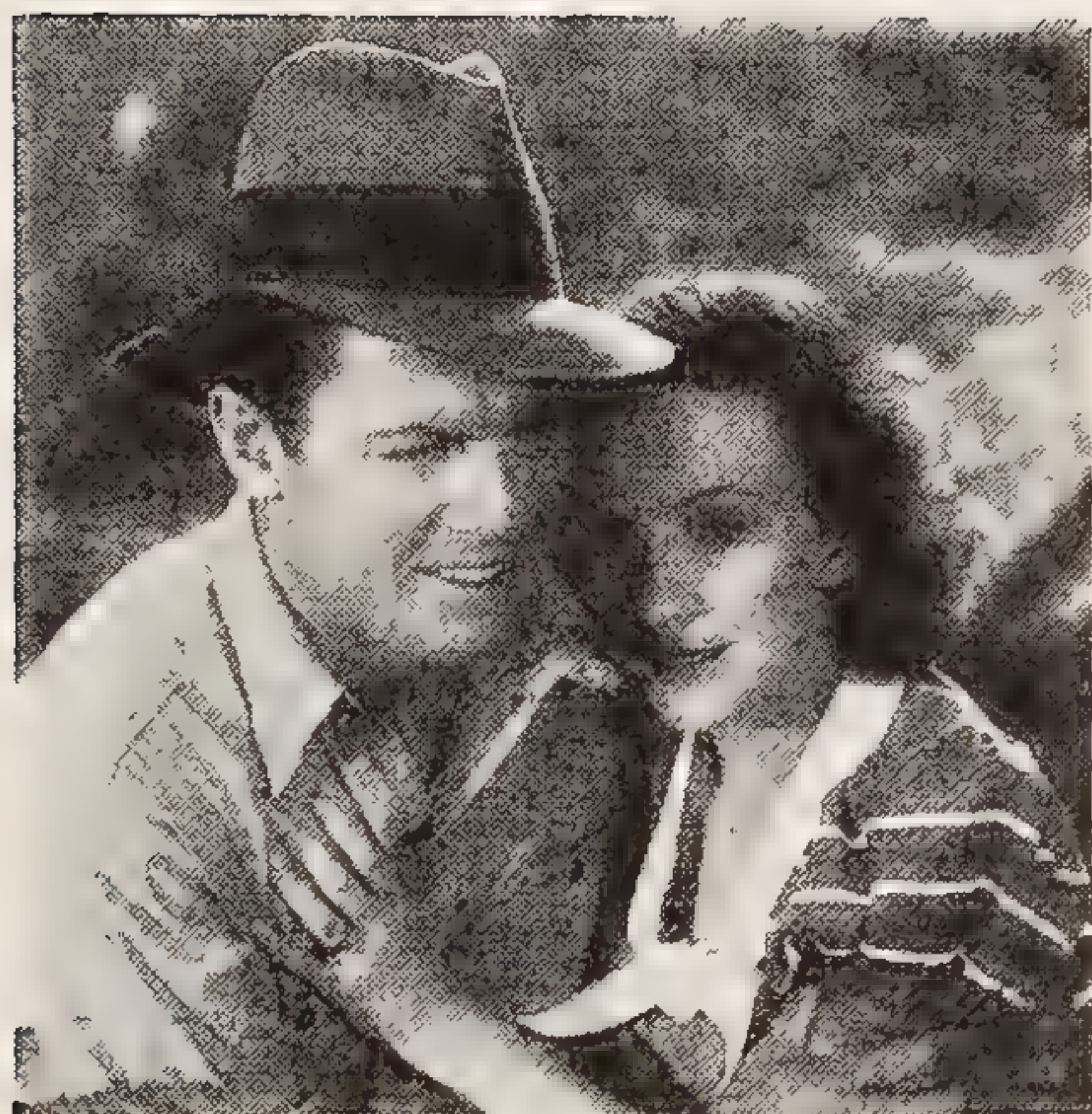
Kid
Millions
United
Artists



The funniest film Eddie Cantor has ever made! And the cleverest—for the boy with the banjo eyes has been so smart as to surround himself with priceless talent, including the mellow-voiced Ethel Merman, the super-silly Eve Sully, the beautiful Ann Sothorn, the hatchet-faced Warren Hymer, and assorted beauties in black, in white, and in natural color. "Kid Millions" is a large and lavish and richly satisfying show. It has speed, dash, amusing musical numbers, never too long, in which the girls are revealed as girls instead of disguised as flowers or chandeliers; and has just enough Cantor for a change, rather than too much, thereby winning back a whole army of Eddie enthusiasts who were beginning to feel a slight satiety. This time the exuberant comic is presented as the innocent heir to \$77,000,000, of which Miss Merman, Mr. Hymer, and quite a few others hope to get at least \$76,999,999; and Eddie has narrow escapes from death and worse. High spots are Ethel Merman's opening song, which she puts over with unparalleled zest; the *Mandy* number—"by the entire company;" and the "ice-cream" finale, in lovely color and spirit. It's grand entertainment for the family.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!



**Our Daily
Bread
United
Artists**



You serious cinema addicts who gaze in awe at the arty Russian films had better not overlook this! It has, to my mind, as much "art" as anything the Soviets have sent us, with the extra inducement of purely American sympathy and understanding. "Our Daily Bread" is a powerful and moving cinema exhibit, with few concessions to commercialism, and I believe it will warm your heart. Highly idealistic, some people are calling it; but surely its sincerity cannot be questioned, nor its deeply dignified presentation of the problem of unemployment. Briefly, the story concerns an average young man and his devoted wife, who turn in despair from the city to the land in their struggle for existence. The young man becomes the leader of a splendid co-operative group of people beaten down by the depression, who toil courageously in the community spirit to wrest a living from the soil. Their fight against the drought provides the thrilling climax, which will have you cheering. Tom Keene and Karen Morley head the very able cast. Vidor has given us a picture transcending mere entertainment, although it is that, too. "Our Daily Bread" reflects America today, and deserves to live. See it.



**The Merry
Widow
M-G-M**



If you were thinking that *The Merry Widow* was just a voice in the past, you'll be obliged to change your mind when you meet her again as presented by Ernst Lubitsch, enhanced by a magnificent setting; wearing lovelier gowns, by Adrian this time; and assuredly winning her best beau in the person of Maurice Chevalier. Now that *The Merry Widow* has turned into the young, the beautiful, and the sweet-voiced Jeanette MacDonald, you're going to love her. Same songs, but sung with a new verve; same story, of the charming and wealthy widow who wants to be sure she is adored for herself and not for her money; same dashing Danilo, but with a difference as played by Chevalier, who will captivate you all over again in his best rôle since "The Love Parade." Lubitsch is in his most sprightly mood, molding scenes and situations that will set you to chuckling at their sly implications, but always preserving the gay good taste that invariably distinguishes the great director's pictures. Besides the gorgeous Jeanette and the irresistible Maurice you will enjoy Edward Horton, Una Merkel, and George Barbier, flawless in their parts. "The Merry Widow" will charm you. It is superlative.



**The Gay
Divorcée
RKO-Radio**



In a month of superlative movies, this picture stands out for smoothness, for speed, and for the sort of sophistication that Hollywood sometimes has trouble in attaining. I think we may be grateful to the star, Fred Astaire, for preserving just the right *esprit*, *savoir faire*, and general *bon-homie*—whew!—that make "The Gay Divorcée" unique among musical romances. Yes, this is Astaire Month as far as I'm concerned, and I'm very much concerned in the rise of a personality as ingratiating as Fred's. He has starred for record runs of this play on the stage, so that he brings to the faithful film version the most superb *insouciance* I've ever seen—see how his elegance affects me? As the irrepressible suitor to pretty Ginger Rogers, Astaire dances, carols, and clowns his way through the picture, which is replete with hilarious complications involving divorce co-respondents, addled aunts, Eddie Horton, never better, and the funniest butler ever screened. "Night and Day" and "The Continental" are marvellous numbers, with Astaire for grace and Ginger for the Hollywood touch of beauty. Don't miss "The Gay Divorcée"—please! See our Honor Page—further persuasion!



**Peck's Bad
Boy
Fox**



Here's a picture to amuse young and old alike! When I say it's the family picture of the month I don't want to imply that it isn't fun-for-all, because it is—not only grand-pappy but Junior will like it, and as for the girls—well, if they aren't won by Thomas Meighan as *The Boy's* nice father they will not be able to resist Jackie Cooper, the kid himself. It's Jackie's movie holiday, and he makes the most of it. One of the finest actors of any age on stage or screen, he has a rôle here that is probably his best, as the devoted son of Meighan whose life is rudely interrupted by the arrival in the peaceful household of an interfering aunt and a perfectly deadly cousin, played by Jackie Searl. Jackie's heart breaks in a million bits when the officious relatives let him know that he is not the real son of his beloved dad, but only adopted. How this boy will wring your heart right here! But the most touching scene of all is that in which Meighan tells Jackie that he couldn't be dearer to him if he were indeed his own flesh and blood—if you've mastered your emotions so far, you'll have to go all to pieces then! It's a triumph for Jackie. And it's a heart-warming come-back for your old friend, Thomas Meighan.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



Not the Captains of Their Souls!

By James Marion

Joan Crawford—beautiful, beloved by millions, rich and envied—but still Joan is a slave! Read just why stars are “chained” in this interesting article.

KINGS have their troubles. And kings' fools, too. Rich men, poor men, beggars, and thieves have their difficulties. Nobody is immune; nobody lives a perfect existence.

Audiences who attend motion picture theatres have their share of worldly woes; they go to the movies momentarily to forget their troubles. And practically every member of every audience, gazing screenward, sighs for the peaceful life which they believe is enjoyed by the stars whose shadowed selves cavort before their eyes. Let's eaves-drop on a young couple sitting in the back row of the Gem Theater in Anytown, Somestate:

"Look at her, Hank; isn't she grand? Greta Garbo, I mean. What a life those stars live! I read somewhere that Garbo makes a million dollars a year."

"Yes—pretty soft for the film stars. Must be sorta like Heaven, out in Hollywood."

Presto! Now we're in Hollywood! Imaginative travel



You see Randolph Scott smiling here, but that's because he has, for the moment, forgotten the catch to his cinema career. The story tells you all about it.

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods that be
For my unconquerable soul.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

William Ernest Henley

But what screen star can truthfully say, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul?"

is much speedier than mechanical transportation. A second ago we were in a theatre in Anytown; now we're in Hollywood. While we are here, let's look into this so-called "nothing to worry about" existence of the actors and actresses.

Hey! What is all that groaning and moaning noise? Greta Garbo, you say. And you also say that she wants to leave Hollywood and go to her estate in Sweden, there to live the remainder of her life in solitude.

Why does she want to do that? Oh, because she is really a hermit at heart, eh? Then it's no pose—her dread of crowds, her running away from small children who seek autographs, her entering and leaving the studio through a private, hidden gate. She really is a recluse.

Well, why doesn't she go and live on her estate in Sweden? Nobody's holding her. Ahhh, so *that* is why she doesn't go! It costs much money to maintain an

estate. So Garbo remains in Hollywood to accumulate the money to support herself in the grand hermitess style to which she would like to become accustomed.

I encountered Joan Crawford one recent day staring dismally into a store window decorated with chocolate candies. The display was most intriguing; my own mouth watered at sight of the inviting picture of bonbons, chocolated fruits and nuts, and other goodies.

"Hungry for some?" I asked.

"I could eat that window full!" Joan answered. "I'm dying for the taste of a chocolate caramel!"

"Well, I had no idea you were on the verge of bankruptcy," I said, "but inasmuch as you are standing there like a Christmas urchin with his nose pressed against a toy-store window, I don't see how I can refrain from buying you a box."

She turned a suddenly alarmed face.

"Don't you dare!" she cried. "One taste of candy, and I would give way to temptation (*Continued on page 74*)



Alice White looks pensive, and you might wonder why, when she has made a lucrative screen name for herself. There's a reason, as you'll read here.



Chaplin, emperor of celluloid comedy, is internationally celebrated. Then why the tragedy deep in those expressive eyes? See our story!



Picture-goers are expressing a keen and growing interest in that most vital force in the making of screen entertainment—the director. And here SCREENLAND, quick to respond to the desires of its readers, inaugurates a new and exceptional series of articles telling the behind-the-screen realities about outstanding directors—as artists and individualists.

Hollywood's Most Versatile Director



W. S. Van Dyke

TWO men stood conversing in low tones, at a Hollywood party. The hostess approached, heading a number of newcomers, and with a note of pride in her voice, announced impressively to her little brood, "May I have the honor of presenting His Majesty, the Sultan of Jahore—and Col. W. S. Van Dyke."

"Oh," chorused three of the ladies, while several more peered intently at the tall, rangy figure, "The Thin Man." We just loved it, Colonel Van Dyke!"

The director of that production, while the Sultan looked on in amusement, flushed a dull maroon. In all his adventurous life this moment was his most embarrassing. Not because his work had found praise, or because he was the center of attraction—an old story, these, for him—but because, in the presence of this visiting monarch, he had been singled out by the group on which to lavish their attentions, while the ruler whose word in his particular corner of Asia is law was completely ignored.

This little anecdote may give you an insight into the true character of Col. W. S. Van Dyke, who considers his achievements on the screen, and safaris into the unknown, in the light of every-day toil. Self-effacing in regard to the pictures he makes and the results scored, you can readily understand his uncomfortable feelings as he listened to the remarks directed to him—while beside

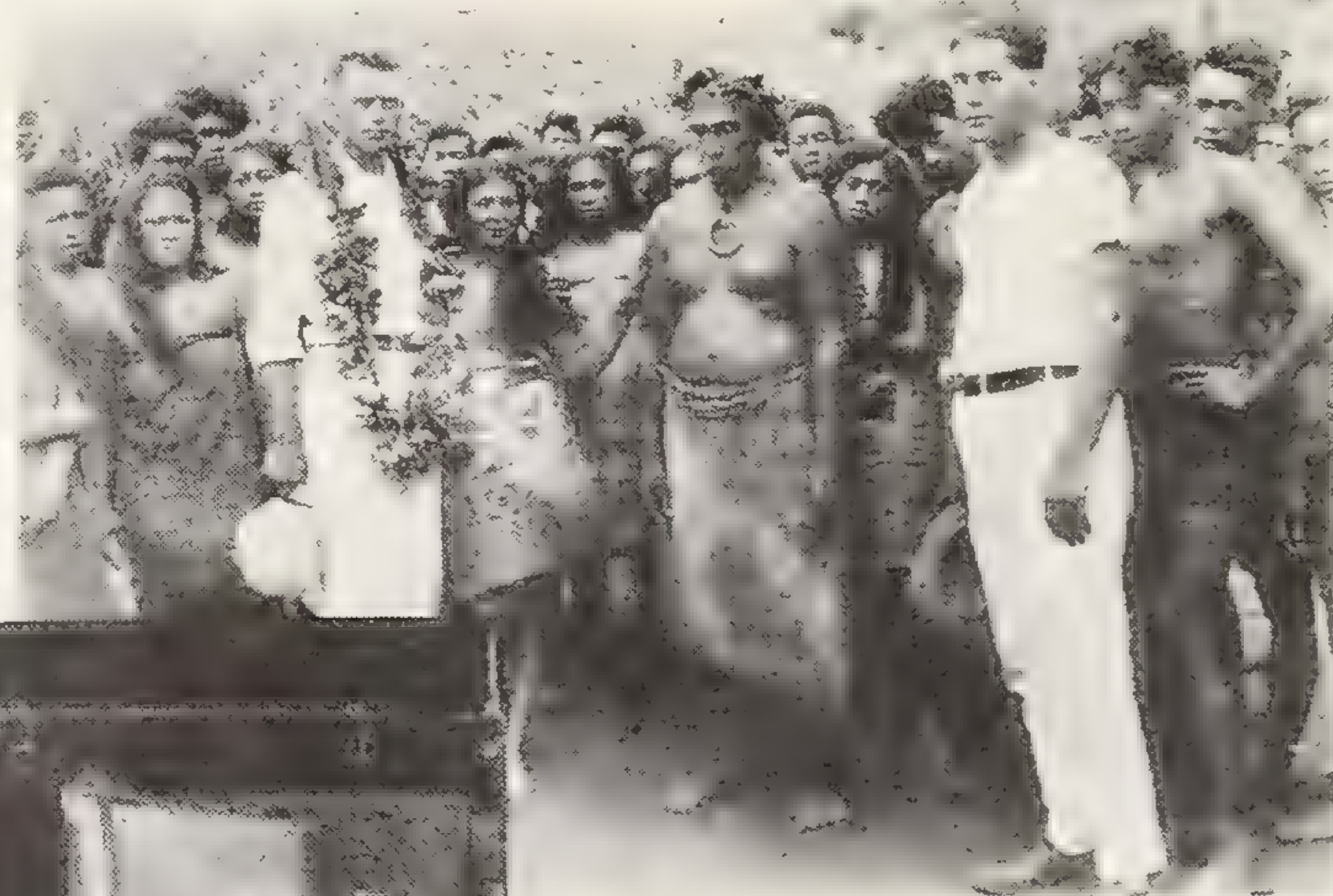
You'll realize why Hollywood gave W. S. Van Dyke that title when you read this unusual story

By Whitney Williams

From Equatorial Africa to the Arctic, W. S. Van Dyke has traveled in search of the drama he has brought to the screen. Right, you see him directing a scene for "Eskimo."



Left, W. S. Van Dyke and Raquel Torres in Tahiti, where he filmed "White Shadows of the South Seas."



Lower left, making the film in which Van Dyke gave new evidence of versatility—"The Thin Man."



him passed unnoticed one of the best-known figures of the Orient, to whom a state reception would be extended in any court in the world.

A man of accomplishment, who has been everywhere and seen everything in all climes, whose list of honors (accorded him all over the world) can scarcely be printed in fine type on a single sheet of paper, Van Dyke is known in Hollywood as the most versatile director in motion pictures.

With his fine hand at the directorial helm, small chance exists that the production will fail to score a bull's-eye at the box-office. Melodrama, adven- (Continued on page 71)

“Dying” for a Living!



George Raft loves life but “death” carried him to fame in “Scarface.” The best Raft story you’ve ever read!

By
Maude Cheatham

I CRASHED the movies by *dy-
ing!*” George Raft leaned back in his chair and looked at me with his inscrutable eyes. “That’s really very funny because *living* is so sweet to me.

“I had been in several pictures but hadn’t clicked so you’d notice it. Then, I was given that rôle with Paul Muni in ‘Scarface.’ That *death scene*—that’s what put me across. If I hadn’t played that part there is no telling where I’d be today. Not in pictures, that’s a cinch.

“To this minute I don’t know how I did it. It wasn’t acting because I didn’t know much about acting. But



The fascinating Raft as he really looks. The menace man himself!

The famous death scene in “Scarface”, shown above, which brought George Raft movie recognition. The girl is Ann Dvorak, remember?

before we went into the scene I slipped off by myself and thought over my narrow escapes, visualizing my reactions when I thought I was facing death; and it became the real thing to me. Muni was a swell guy; he helped me a lot by keeping me in the mood. It was his suggestion that I hit the door as I went down and that was a good point.

“Afraid of death? Who, me? Not a bit! But understand, I’m not getting into its path. I’ll side-step it as long as I can, but I’m a fatalist in believing that when our time comes there isn’t much we can do about it.

“Getting mixed up with the Grim Reaper didn’t stop with ‘Scarface.’ I’ve checked out in several films. In fact, I seldom win the girl and hear wedding bells, for I usually croak and the other fellow gets her. Now, dying has become just another day’s work with me. I expect when my own time comes I’ll still think it’s a scene to be put across and want to go right on rehearsing until the director says O.K.”

As George talked I watched him. Dapper in (Continued on page 73)

SCREENLAND



Joan's husband, Gene Markey, calls this a "fetching" hat! It's semi-tricorne, with a feather pom-pom.

Want to be sophisticated and still stay pretty? Be glamor-guided by Joan Bennett, often called the prettiest girl in Hollywood, who knows the secret of smartness without sacrifice of adorable feminine appeal



Side view of Joan's favorite winter bonnet, dashing yet demure—her special gift!



Hollywood's most delicate blonde beauty is at her best in the afternoon dress shown above, of brown and gold-shot velvet, with a revere that falls becomingly from shoulder to waist. Joan's sables add the note of elegance.



It's a "suit winter" for Miss Bennett! Left, she shows you her three-piece suit of brushed wool, rust-colored, belted Hussar-fashion.

But speaking of suits, here's Joan's pet! Right, see the striped velvet blouse in red and black, enlivening the black velvet of skirt and coat?

Glamor School

Edited by

Joan Bennett



A close-up of Joan's favorite afternoon hat, almost a "gob" effect, in waffle-design velvet.



Pert yet pretty—that's Joan Bennett's charm secret. The hat above, brown felt with feathers, illustrates.

Joan Bennett in her favorite new evening gown, below, shows what Webster meant when he defined "pretty" as "pleasing by delicacy or grace; elegant without grandeur." Color, absinthe-green; fabric, ninette crepe; cape, glycerined ostrich, also in absinthe-green. Effect: marvelous!



Wine-red velvet for a beautiful blonde! Left, Joan's "second-best" evening gown, with the front of the bodice unusually fashioned into a bow, which forms a wide shoulder effect.

If you're the "cuddly" type, yet long to wear a hostess gown, note Joan's charming compromise, right, fashioned to give height and dignity. Sleeves are shirred at shoulders and fastened tightly at wrists for a full, bell effect.



All photographs of Miss Joan Bennett posed exclusively for SCREEN-LAND'S Glamour School by Clarence Sinclair Bull

That Hollywood Figure

How to attain it! James Davies gives you valuable exercises to perfect precious contours

Toby Wing has one of the most exquisite figures in all Hollywood. True, Toby was blessed with beauty to begin with; but she keeps lithe and lovely with exercise. Here Toby shows you how gaily Jim Davies' "upside down" exercise can be performed.

THIS month I'm addressing myself chiefly to the advanced class of girls who are seeking better figures.

We are going into a series of extremely difficult exercises. Those of you who have been following my course for the past seven months—following it faithfully so that you are able to go through the routines with ease and despatch—will be able to tackle the new ones I am about to outline.

I would say to beginners—*don't attempt these* until you have mastered simpler routines and your body is in good physical trim. I mean this warning and you must heed it; these arduous exercises might do harm to your inner organs if undertaken otherwise.

I know you are impatient, but I am right about this.

Remember, even those of you who are ready for the new exercises, you must go at them slowly and carefully at first. Don't overdo. Go easy. But *don't give up* because it hurts. It's going to hurt at first, of course it is. Every exercise hurts in the beginning because your muscles are naturally lazy and they don't want to work unless you make them, so they put in their protest, hoping to discourage you. If you are weak, you'll give in to them. But don't be weak! Stick with us and acquire the perfect body. Use your will power!

I'm calling these new exercises the "Upside-Down Sit-Ups." The first three given are especially for the abdomen. So many of you write me complaining of "football stomachs," of "protuberances in front that are driving us crazy," of being unable to wear nice clothes because of bulges below the waistline. Here is the way

to eliminate the offending bulges about the middle. Put one end of a six-foot board against the wall, so elevated that the surface of the board is on a decided slant. You may be able to slant a six-foot table so that you can do these exercises. But what we want is something resembling an old-fashioned cellar door—the kind you used to slide down at Grandma's when you were a kid.

If you can't do better, you can approximate the idea by wedging a chair firmly against a wall, with a high cushion below the seat (cushion on the floor and *your* seat, not the chair's).

Lie down on the board with your feet elevated as far as the top of the board permits. If you are using a chair, put your feet up on the chair and the cushion under your hips, your head, of course, resting on the floor.

1. Lie flat on back with arms stretched up over the head. Sit up and touch the toes with the hands—both hands together.

2. Lie flat on back with hands clasped underneath your head. Come up as far as you can go, and back again.

3. Lie flat on back as in 1, arms over head; using just the right hand sit up and touch right foot, with that hand. Again, using left hand, touch left foot. Then, touch right foot with left hand, and left foot with right hand.

You think this sounds simple, but try it.

Still using your slanted board, or substitute:

1. Lying flat as before, grasp edges of board with both hands and lift both legs over the head, touching

"The upside-down sit-up!" There's a name for you—and a fine exercise, too, which Mr. Davies suggests to help you attain a grand figure. The three pictures on this page show James Davies and Miss Toby Wing illustrating. For details read the accompanying article.



Write to James Davies for advice about your own personal problems of diet and weight. Mr. Davies' valuable articles are to be found only in SCREENLAND, and only in this magazine will he answer your questions. He's too busy to answer you by mail, but will select representative letters for attention every month—this month's answers will be found on Page 82. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

the floor with the toes. Back to the original position.

2. Lying flat on board as before, grasp edges of board with both hands, swing legs over head, touching floor to left, then to right, and back to position.

The following are exercises for reducing the hips that can be used in addition to those I have given you in previous articles:

Tie a rope to something steady—the stove, steel banisters, a heavy door-knob. Lie down on the floor with your head toward the rope, stretch the arms back and grasp rope with both hands, high enough so that you can lift your shoulders from the floor with its aid. Raise shoulders and feet from the floor and roll on hips, keeping steady with the aid of the rope. First roll three to the left and back, then three to the right and back.

None of these exercises is easy, but each one will reach the tighter, deeper muscles in the abdomen and hips. You'll need a lot of will power to do them. But as I said before, go slow and be careful, but *keep on*. The first day, do three and rest; then three more and rest. Perhaps the second day you can do four and rest; then four and rest. Working finally up to five and rest, five and

rest and five and rest. Then do it regularly every day.

I wish I could give each one of you a massage and routine of exercises and start you on the road to a perfect figure, but I feel sure that if you will consistently follow the clear instructions contained in these articles, your figure will show results in a reasonable time.

With the girls here at the studio, six weeks is plenty of time to show positive results. After two months, I usually cut out all massage, or at the most give one a week, and let them rely on exercise.

In the past six weeks, I have been working on two girls in the studio. Let me give you a comparison of their measurements.

When they came to me: (Continued on page 81)

Non-Fattening Daily Menus

For Breakfasts: Fruit and Cereal. 1 Orange or apple or ½ Grapefruit or Prunes. Small dish of Whole Wheat Cereal with thin milk and no sugar. Or Shredded Wheat with thin milk and no sugar.

MONDAY

Luncheon: Poached egg on toast, beet salad and baked apple.

Dinner: 1 Lamb chop, carrots and peas, stewed rhubarb, 1 slice brown bread (no butter).

TUESDAY

Luncheon: Stewed oysters, tomato salad, sliced pineapple.

Dinner: Lean beefsteak, asparagus on toast, peaches.

WEDNESDAY

Luncheon: Tuna fish salad, spinach, apple sauce.

Dinner: Veal stew with carrots, boiled onions, beets, gelatin dessert.

THURSDAY

Luncheon: Sweetbreads, apple and raisin salad, string beans.

Dinner: Mushroom omelet, salad with tomato gelatin containing shredded lamb or veal, peas, carrots, berries.

FRIDAY

Luncheon: Tongue and lettuce sandwich with brown bread, stewed pears.

Dinner: Baked fish, 1 medium-sized potato, boiled cabbage, sliced orange.

SATURDAY

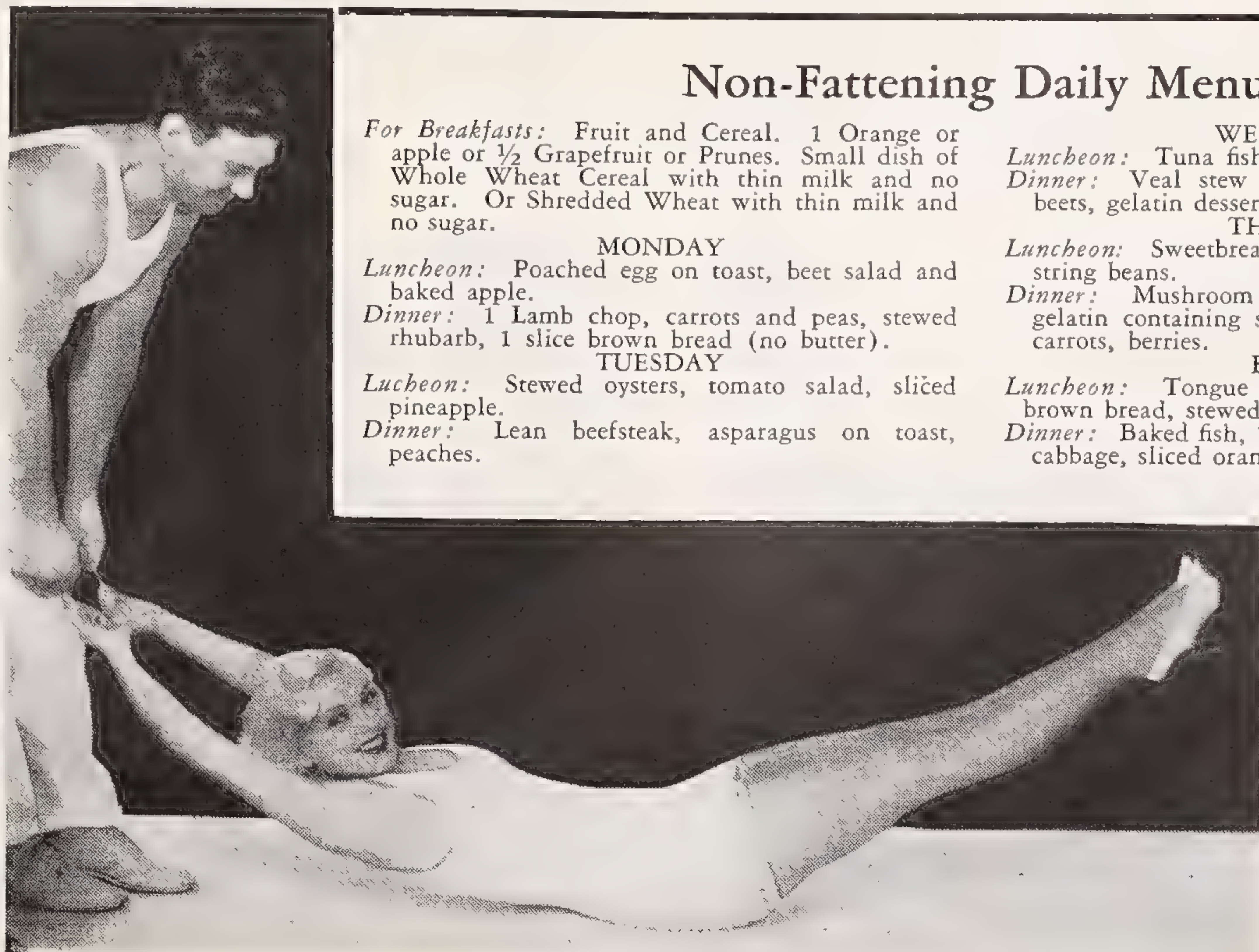
Luncheon: Scrambled egg on toast, lettuce and tomato salad, sliced peach.

Dinner: Roast meat (lean), cauliflower or brussels sprouts, baked apple.

SUNDAY

Luncheon: 1 glass buttermilk, cottage cheese, 1 slice brown bread and butter, baked apple or stewed prunes.

Dinner: 3 ounces soup and 2 soda crackers; broiled chicken, spinach, sliced tomato and lettuce salad, stewed or baked fruit.

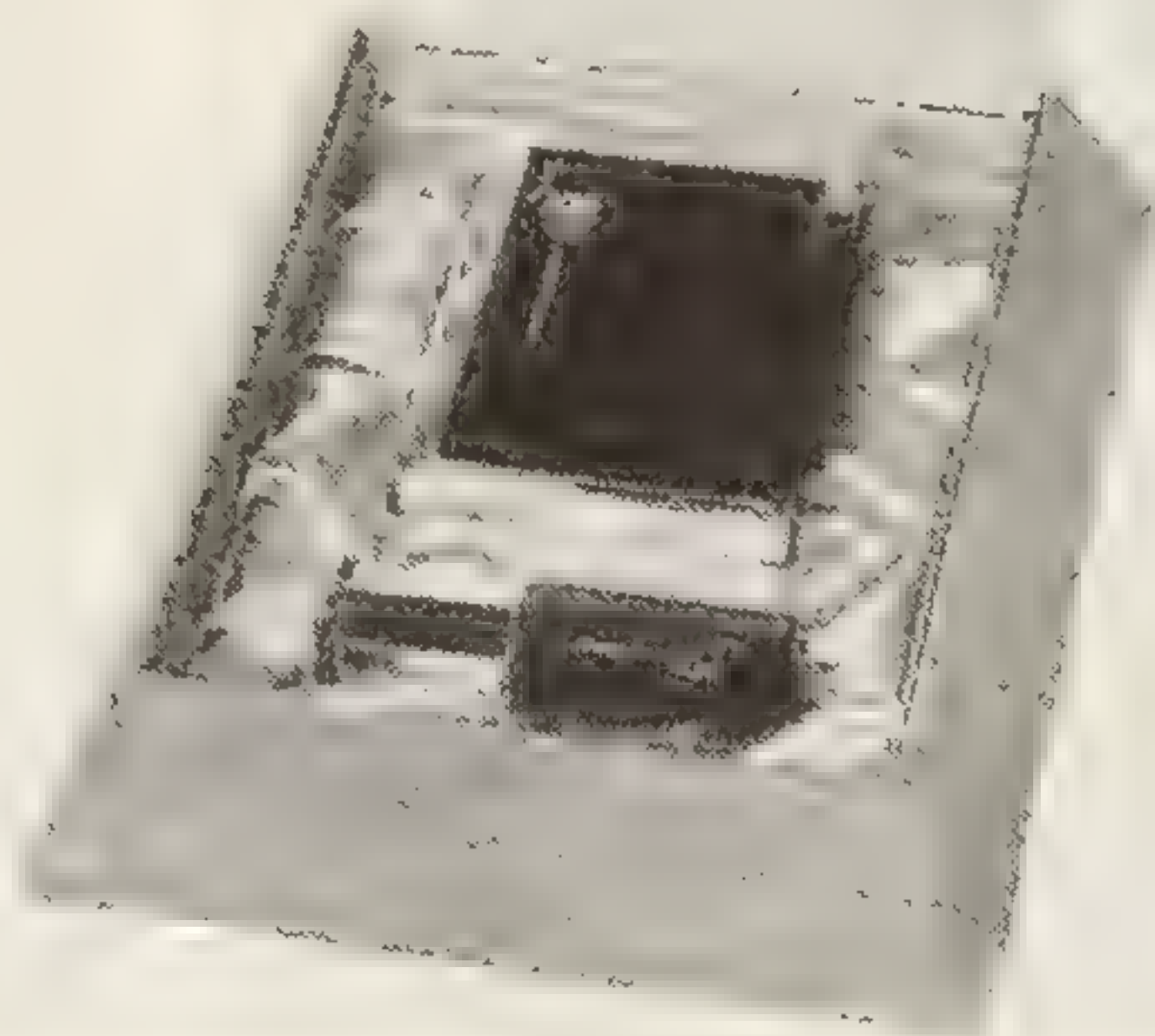


Merry Christmas Everybody!



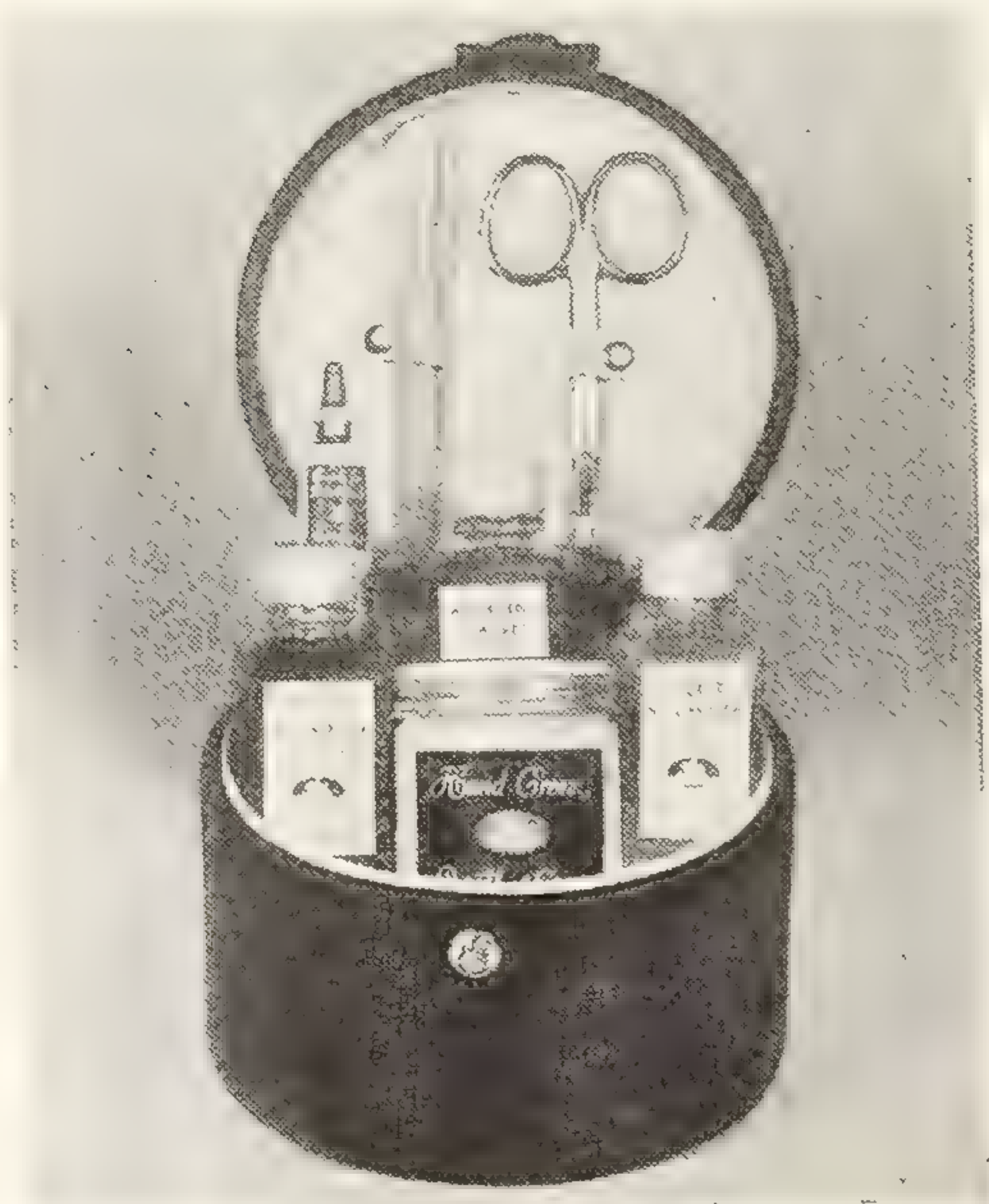
Baby LeRoy fits in a Christmas wreath like a plum in a pudding. What do you suppose Santa will bring him?

Here is just the thing for that important extra gift, Max Factor's lipstick and compact. It wins smiles of delight and approval wherever it appears.



There's happiness ahead for the girl who finds this in her stocking. Lenthéric's evening bag will set her eyes shining. Perfume, lipstick, compact mirror and purse are included.

You'll take three? I knew you would! A hat box manicure kit is something to give and give and give. Dorothy Gray makes this one in red, in black, and in a lovely blue.



This smart perfume, Bourjois' Evening in Paris, travels with its own atomizer. A sweet trick that, and no pun intended! It gives both an exciting fragrance and desirable convenience.

The beauty and fragrance of a water lily have been captured in a perfume. By Helena Rubinstein, of course. And it's enchanting! The shining black bottle is a joy to behold.



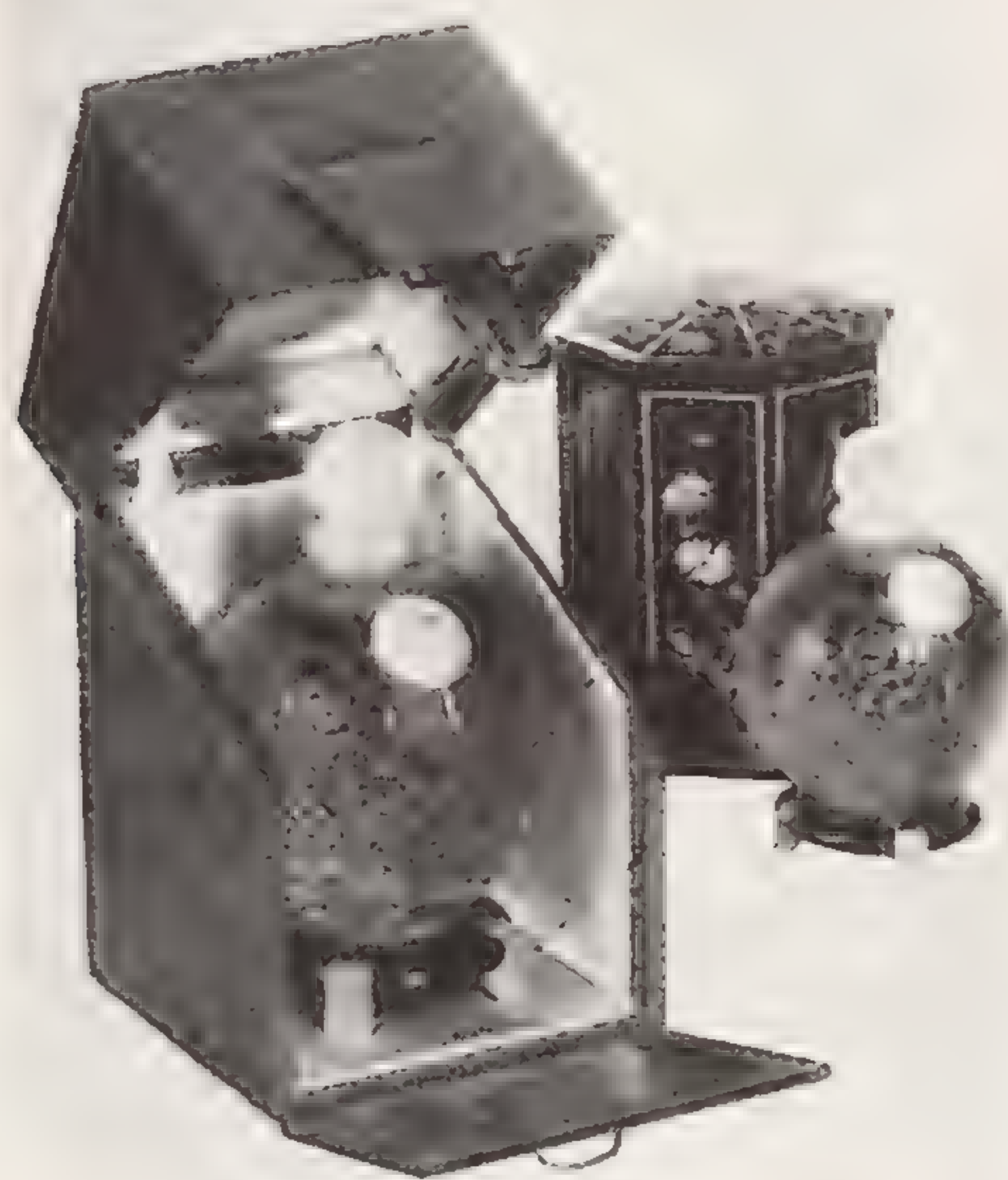
Going places? Then "The Traveler," new beauty kit from Daggett and Ramsdell, will be a necessary companion. It has everything: rouge, lipstick, creams and lotions.

Same to You Old Man!

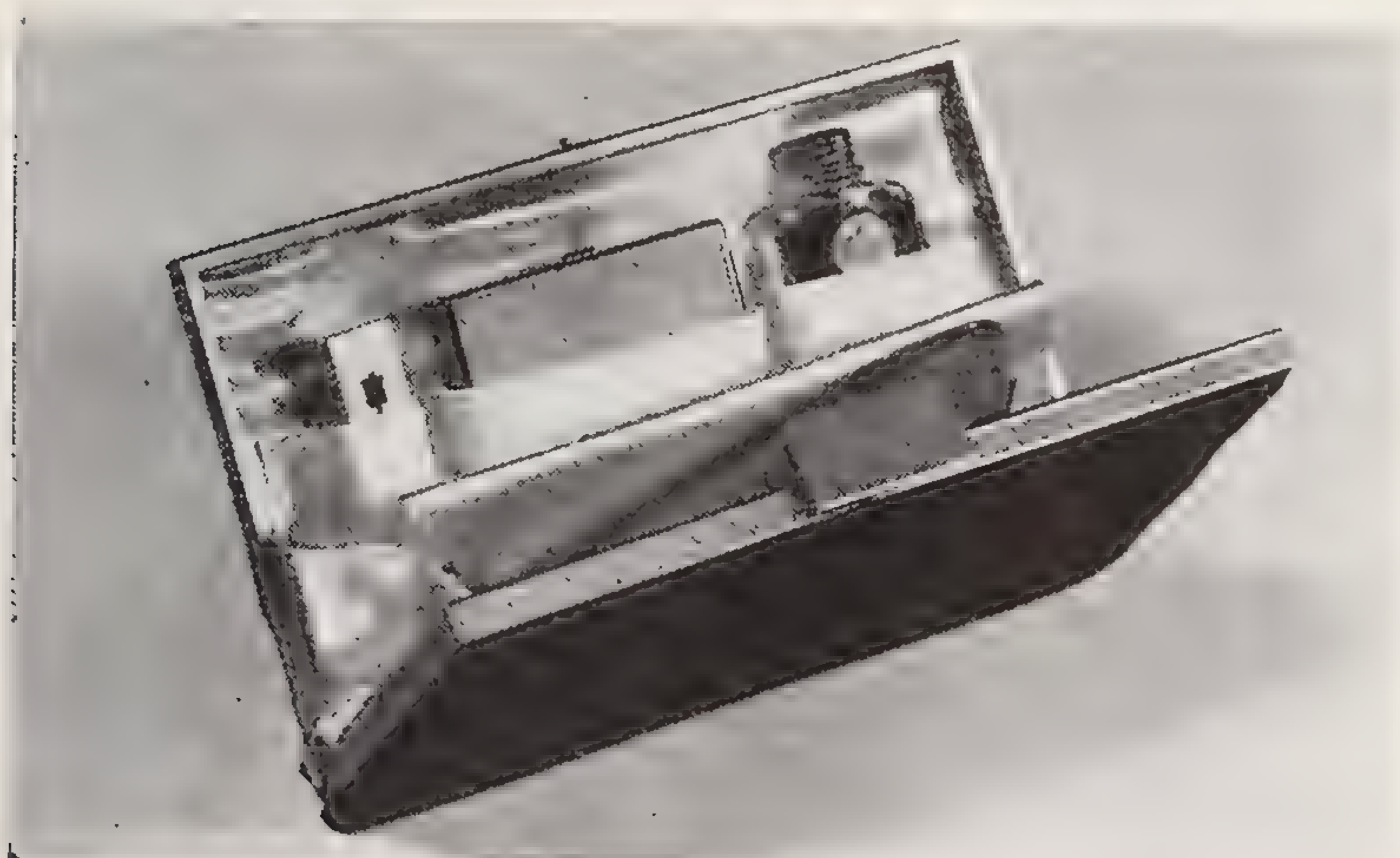
Here are some of the presents Santa will bring YOU, maybe. Leaving SCREENLAND open to this page has proven helpful to hundreds of girls. Santa just loves to take a hint!



An orchid to you! Let him know that the orchid package of Mello-Glo facial-tone powder and perfume will make you the happiest girl! A gift any man is proud to present.



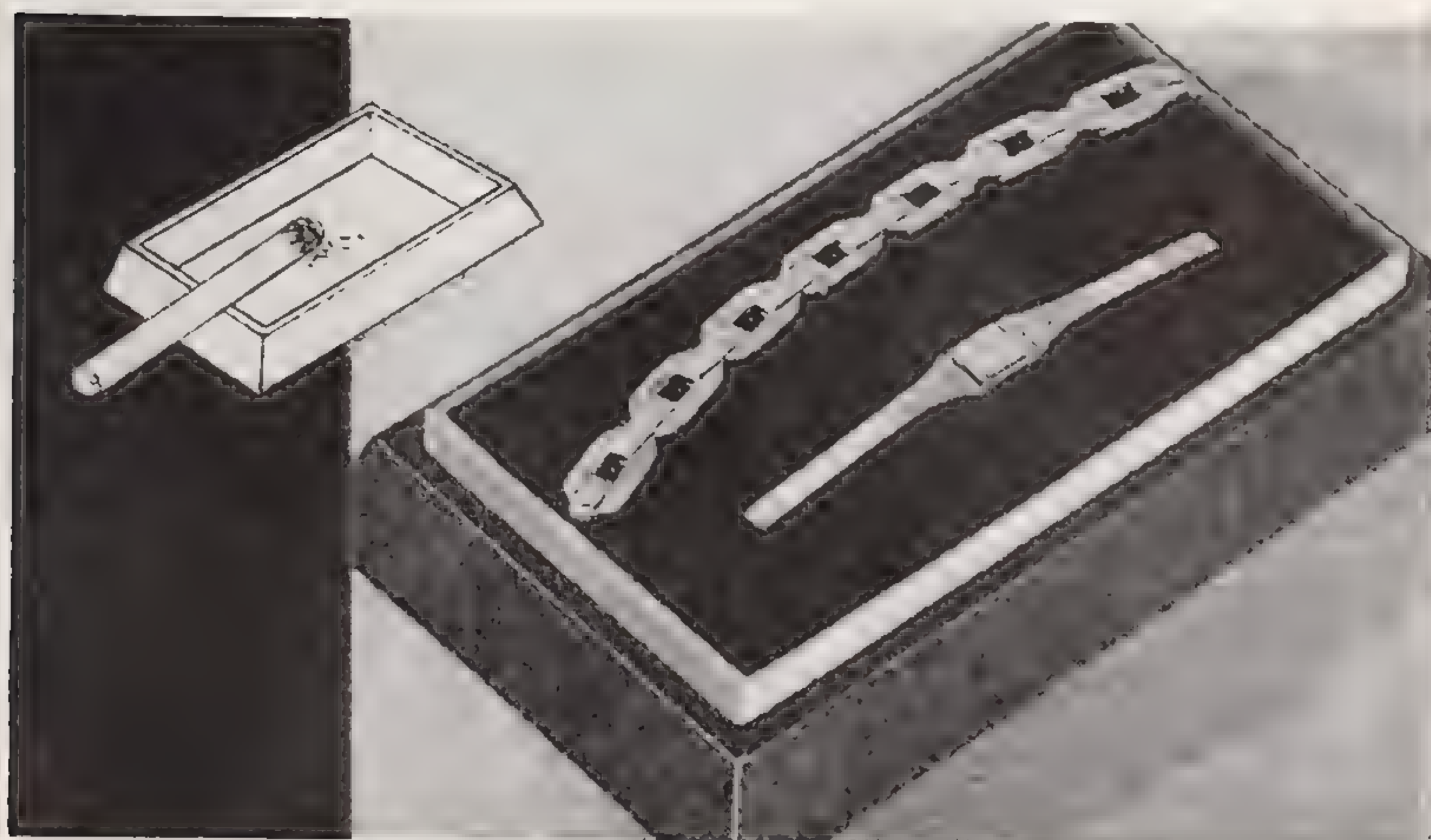
A present with a sweet future ahead! Coty's new perfume of glamor, A Suma, brings the tropics into your life. And not only that, it brings romance and excitement with it.



You think you'll take one of these, do you? That shows your faultless taste. An evening bag from Elizabeth Arden is something to gladden your heart—my heart—anybody's heart!



Which will you have, beauty or a smoke? A little of both, please! This trick Hudnut vanity solves the problem. Powder, rouge, and cigarettes, all in one case.



What man wouldn't be pleased with this set of tie clasp and collar pin from Hickok! And after he has lifted them out he finds he has a grand ash tray in addition.



A beauty set that is a beauty! Yardley makes a number of them and this one you'll choose on the spot. Give beauty for Christmas and you're sure to give pleasure as well.



Going places! Yep, professionally and physically, Brian Aherne is on the move. Above, arriving in New York enroute to a London visit.

CUPID'S report: All's riot on the Western front.

Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr have quarrelled, after many months of cooing. It may be adjusted, of course.

June Knight and Paul Ames had a sad parting when she left for London, and Dan Cupid hears that he may follow her abroad.

The triangle that has for its respective corners Jean Harlow, William Powell, and Carole Lombard, (note that the man is

TROUBLE-MAKERS! That's what Joan Crawford calls them, and she called so loudly that she made herself heard.

Joan's anger was aroused when she learned that she and her new director had supposedly quarrelled because Joan wanted her phonograph on the set, and W. S. Van Dyke refused to allow it.

"He did no such thing," Joan said. "He never even mentioned not wanting any phonograph around. Furthermore, if he had told me he preferred that I not have it, I would have obeyed his wishes."

Another rumored near-war is averted!

JIMMY CAGNEY'S new yacht practically pays its own upkeep. Shortly after Cagney bought the boat, he was sent to San Diego on location. He used the yacht to travel in, and charged it to the studio. Furthermore, Cagney headquartered on the boat throughout his San Diego stay—and the studio paid him regular hotel rates!

ONE of **SCREENLAND'S** big close-ups goes to Katharine Hepburn this month, because:

When a group of set-workers and electricians engaged on Katy's picture were talking of "chipping in" to buy a small radio, she overheard them. A few minutes later, Miss Hepburn's maid presented the "gang" with the star's check for the amount needed.

Don't duck! Dorothy Dare wouldn't think of throwing that snowball at you. It's just a pose—nice, too, saying "compliments o' the season!"



Not often do we get a chance to see Will Rogers and Mrs. Rogers in a picture together. Here they are returning from that trip Will has been describing in his radio talks—and, as usual, both glad to be where they are together.



While in Europe Kay Francis denied she would marry Chevalier, and here she is back and not married. So there—for the rumor committee



Trust Jean Parker to get into the spirit of the thing—a screen rôle, or a season, what difference? Jean, you can ski in our yard any day!

between the two ladies), continues to intrigue Hollywood. Bill is seen very often with both ladies, (separately, of course), but nothing serious seems about to take place. Making this triangle the more interesting is the fact that Carole and Jean waste no love on each other. Powell banked Miss Lombard's dressing-room with flowers on her birthday—but that same evening he presented Miss Harlow with an orchid corsage THAT LARGE!



An author meets an inveterate book worm. Above, Hugh Walpole, British novelist, and Jean Hersholt were congenial companions in a harmonious environment when they chatted and looked over rare volumes in the screen actor's library.

THE height of nervousness has been discovered, much to George Raft's chagrin. This great discovery took place at a Hollywood beer garden, where Raft was present with some friends. A fan of the gentler sex approached George to ask for an autograph. In her excitement, she brought her mug of beer with her to Raft's table.

While George was signing her autograph book, the girl became so excited that she bumped her elbow against the actor's shoulder. The bump caused her to spill her full glass of beer over Raft's head.

BY THE time you read this, Andy Devine's baby will have been born. Here's hoping it is a boy, because just a few hours before this item was written, Andy said, "It had better be a boy, because we've got the name all picked out. If it's a girl, she'll have to go nameless."

HERE is a novelty indeed—a star who is never allowed to see motion pictures. This unlucky person is Shirley Temple.

The reason Shirley isn't permitted to see pictures is that her parents and managers fear it would spoil her naturalness on the screen. Particular care is exercised never to let Little Miss Temple see herself on the screen, for fear she would become conscious of her acting.



Acme

London lassies cheer the Tarzan team! Johnny Weissmuller and his Lupe wave to greeters in England, where Miss Velez will do a picture.



Meet David! Freddie Bartholomew, aged ten, who won the coveted role of *Copperfield* as a youth, in the film version of Dickens' novel.

JANET GAYNOR made a leisurely, two-week automobile tour on her return to Hollywood from her Wisconsin vacation. . . . Dick Powell lost ten pounds on his personal appearance tour. . . . Joel McCrea swims a mile and a half every day at Malibu, summer and winter. . . . A magazine salesman waited in the lobby of Mae West's apartment for two weeks to sell Mae a subscription, then got cold feet when she appeared and didn't talk to her. . . . Dick Arlen says: "I heard a radio singer announce that a certain song 'haunted him'; it should, he murdered it!". . . . Stuart Erwin, ping-pong fanatic, invented a folding table which he takes on location.

STEFFI DUNA, Hungarian actress and reported engaged to Francis Lederer, is taking out naturalization papers. But Lederer is not doing the same. If he and Steffi wed, she again becomes a European citizen, despite her American papers.

RICARDO CORTEZ and Al Jolson are still "at war." When "Rick" was asked if he would like to take part in "Café de Parée" with Jolson, he merely lifted an eyebrow with an expression of utter scorn. He won't, he says, be in the picture.

And then when Jolson heard of the episode, he strangely repeated Cortez's words: "He won't," said Al, meaning by the designation he—Cortez, "be in the picture!"

FLORENCE RICE, actress and daughter of Grantland Rice, the sports authority, has a tennis racket given to her by Fred Perry, British and American champion. . . . Joel McCrea is transforming his 1000-acre ranch into a spot typical of Early California. . . . Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's divorced husband, crosses the continent twice annually to visit their little daughter. . . . Ginger Rogers has turned writer, *a la* Jean Harlow, Elissa Landi, *et al*; Ginger has written a play called "Three To Go". . . . Bing Crosby sent out 6500 fan photographs in thirty days—an all-time high. . . . Joan Crawford has had her jewelry copied, and she wears the replicas; too many hold-ups is her reason. . . . Edmund Lowe gifted all of the Lilyan Tashman's (Mrs. Lowe) clothes to the Assistance League of Hollywood. (Continued on page 84)



Anna Sten is seeing America, while on a tour for the purpose of letting America see her. Above, the vibrant Russian star takes a look at Boulder Dam, and hears the staggering statistics about its construction from B. B. Gaha, engineer.

Looking behind
the dials to see
the stars you
like to hear on
the air

By
Tom
Kennedy



Phil Baker, above, whose spontaneous comedy adds spice to the diet of listeners-in, talks a little "shop" for SCREENLAND'S readers.

Mary Pickford has become one of radio's most popular stars almost over-night, an astonishing accomplishment even for one of the screen's most popular figures. The Pickford magnetism found no difficulty in projecting itself via the air.



Paul Gulick, billed as "The Man Who Knows Hollywood"—and he does, you'll agree if you have heard his talks about screen stars.

NIGHT after night large numbers of radio's "great unseen audience" have a way of becoming decidedly visible. Indeed, they can be observed, "in the flesh," by radio stars who work before microphones in capacious studios accommodating all the way from fifty to fifteen hundred spectators.

Just how many people attend these broadcasts, or what percentage finds any real amusement in the experience, I wouldn't know. But as far as concerns radio itself, and the entertainment it is designed to afford, it's a question if the fans gain anything more than satisfaction of mere curiosity over the mechanics of the business by looking on at performances that are contrived solely to be listened to.

Far be it from this corner to insinuate that radio fans should deliberately shun an opportunity to see a broadcast. But at the same time no tears will be shed in this quarter over the alleged plight of some enthusiast who is just *cuhrazy* to see a broadcast but can't because there is no important studio in that neck of the woods. It just doesn't seem that future enjoyment of programs can be enhanced for the fan merely by having the curiosity over the mechanics satisfied.

If you would like to know, along about here, what brought this up, blame Phil Baker. You can do that with an easy conscience for two reasons. In the first

place Baker brought this to mind in a talk I had with him during one of his rehearsals and later at a broadcast at which I was a spectator; and in the second place Baker must be used to abuse by this time—what with his stooge "Beetle" around all the time!

"To anybody with my background, that is the stage," Phil said, "working without an audience in the studio would be pretty tough, especially for a comedian. But there's a fly in the ointment. The radio audience naturally wants to know how the wheels go round, and they are not out to be entertained like the audience that goes into a theatre, settles back in the chairs and is ready to be amused.

"Why, I have seen somebody, right at the top of some comedy gag, look around toward the back of the studio to see what was going on in the control-room. Boy, what a feeling that gives you when your gag is being delivered and others in the audience follow the gaze of the first person who suddenly decides to look around!"

If that isn't enough to slay any comedian, send him into a panic, you will have to think up something to top it—I can't, and I doubt if Baker or any other stage comedian can.

Later, at his Friday night broadcast, I did not see anybody do exactly that. But I did see that Phil Baker was working under a tension until the actual show started, and even then, while (Continued on page 80)

Jean As I Know Her

Continued from page 34

our privileges. Jean would go places and then, next day, tell me all about her good times. She was just like an older sister to me.

Later, when "Chuck" and Jean were divorced, she began working in pictures. She told me it was just for fun, but I believed from the very first that some day she would be a star.

I used to tell her that when I had finished school I would be her secretary, but she never took her work seriously until after "Hell's Angels" was released and her fan mail began to pour in. Before this, her work had been only something to occupy her time. After "Hell's Angels" she woke up to what was coming.

She used to bring her letters over and I would help her answer them. They came in by the hundreds and it was a real job. My father became ill about this time and our finances began to dwindle, but mother would not hear of me taking up any kind of work. Finally, Jean won her over to the idea of me working for her. She loaned me the money to take a business course at the Hollywood Secretarial School and evenings, when she wasn't busy, she would come over to the house and give me dictation to help me get up speed. She put me on salary right away and let me work Saturdays and afternoons. Then, when she signed her M-G-M contract, she had them give me a contract as her "stand-in." I continued as her secretary, too.

Now, when we are not "on call" at the studio, we are together shopping or playing. Jean is very fond of swimming, so we spend a lot of time in the pool at her home in Beverly Hills.

To the question most often asked me, whether she is as beautiful off-screen as on, my answer is, that she is more beautiful off screen, because she uses very little make-up. Somehow, the rouge and eye-shadow which she uses for the screen make her appear much older than she really is.

She doesn't care a thing about clothes. She is much happier wearing an old sports suit and sneakers than when she has on an expensive gown. She wears black almost entirely for street and white for evening. She has a beautiful ermine coat, which she treats with no more care than she does her suede jackets.

The only time she has ever seemed to realize its value was one night when we attended a scavenger party given by Carmelita Geraghty in Jean's honor. Jean had never been on one before and she was quite excited when she found on her slip of requirements that she had to go to the estate of an oil millionaire in Beverly Hills and get a towel from the master bathroom. Jean didn't know the way so Carmelita offered to go along as guide.

It was about ten o'clock when we started out. Jean was driving her own car and we had to go up a lonely road. She noticed that a car seemed to be following us. She mentioned carelessly that a highwayman would probably feel it was his lucky night if he stopped us and found such expensive wraps. Jean's ermine coat is lovely and Carmelita was wearing her mink coat. I knew that Jean was uneasy or she would not have made the remark, and the car did keep a short distance behind us all the way.

Finally, we arrived at the mansion and Jean rang the doorbell. The butler came to the door and answered in French. Jean tried to make him understand but failed. She motioned and gesticulated until he invited her inside. We had an awful time then, because all of us tried to make him understand what she wanted. A woman

and a man came in and greeted us in French. It looked hopeless, but somehow Jean managed to get the woman to take her to the bathroom and, when she returned, she had the towel.

When we got back to the party, we learned that it had all been a "put-up" job. The man we had talked with at the mansion was a film writer from Paramount, who had engineered the whole thing for Jean's benefit. He came to the party shortly after we returned, and was introduced to us.

The car that had been following us was a police car. Someone at the party remembered what a lonesome road led to the

been by persons who do not know her. Her friends all swear by her.

When she isn't working, she lives very simply. We often go to the beach and fish from the pier. Jean tucks her hair under a beret and wears slacks and dark glasses. She is rarely recognized. We have loads of fun. She always cooks the fish, too, when we get home. Marino goes along and fixes bait for us. Jean couldn't think any more of him than she does, if he were her real father.

Her mother is very beautiful and young-looking and her name is Jean too, so around the house I always call them Big Jean and Little Jean.

Sometimes we go to Arrowhead Hot Springs between pictures. Mother and Mrs. Bello go with us, but they play bridge together and leave us to find our own amusements. We play tennis, and hike. I remember once, we went around and tasted the waters from the various springs, just to be doing something. We must have drunk a gallon, before we were through. Jean got a big "kick" out of it. She is like a kid in many ways.

She doesn't care for position or fame or any of the things that most actors and actresses try so hard to get and keep.

I remember the night she was going to the "Dinner at Eight" premiere. She went to the beauty parlor and had her hair waved and stopped by my house on her way home. I was in a terrible "stew" because some unexpected, out-of-town guests had dropped in to spend the evening and mother was away for the afternoon. I was practically wringing my hands by the time Jean came.

She just laughed at my predicament and put on a bungalow apron and set to work. Inside of forty-five minutes she had everything cooked and ready, and it was correct to the smallest detail. While I worried a lot about the possibility of the heat from the oven ruining her wave, she didn't. She thought it was a real lark.

She likes to cook better than to do anything else, unless it is to dance. She often cooks the meal herself when she is having friends in to dinner.

She never diets, but eats everything and anything she wants. Being naturally slim, she doesn't need to worry about putting on weight.

She is not a vamp in any sense of the word. Although her life has been startling and unusual, she has a wholesome outlook and a respect for the conventions.

She has a lot of courage and she tries to do what she thinks is the real right thing. If she fails, she never makes excuses. She says that excuses waste time and never really wipe out a mistake.

Her favorite rôles to date have been those in "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." She expects her rôle in "China Seas" with Clark Gable to be equally good. She enjoys working with Clark as they are good friends and congenial in every way.

I have been with Jean so much that without intending to do so, I have copied some of her mannerisms and gestures. People even say that, when I have on a blonde wig, I resemble Jean. I feel quite flattered when they tell me so. Of course, I don't really. We are about the same size and there is a little resemblance in the lower part of our faces, but it ends there. I am rather ordinary and Jean is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, without excepting anyone.

I like Jean tremendously. That goes without saying. And I am proud to be able to call her my friend.



Acme

Distinguished company!
Harold Lloyd, Jr., plays the
proud host to his guest,
Shirley Temple.

place, and they called the Beverly Hills police and asked for protection for us. So everything turned out all right.

Jean came in on the other end of a scavenger hunt a few nights later. A girl with a southern accent, who said she was visiting in Los Angeles, came to the house one night and asked Jean to loan her a slip. Jean let her have an exquisite one she had bought just that afternoon and she told the girl that she wanted to wear it to the studio next day. The girl promised to return it in the morning.

I told Jean, after the girl left, that I bet that was the last she would see of her slip, for she had not even asked the girl for her name and address; but Jean was not worried. "She'll bring it back, all right," she assured me. Sure enough, bright and early next morning a messenger boy delivered it, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and with a thank-you note.

In spite of the horrible things that have been said and written about her, Jean has managed to retain her faith in human nature. She has been hurt many times, and in many different ways, but it has always

Hollywood's Most Versatile Director

Continued from page 58

ture, comedy, drama and ultra-smartness are all one to this man who can head an expedition into the icy wastes of the Arctic, the steaming jungles of the tropics, or turn out so bright and highly sophisticated a piece as the already-mentioned favorite.

Three of the best pictures of the season, "The Prize-fighter and the Lady," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man," stand to his everlasting credit. Each is endowed with movement and charm, and spells Entertainment with capital letters. Indeed, there is always a virile ruggedness in every film Van Dyke directs, a quality that engages audiences regardless of their individual tastes. "Forsaking All Others," starring Joan Crawford, and yet to be released, touches the more humorous side of life with a brilliance that adds still more to the director's fame.

Particularly adept in fashioning outdoor drama and melodrama—as witness "White Shadows of the South Seas," "The Pagan," "Trader Horn," "Eskimo" and "Tarzan the Ape Man," to mention but a few of the most outstanding—Van Dyke suddenly has veered from these types of film to sophistication of the most diverting order. World traveller, explorer, a born leader and organizer and diplomat, who knows the seamy side of life as well as its more polite form, he is peculiarly equipped to undertake the production of such stories. Thoroughly a cosmopolitan, at home in any situation (with the solitary exception, as noted at the beginning), he can draw upon his own experience and resources in faithfully patterning life on the screen. Humanness shades all his characters and ramifications of story in prominent relief.

"Let Van Dyke do it!" is now more or less accepted as a slogan at the studio where he is under contract. In the past, the executives depended upon him to such an extent that a long location trip, with its accompanying hazards, was not to be considered, if Van Dyke would not undertake it. He is known as a man who will take chances—but in carefully analyzing his methods it immediately becomes clear that chance does not enter his scheme of things. The plums of the season now are awarded him.

Van Dyke has travelled so extensively on arduous location jaunts to the ends of the earth, that anything in the way of a "home assignment" meets with his wholehearted approval—providing, of course, that the story will make a picture to the director's taste. That, perhaps, may account somewhat for the rousing spirit that instilled the trio of pictures which audiences this season have hailed from one end of the country to the other.

Possibly, too, his years of globe-girdling now are bearing fruit in these very delightful dramas, so different in quality and tone from the usual studio output. Certainly, nothing could be more delightfully charming and exciting, with its undertone of menace, than the several-times-mentioned feature "The Thin Man." (Forgive me if I seem to dwell on this production, but it offers such great strides in motion picture-making that I am using it as a criterion of Van Dyke's superior technique.)

As one lounges in the director's den—and I'll vouch that nowhere in Hollywood will you find a more unusual or interesting room—he unconsciously finds himself drawn to this man, whose career has been marked with brilliance and high adventure. Horns, skins, savage equipment, curiosities bedeck his home, a large, comfortable, man's dwelling several miles distant from the studio, comprising a portion of the enormous collection he has made during his more than

fifty thousand miles' journeying about the world on location trips. They bear mute testimony to his prowess as a hunter and explorer, to his taking his place as a rightful descendant of a long line of adventurers.

Well over six feet in height and hard as nails, he is the very epitome of how the adventurous director should appear. His eye is clear and his tone commanding. His rank of Colonel was conferred by the Governor of Kentucky, after he had witnessed "Trader Horn." (The award was made before the rank was passed out in wholesale quantities.) He belongs to the International Adventurers Club and the Explorers Club of New York. Various countries have honored him for his attainments as an accomplished director and traveller. Framed official documents bear evidence of his membership in several geographic societies. In Japanese script is an honorary life membership in that kingdom's Red Cross.

From extended sojourns, he knows Equatorial Africa, the South Seas, the Arctic, as well as other parts of the earth he has visited. "Trader Horn," as you doubtless know, was filmed in the Belgian Congo. Two voyages to Tahiti were made to photograph "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "The Pagan" in their actual locale. With a large company, he allowed his ship to be frozen in the Arctic ice an entire winter, in the vicinity of Cape Barrow, northernmost tip of Alaska, for "Eskimo."

With such a record of achievement in the distant places of the globe, you naturally would assume that he would be fairly itching to be on the go again, to look forward to further assignments in foreign fields. The lure of the unknown!

But not Van Dyke. Not this chap who would rather fight than eat, who has engaged, after the fashion of his ancestors, in more combats than you have bones in your body. Van, as his friends call him, fights for what he gets. Any wonder that he's so successful in the far corners of the world and that the studio places implicit reliance in him, whether the picture is made thousands of miles away from home or on the lot?

Van Dyke, paradoxically, is a home lover. "I'd be completely satisfied if I never leave Hollywood again," he asserts, positively. "Those trips are tough. Dozens of times I would no sooner get settled in my house than the studio would tell me to pack up."

"It begins to look now, however, as though I can see a bit of my friends, take advantage of the comfort I have been trying vainly to enjoy for years. I never plan very far ahead, but I honestly believe the studio will keep me busy, for a while, at least, with the type of picture I have been directing recently."

"Most people think only of the interesting, the romantic side of travelling. In their search for pleasure and excitement they have no cares to worry them, beyond looking out for themselves."

"When I go on an extended location trip, it's not in the nature of a pleasure excursion but as the head of a company numbering anywhere from thirty-six people upward. Aside from the results expected, I'm responsible for every one of them, for their every act, their safe return, and if you've ever led such a crew you know what that means. Believe me, the happiest moment of these months away from Hollywood is the minute I step off the train and deliver every man Jack home safely."

Equally at home in a tailcoat on a ballroom floor, or rough clothing in the jungle country, Van Dyke makes the most of his opportunities. That spirit that elevated John Honeyman, a direct ancestor, to George Washington's most trusted and able spy, during the American Revolution, likewise courses through his blood. The studio insisted he make pictures half-way round the world—he always returned with the goods, an epic. Averse to making such films, he nevertheless proved himself the outstanding exponent of such undertakings.

Now that the studio finally has listened to his pleas to remain at home, his new pictures are as delightfully intriguing as his outdoor dramas were stimulating to the imagination. In all truth, he has established himself definitely Hollywood's most versatile director.



A zipper—the form-fitting cocktail costume, as well as the gadget on the muff—is this ensemble of Gloria Swanson and fashion which we present above. The costume is the creation of Rene Hubert, Fox Studio's chief stylist.

7 Years in a Gilded Cage

Continued from page 51

beautiful, exquisitely gowned for every occasion, thrown with handsome admirers, busy carving out a profitable career—!

Ecstatic love came along for Loretta, too. At seventeen there was an airplane elopement, protestations of everlasting affection. At eighteen disillusionment and divorce. Twice since men who mattered—and who have been denied her by cruel tricks of fate. Meanwhile, one picture after another, a steady grind of work. Each season a better performer, more material comforts.

What has it all amounted to? Is she happy? Has it been as thrilling as it seems? Becoming sophisticated so young—is it an advantage or a mistake? What has she gained and what has she lost for this movie glory?

I went to Loretta's home to find out explicitly. She has a lovely Colonial place, perched on a bluff overlooking the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. Her garden is small, but perfect—a lounging swing on the green grass, a honeysucked statue sharing honors with full-blown roses as silhouettes against the hedge. Inside the tall Colonial portals the rooms are elegant but distinctly lived-in.

Loretta, her freckles frankly showing, her smile generous, and her eyes aglow with that sincerity she always evinces, greeted me with a friendly handshake. Across an orchid-centered luncheon table she strove honestly to sum it all up.

"I'll tell you," she said thoughtfully, "it's been seven years in a glass cage! A very big, spectacular cage. Happy? Is anyone ever completely so? I'm terrifically moody. Either I'm bursting with joy or I'm too disappointed in people and things to be fit

company. I can hardly blame that on the picture business, but I wonder if I wouldn't have been happier away from this steady turmoil.

"But that's the trouble with all of us! We want to be somewhere else when we should be attempting to find happiness within ourselves, where we are.

"I'll try to explain as truthfully as I can what all this has meant to me. To begin with—yes, it is as exciting, this business of being a movie actress, as you imagine it. Definitely so. I suppose this is because I am young and susceptible to enthusiasm and progress and romance. And because, try as I can, I never can figure out sure rules for this picture game.

"It isn't a happy business for a girl. But then no woman or man who is ambitious is ever complacent and content. There is invariably more and more to be achieved.

"If I had it to do again, would I choose the same path? I think so. I doubt if I could enjoy an everyday routine. Certainly I'd have to work at something and this is a fascinating 'line.'

"You remark about becoming sophisticated so young. To me there are different brands of sophistication. I hold no brief for becoming a cynical, jaded person—at any age. But if you are referring to the common sense variety I think every girl should acquire it as soon as possible. Personally, the people who interest me most are those who obviously lean on *themselves*.

"Often I receive sympathy for having 'sacrificed' the pleasures that should come to a girl in her 'teens. You see, I had responsibilities thrust upon me at fourteen. I didn't miss high school or college because I was literally too busy to miss them. Now looking back, I'm not sorry that I had no 'student prince' days. College seems all right for the girl who wants a social life, but otherwise, judging from what I've observed, it seems rather useless to me.

"It is my theory that you don't live until you are on your own, making your own decisions and choosing what you wish to do. If you select wisely the happiness is doubled because you have earned it for yourself. When you make blunders—well, your suffering makes the next bright spot brighter.

"Frankly," declared Loretta when I wondered aloud some more about her in comparison to the average, non-professional girl her age, "I seldom encounter girls of my own age, outside of pictures. Not that I don't want to, but I haven't the time. And when I do meet them I'm at a loss what to say to them. I feel so much more mature and their topics sound trivial.

"Recently I was in the beauty shop over there where many of the college girls go. I was intrigued by the conversation of two who were sitting under hair-dryers. I gathered that grief, the most abject sort of grief to them, was a broken date! Please don't interpret this as an attempt to be superior. I'm endeavoring to size up my life as it seems to me. I just don't know the sensations of the girl who merely grows up, goes to school, travels during vacations, and then marries and settles down to a quiet life. I suppose those girls are happy."

I interrupted. "A lot of them would give anything to have been in your shoes. But don't digress, Loretta! Go on and outline the advantages and drawbacks of having lived for seven years in a glass cage."

"The chief advantage is financial!" she responded. "Before I went into pictures I was not what you'd call well off from a money standpoint. I like nice things and

Hollywood has enabled me to buy them. I have this home, security for the future, and the power to help my family.

"The glamor which surrounds a position in the Hollywood scheme means little to me, however. It's fun to be recognized and admired, but when you've worked awhile you know how hard it is to build up that glamor. I must spend hours on my face, my hair, my figure, my wardrobe. I have to make a deliberate effort to appear at my best. This glamor doesn't evolve from thin air. Knowing the 'framework,' I am not awed by the glamor of Hollywood as a whole."

As an example of the way Loretta has labored to improve herself, I recall that only two years ago she wore bands to make her teeth straighter. While she was acting she could wear them just at night. But the rest of the time she wore them continuously—for five months she didn't have a date. When I reminded her of that task, she grinned, "Well, I'm human and how could I look romantic of an evening with bands on my teeth!"

She continued, "It's also an advantage to be associated with brilliant people and Hollywood's full of them. They stimulate you and forestall boredom. A career, too, is a superb antidote for personal musings. There's invariably something about a career to worry over!

"And now for the drawbacks. What strikes me as the main one, and what has hurt me most since I've been in Hollywood, is the gossip which trails movie fame. Because I'm an actress, I'm supposed to be a nut! All of us are suspected of being Bohemian. I appreciate intelligent, helpful criticism, but I loathe the lies which are circulated. Why do people repeat the most absurd rumors? As an instance, the other day I heard that Georgiana, my nine-year-old sister, was my *daughter*! Who instigates such things and *why*?

"It's easy to advise me not to be annoyed by gossip. I can't be indifferent for *the most important thing in life to me is to be able to die with a clear conscience*! I know I should only be concerned with keeping my ideals intact, but I'm vain enough to want everyone to think well of me.

"Personally, my greatest satisfaction to date is the knowledge that I've achieved a degree of success. There is a unique thrill in demonstrating that you can deliver in the profession you go into. Oh, of course, I'm nowhere completely satisfied. I shan't be until I can enter a theatre and be pleased by my own performance. As it is, I can sight terrible flaws. I'm always depressed after a preview, for I've worked so hard and often everything I've done in a picture seems bad to me.

"That's getting off the track again! I was going to say that the other important drawback has been this: I've lost my freedom. My work ties me to Hollywood. And it has made me so conspicuous that I can't do a lot of average things because people will spot me and follow me.

"Pictures make me furious when I'm tired and yearn for a genuine vacation. For years I've dreamt of a trip to Europe. I've planned to go a half-dozen times. I'm dying to see Honolulu, too. Why, I've been to New York only twice. Once for personal appearances which kept me in a theatre, and the second time I had only ten days there. Frequently I wait around for weeks for a new picture to start, or for retakes—when I might have been away having a glimpse of the world outside Hollywood.

"I've concluded, from living in this mael-



Ginger Rogers says hello to New York as she starts a vacation from the studios.

strom, that the rule of life is: you can't have everything! For every successful hour there has to be one of struggle. For the peaks—the depths of disappointment. Life for me has resolved itself into a question of *choice*."

We had finished lunch and gone out into the garden. In her analysis Loretta had failed to mention love. Which wouldn't do at all, for love is an integral part of Hollywood success. And Loretta hasn't escaped its entanglements. I asked her how her simile of the glass cage tied up with love.

Resting in the swing, she did a bit of confessing on the subject closest to every woman's heart. "I dread to think that I'll never have a fine husband and a fine family. I want them. I want them while I am young, too!"

"But," she mused, "right now I have chosen to put love in the background and concentrate on career for a couple of years longer. As to marriage in Hollywood—I don't know what the answer is. I tried it once and fizzled. However, it may have been just the individuals. I'll tell you frankly, I can't take love lightly."

All of us who adore Loretta in Hollywood have been sorry that she has been unfortunate in love. There was handsome Grant Withers, for whom she impetuously left her family and her religion. He was too happy-go-lucky. There was the man whom she loved too dearly even to share his name with the public. That was not to be. But—"Why talk about it?" said Loretta.

"You'd guess," she continued, "that I've acted in so many film romances that emo-

tionally I'm very old for my age. Strangely, it's the opposite. I'm becoming more and more naïve—emotionally." In a low tone she added, "The more you know of love the more you want to idealize and trust!"

We talked for a few minutes of the progress of her career before I departed. Ready to give her acting her undivided attention, she is not too satisfied with her status.

"I was fortunate in getting on the screen before stage experience was required to impress the studios," she admitted. "But two things disturb me now: the desire of some casting directors to put me in 'hot' rôles and the fact that I've been so slow in making the final step to major stardom."

During the summer absence of Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century czar to whom Loretta is under contract, she was asked to portray a rôle originally written for Jean Harlow. "I have sense enough to realize I can't play a part tailored for Jean," Loretta explained to me. She had to put up a fight to elude it.

"My other complaint is this: I've been on the fringe of stardom for seven whole years. If I'm really good, why don't they give me really appropriate stories?"

Zanuck asserts that her years of leading ladyhood have not been wasted, that they have served as preparation for the excellent vehicles he is going to assign her. After all, she's only twenty-one! If he doesn't give you the proper break, Loretta, we'll flood him with letters of burning indignation! Those seven years of yours in a glass cage have pushed you into a "dream life"—but you've been dreaming with your eyes wide open!



David Holt greeted Max Baer on his return to Hollywood. David will have an important part in Max's new film.

"Dying" for a Living

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white flannels, he is essentially a man's man; yet underneath his masculinity there is a gentleness and a gleam of fine sentiment.

He's so thoroughly likable, so friendly, with an innate gallantry, charming manners, a soft voice, and an engaging boyish earnestness. Yet there is a tinge of mystery in his personality, a peculiar detachment that piques the interest. I think he has built a hedge around his emotions. Perhaps experience has taught him not to take anything too seriously, not to care too much. After all, emotions do hamper one's freedom, and George Raft loves his freedom more than anything in all the world.

He says he has had a few near-fatal moments when he felt Death's fingers on his sleeve, adding with a grin: "But I never dreamed these were forming my college course to help build my career."

His first bump into real danger came when he was just a kid and made an indelible impression. He lived on Forty-first Street between Ninth and Tenth avenues in New York City. In the same block was a row of tenements. One day the neighborhood gang of boys scrapped with a pretty girl and to get even with her they smashed every window in the apartment where she lived.

While George was merely an innocent by-stander in the excitement, the patrolman singled out this dark-eyed lad and, pressing a gun against his heart, demanded to know the trouble.

"Believe it or not," said Raft, "that patrolman was so nervous that his hand shook, and I was certain my end had come. I let out a lusty yell and one of the big boys gave the gun an upward smack and it went off."

"I ran. And *how* I ran! I was afraid to stay in the neighborhood for fear they'd find me, so I crawled through several cel-

lars until I found a stairway that led to a roof—and there I spent the night. It was during those hours that in some miraculous way I lost all fear of death. How? Why? I don't know. I only know that all my childish fear was gone and it has never come back.

"My next peep into the Beyond was when I was nine. A bunch of us boys were playing at building docks in the Hudson River and I fell in. They pulled me out just as I was going down the last time. It was a close shave—I was all but gone. Yet to this day I have never learned to swim.

"I didn't play much as a kid. I was always out to make a dollar and used to sell newspapers at the baseball park after school to earn enough money to buy an ice cream soda, a bag of candy, and go to a movie. That was my idea of a swell time.

"Another escape was while I was dancing in London. A friend and I rented an automobile to spend Sunday at a nearby resort. When we started home that night he was taken ill and I had to drive. It was a left-gear car, I didn't know the road, and it was pitch-dark. When we came to a narrow bridge with a sharp turn I was so confused that I backed the car and we hung within a few perilous inches over the steep cliff.

"How I managed to reach the road again I'll never know, but we decided to wait until daylight before venturing on.

"Once, coming home from Europe, we plunged into a terrific fog and in the middle of the night the signal was given for everyone to put on life-preservers. As I stood at the deck-railing looking down into the lashing black waters there didn't seem a chance that I'd ever see the sunshine again.

"Then, the first time I ever went up in an airplane we struck a death-dealing storm

and even the pilot didn't think we would ever land. I was in a night-club once when it was raided and bullets raged all around me.

"While dancing in Richmond, Virginia, I slipped and stumbled over the footlights into the orchestra pit. I was badly hurt. They told me even if I lived I would never walk or dance again. So, you see, my college course in the art of dying has been pretty thorough!"

Besides "Scarface," there were several other times during his meteoric career that George has met death on the screen, and each time he has made it grippingly real through the power of his imagination. His thoughts are visual, expressed by his lithe body, the result of his training as a dancer.

"You'll recall I went crazy and then died in 'If I Had a Million.'" He checked off his experiences. "I jumped through a window to my death in 'All of Me'—gee, I was keyed up to the scene the day we made that! In 'Bolero,' I kept thinking of Maurice, the great dancer, whose life story it was. It seemed so tragic that he had to go when life meant so much to him and he was in my thoughts continually during the death scene.

"To top it all, in my last picture, 'Limehouse Blues,' I died again, shot by a cop, this time, while saving the girl. But—I nobly bring the lovers together before I pass out."

George says he likes these tense scenes but wants to work them out by himself; wants time to touch the lower mood and not be bothered with a lot of useless dialogue.

"One doesn't spout a lot of words at such supreme moments," he quietly explained.

Raft is very direct. He's modest and frank. He hasn't lost his head in the least with all his sudden fame and adulation.

"Sure, I like this game, but I realize that every screen player is merely a fad," he told me. "At any moment audiences may tire of me and when they do I'll scam; I'll not try to hang on. I'm hoping to become a director and am studying the methods of everyone I work with. To be able to create a great drama on the screen that will touch the hearts of audiences the world over would be far more satisfying than acting a single part, no matter how great."

George has just moved into a beautiful penthouse on the twelfth floor of a swanky apartment hotel. There is a large terrace across the front that commands a view of the city with the Hollywood hills beyond that is his special delight. At the rear is another terrace which he has fixed up as an outdoor gymnasium.

"I have four pictures to make before

July," he told me," which means I'll spend my time between here and the studio. When I'm working I cut out everything else so I decided I might as well have a home that pleases me. I entertain very little—an occasional dinner followed by contract, and pictures form my social amusements."

Said George further, "I get a kick out of being able to do and have the things I want. If I can send my mother to the White Mountains for the summer, if I can step in and buy a radio, a hat, or a pair of shoes that strike my fancy—all this means happiness."

"I've always loved clothes. I get that from my mother. Even as a child I had to take care of my few things and was taught orderliness. When I took off a suit it was carefully brushed and hung up and I never left the house without my mother calling, 'Have you wiped off your shoes?' And,"

grinned George, "to this day I keep a shoe-cloth to use just before I leave my room. It's second nature now."

"I look like my mother, too. She's Italian. My father was German, and blond. He died four years ago. We were great pals. He would have liked seeing me on the screen; it would have amused him."

"Maybe his going is another reason I don't fear death. But I'm in no hurry to face it, for life is full of promises for me right now."

But he wouldn't talk of romance, of the report that when and if his marital affairs are straightened out he and the lovely Virginia Pine may marry.

He said, "I'm not planning ahead. What's the use? I'll wait until I catch up with the future to decide what I'll do." And he flashed one of his rare, very rare smiles.

Not the Captains of Their Souls

Continued from page 57

and eat scads of it. I would gain pounds and pounds. Then I would be forced to go on a strict diet again, and I hate dieting."

Furthermore, I happen to know that doctors have warned Joan to cease rigid diets. Those doctors warned Miss Crawford that her diets, which she has indulged throughout the past several years, have eroded the lining of her stomach until the condition is dangerous.

So Joan trods busy avenues, gazing into candy-store windows and turning away only when temptation threatens to overwhelm her stubborn will.

She, who loves chocolates to the point of distraction, dares not eat them! Obesity and screen careers are no more harmonious than Grace Moore and a howling dog.

Randolph Scott's idea of Hell is a place where everything is done on horseback. Randy has no use for horses. Oh, he likes them well enough, in their place. But their place, he declares vengefully, is not under Randolph Scott.

Like them or not, Scott must put up with horses. His studio executives have discovered that he makes a fine figure when seated astride a horse. So for two years Randy has had his inner feelings sacrificed to Western pictures.

Not long ago a group of cowboy-actors who have worked in most of Scott's pictures decided to give him a surprise party. Not knowing his extreme distaste for horses, they selected a moonlight ride and barbecue as the most novel sort of party.

The affair was a surprise all right, but when Randy learned that he was supposed to go moonlight riding, he changed the nature of the affair. He made himself the host at a nice party in his own home—and not a horse was present.

Of course, Randy could quit his career, and thus get away from his forced cowboy activities. *But that is just the point of this story*—the stars continue to do things that are distasteful to them because they do not want to quit their careers. If Scott resigned from motion pictures, he would have to relinquish a most profitable contract. He chooses to keep the contract—and have horses haunt his daily life. He chooses the lesser evil. Wouldn't we all?

Alice White positively detests blonde hair. This abhorrence intensifies when the blonde hair is her own. Yet Alice must retain the blonde mop that frames her face for movie cameras, because this frame is more becoming than dark hair or red hair. And to be becoming, in Hollywood, is to be successful. Alice wants to be successful.

There are periods when Miss White's



Gloria Stuart (Mrs. Arthur Sheekman), poses in a fall ensemble selected for her trousseau. It's black wool.

distaste for her own blonde tresses amounts to a mania; periods when she hates herself every time she looks into a mirror. Yet look into mirrors she must, because an actress needs make-up, and whoever heard of putting on make-up without mirrors into which to stare?

"My first act after I retire from motion pictures will be to let my hair return to its natural color," Alice has declared a thousand times. And "its natural color" is not blonde in Miss White's case; it is reddish brown.

Of course, the distastes of some of the stars are not so severe. People like Robert Montgomery, who have been forced to quit polo or other favorite pastimes because of the danger, have no real complaint; they can find other ways to amuse themselves. They aren't like Alice White with her

hatred for her own blonde hair.

Perhaps Charlie Chaplin's plight is more serious than most. Charlie, a comedian, longs to be a tragedian. He'd give half his fortune (he has considerable fortune, too) if the public would accept him in "Hamlet" or some other such heavy dramatic play. But Chaplin is wise enough to know that one such rôle might forever spoil him as a comedian; that is, it might so alter the public's appreciation of his comedy talents that this same public would forget to laugh at Chaplin's pictures.

I do know one thing: Charlie's last motion picture, if he has his own way (and he likely will) is to be sheer drama. Any comedy touches will be subtle asides. But meanwhile, Chaplin goes ahead making comedies. Just you think of the task in your daily routine that gripes you most. That's what starring in comedies does to Charlie.

Marlene Dietrich was practically chased out of her pants by public opinion—and to keep that statement from appearing too shocking, let me explain that public disapproval of her mannish attire caused Miss Dietrich to forego the comfort that goes with masculine garb, in order to appear more feminine to her admirers.

Joan Blondell has seriously given thought to retirement from the screen. Her one great desire is to stay home and be a typical mother; to take care of her own baby, instead of leaving that duty to nurses. But again the answer to the question, "Why doesn't she quit if quitting will make her happier?" is: Miss Blondell receives a bank president's salary; it is not easy to thrust aside so much money.

Bing Crosby has often spoken of retiring. But Crosby recently signed a four-year motion picture contract, because the money offered him was too important to refuse, even for a man who detests work as wholeheartedly as does Bing.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't for a moment intend to give anybody the idea that all the picture stars are ready to quit tomorrow, nor am I seeking to discourage ambitious young people who yearn for picture careers.

Not for a minute. Why, they could pull my teeth, paint my hair green, and make me ride razorback hogs all day long if they'd pay me the salaries some of the screen stars receive.

But you must admit that going toothless, having green hair, and riding razorback hogs might become very irksome in time, even for "a million dollars a year."

Just so does blonde hair become invidious to many stars who must remain blondes.

Charm Under Contract

Continued from page 30

would get her hooks into him, upset his equilibrium, and send him howling down the chutes with the seat of his pants on fire.

But it didn't happen. And today he is just as good-looking as he was then. His figure is just as lithe, his eyes just as clear, and his personality just as natural and unsperled. I decided, as I gazed upon him, that it might be a crafty idea to look into this normality business. If it worked for Johnny, it might operate for me and my insane pals.

For he is a handsome dog, this Boles. And here, dears, is an important tip, hot from the paddock, on good-looking movie actors. We young girls, alas, will go for almost any nice pair of shoulders and well-assorted features. But keep an eye on the dear old ladies! They're the acid test in this racket—and Johnny passes at the head of his class, summa cum laude and hey-hey.

Dear old ladies—as well as their granddaughters—go for Mr. Boles like tigresses! "Such a nice young man!" they coo, smoothing out the wrinkles in their black taffetas, and almost simpering. I know one in New York—a full-fledged grandma, and proud of it—whose dearest trinket is a large silver-framed photo of Mr. Boles, complete with autograph. It stands on her dressing table, and she cherishes it not because of a senile crush on Mr. Boles, of course, but just because he's one of the "nicest, sweetest boys" she's ever known.

Now, I submit that the movie laddie-buck who can knock over the young ones and captivate their grannies is the boy who holds all the aces. Of this quality group, I feel that Johnny is tops.

It seems I had cornered our hero at a very interesting moment. He had just finished work with Gloria Swanson in the Fox production of "Music In The Air," a high-grade musical comedy which was a Broadway delight a couple of years back. You probably remember that it was the indestructible Swanson who yanked John off the New York stage and kidnapped him to Hollywood. That was for her first independently produced picture, "The Loves of Sunya." Though the film was picked to open the famous Roxy Theatre in New York, it was a sad floppo, and cost poor Swanson a flock of potatoes. But it set Boles for life and he has adorned Hollywood ever since.

Naturally, his eyes light up when he talks of Swanson, his foster-mama in the movies.

I asked him how Gloria was doin'.

"She looks fine," said John. "And of course the picture is right up her alley. I think people will like it. A great girl, Gloria, with lots of talent, and a wonderful sense of humor."

Well, thought I, she's certainly needed it! Swanson has made more mistakes than any two women in pictures, and has made four more come-backs than the late Sarah Bernhardt. Sometimes the Divine Sarah used to meet herself coming back! But Gloria's gay and gallant, too, and won't say Uncle.

She's been washed up oftener than a busy surgeon—then all of a sudden here she is again, looking swell and acting away to beat four of a kind. Remember "The Trespasser"? Maybe "Music in the Air" is the same sort of dish for her. Let's hope so.

But we digress, or ramble. Let us return to Mr. Boles, whom we left sitting in the Hotel Plaza smoking his pipe. Is that a perfect touch, or is it? Isn't Texas Johnny the type? You know what the dear old ladies say. They adore a man

who smokes a pipe! He's the kind that is nice to women and horses and dogs and even kiddies, my dears. Well—that goes for Boles, I guess.

Johnny himself has enjoyed a come-back or two. You may remember that just before the screamies roared in, Boles was smothered under a soggy mass of program pictures. The skids, it seemed, were greased for him.

Came the microphone, like the United States Marines, and snatched his peanuts out of the fire. His fine voice was turned loose in one of the earlier operettas, "The Desert Song," and he was off, buckity, buckity, on a bigger and better screen career. Since that happy day, a screen musical is hardly legal without Boles trilling around in it somewhere.

He's had a good break in drammer, too. He rode to glory with Margaret (Maggie) Sullivan (Sullivan) in "Only Yesterday," and turned in what I consider by far the finest job of his life.

Another tip-off on the niceness and normality of Johnny is the matter of the help-mate, or spouse.

It was a college romance, with Boles no doubt carrying her books from chem lab to dorm, or something. This was at Texas U, which recently staggered the solar system by shellacking Notre Dame at football.

They up and married, and from that day to this they have eaten out of the same dinner pail. I'm not fool enough to say that Johnny has never been flustered momentarily by some film cutie, but the answer is that here they are. This handsome and sensible red-haired girl has gone through the whole business, the bad with the good, the lean with the fat—and there were tough spots in the old days, believe me. She's been a swell wife to him. (If

I'm wrong, John, correct me!)

Only the other day, just because he sort of likes the woman, he bought her a square-cut diamond that would choke a parrot. And she wears it on her engagement finger—and makes it sparkle when she thinks no one is watching, just like any young betrothed girl sporting her first hunk of ice.

As for his business—which is acting—Johnny is a staunch Conservative, a Tory of the studios. He craves stability and hates change. Remember that a trouper never quite outlives the haunting fear of joblessness, of poverty that's a hold-over from the thin days on Broadway. I mean a *real* trouper—not one of these come-easy-go-easy studio mushrooms.

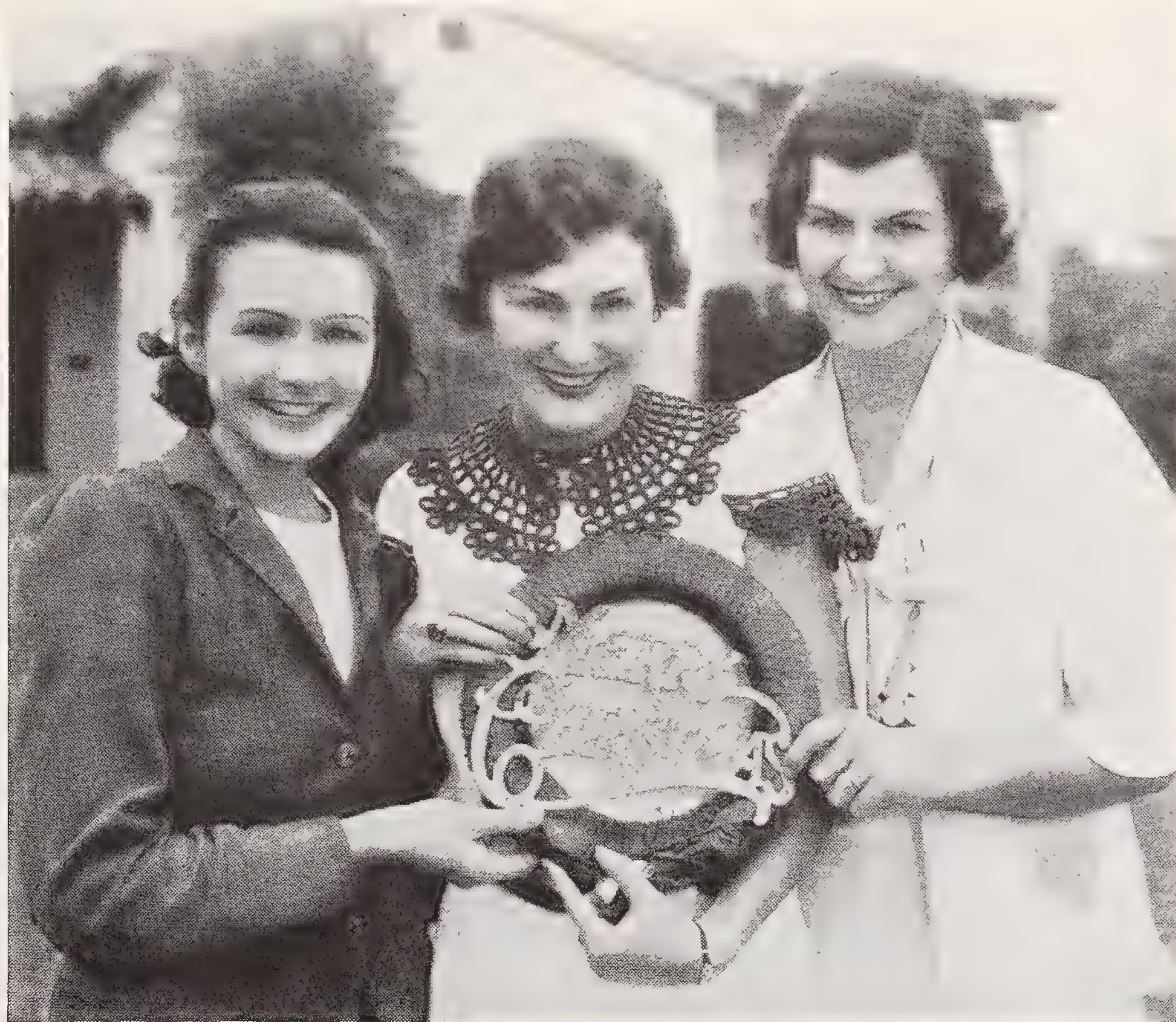
That's why John Boles has made it a real business, and works at it hard, and that's why he loves the regular weekly paycheck—a lot of cyphers on it, every week.

Nice natural manners—nice natural good looks. Always himself—and this is a nassy suspicious old cynic talking. Maybe you gather that I like this guy. Well, you gather right.

I may be getting old and crabbed, but I'm definitely sour on the Hollywood skyrockets, all flash and noise. I'm fed to the back teeth with the dizzy boys and girls whose dippy didoes fill the gossip sheets.

For my old age, in this crazy business to which I've devoted the better years of my comical life, give me a boy like Texas Johnny Boles—well-mannered, quiet, able, busy. The mama, the babies, the little dove-cote among the trees.

So that makes me an old fogey! So all right! So Johnny Boles and I will smoke our briars on the front porch while you gay youngsters twitter and prattle down the boulevard. So me and Johnny won't care—will we, Johnny?



A greeting from some famous Hollywood wives! Mrs. Allen Jenkins, Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Mrs. Frank McHugh, all seasonal smiles, and all telling their husbands' fans a Merry Xmas.

Talents Revealed in Your Child

Continued from page 53



Baby Jane gets into the spirit of the season, preparing for her first Xmas since becoming a film star. "The Great Ziegfeld" is Jane's next film.

which may cause him to become devoted to acting. It remains for those in charge of his education to decide which of his talents are to be encouraged.

Using his hands as a basis for judgment, I would say that it would not be best to concentrate on his introduction to music and the development of his more artistic side for a few years. His digestive system would be likely to suffer if the complicated mental and nervous activity involved in a study of the arts is invoked too early. For this reason, Baby LeRoy, and children like him, should have as little contact with adults as possible. Such children are naturally excitable and could become temperamental and wilful, while with plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and relaxation, everything lively and lovable about their natures will develop in a healthy way. With Baby LeRoy this is particularly important, because his future dramatic talent, of which his hands show considerable promise, depends almost entirely on his vitality. He needs the company of other children as do all youngsters.

Those strong little fingers with cushions on the tips belong to the children who need relaxation and calmness around them, because their natures and talents are vital ones, which tend to develop dynamic and unaffected personalities. The wrong bringing-up will breed dynamite.

The lines in Baby LeRoy's hands are rather unusual, but since this article is confined to health and character susceptibilities, I will not go into detail about them, with the exception of one, a double life-line in his right hand, that sweeps out across his palm. The interesting ancient tradition tells us that this presages a life full of travel, danger, and preservations.

While my diagnosis of his future talents

and aptitudes, springing from his hand-mindedness, must wait to be proved during the next few years, Miss Smith was able to corroborate my opinion that Baby LeRoy's memory is just average. "I've discovered this in training him," she declared.

This is a normal and usual thing with children whose talents are for action rather than theory. They are too concentrated on action to pay much attention to words, but can learn quickly from anything concrete. For instance, such children should be given toys such as painting and crayon sets, books with pictures to be colored and taken out, rather than verses to be learned. They should be provided with the opportunity to use their hands in building, putting together and taking apart various things, and otherwise developing their natural abilities. They will then remember, understand, and gain new knowledge with rapidity and ease. These children will learn quickly to enjoy sports and outdoor life, and should be introduced to them at a very early age.

After I had told these things to the little group consisting of the baby's mother, Miss Smith, and pretty Ida Lupino, Miss Smith let the child out of her arms so that he might scamper about the room—but, no longer restless, he sat down on the floor instead, and continued to hold out his hands very seriously. I looked at them again and observed that he had more lines in his right hand than in his left. Since the opposite is true of the normally right-handed child, I turned to Miss Smith and remarked, "The baby is left-handed. Of course you know that he must never be forced to use his right hand against his will."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "We have always let Baby LeRoy use his left hand for everything, and we realize that a forced use of the right hand would result only in nervousness, and perhaps even illness."

It is to be hoped that those mothers of left-handed children who are not aware of the consequences of training their children to be unnaturally right-handed will profit by this information.

Let us now look at the hands of Shirley Temple, who is being hailed all over the United States as a genuine actress.

I found the five-year-old actress at Paramount, on an outdoor set of "Now and Forever." A beach scene was being filmed, and Shirley wore her bathing suit. When the cameraman stopped shooting for a while, Shirley ran to her mother who sat nearby and began to talk vivaciously.

"Well, here is Shirley, Miss Julianne," said her mother. "Shirley, this is Miss Julianne, who is going to look at your hands."

My handprinting set was tied with a thin red ribbon which I was removing at the moment. Shirley gave me her hand and said, "How do you do, that is a very pretty ribbon!" She co-operated with immediate understanding of every direction as I hand-printed her, and then came the call of "Shirley, come back on the set." The shooting started again. Everyone was hushed. The numerous children playing were quiet. The little scene went from its start to its finish quickly—the tension ended and the sound of many voices arose again. Shirley came back to us and held out her little hands for me to read while her mother listened interestedly.

There are two arresting things about Shirley's hands. One is the fact that the second finger of the hand, called Saturn, is unusually prominent. It is always the tallest finger, but Shirley's Saturnian finger is mounted a bit higher on the palm than the others, and is quite long. Its dominance is

a sign of thought, curiosity, and a philosophic trend of mind.

This dominance of the finger and the Mount of Saturn can lead us to expect that Shirley's active mind will take a very serious trend as she grows older. She will be very likely to concern herself with the problems interesting to the people whom we call the intelligentsia.

However, an equally dominating part of her hand is that Mount right below the thumb which bulges higher than all other Mounts in every hand and which is particularly strong in Shirley's. We are already familiar with the qualities this mount gives to her. It is responsible for Shirley's physical attractiveness, her vibrant personal appeal, and everything about her which is friendly, healthy, and childlike. The Mount of Venus is the mount of warm sensuality and art. Besides giving Shirley her lovable and affectionate nature, it gives her humor and cheerfulness, two things which certainly have nothing to do with the mount of Saturn. This Mount of Venus healthy and high, is a sign of personality on any hand. It makes Shirley irresistible. It makes for great personal magnetism, and success at anything requiring contact with people. It gives her those qualities which in our adult stars are summed up and called "sex appeal." This combination of Saturn and Venus gives us some of our greatest comedians as well as some very fine and versatile dramatists.

All of Shirley's fingers are longer than is usually the case with a child's hands. This gives Shirley a love of detail in connection with her talents—and her physical vitality makes intensity and conscientiousness easily possible to her. The flexibility of her hands in general adds the ability to dance.

In connection with the influence of the Saturnian mount and finger, I mentioned to Shirley's mother that Shirley had a bit of shyness in her nature, and that it might show a bit more in the future than it does now. Her mother smiled. "Shirley has been very shy in the past," she commented, "and since she has been connected with film work I have been hoping she doesn't outgrow it too much. So far she seems to have struck a very happy medium."

No palmist could examine Shirley's hands and say the wrong career has been chosen for her. As for her future type of acting, she will be able to overwhelm us with an appeal to the senses like Mae West, while she presented a picture of youthful brightness and sincerity like Jean Parker; and in the next scene, she might give this appeal the subtle touch of someone like Ann Harding, which draws the sympathy and enthusiasm of the most intellectual.

In training a child like Shirley, the palmist's advice can only be to encourage complete naturalness and to let the mind take its own course. With a youngster in whom Saturn and Venue are combined, the mind given only half a chance will find multitudinous interests as water seeks its own level. The bizarre, the artistic, the problematical will all make so natural an appeal that it could not be suppressed even if it were considered desirable to do so. Of course any kind of insincerity or vanity should be guarded against as the worst of faults for a child in whom the mental processes are so active and advanced, and if your child is like little Shirley, it would be well to remember this.

While there are not many things which Shirley will fail to be enthusiastically interested in, not so long from now, she has natural dignity and reserve, so that she

will not be apt to betray her interests to unsympathetic listeners, if listeners can be unsympathetic to an intellect so naturally keen and a tongue so spontaneously apt in expression—even when they are in disagreement with the usual ideas which are sure to appeal to Shirley in later years.

Although everything comes so easily to children of Shirley's type, they are apt to value this world's goods too little, rather than too much. They have a natural defense against conceit in the fact that they

are self-searching and analytical from the moment they begin to think. So it is with Shirley, and for these reasons I think Shirley has more of a chance than most children to gain rather than lose from her unusual experience of winning success in childhood.

We see that contrary to the popular belief, palmistry is not a plaything, and one of its most important uses is vocational guidance. As with Baby LeRoy and Shirley Temple, children's talents exist from the very start. The science of palmistry can

point out just what these talents are, and determine from the nervous and physical organization of the child just how soon and to what degree it is wise to pursue their development. Palmistry makes it possible to gain understanding of our children and to find in their hands the needs and aims that the children's language is inadequate to express. Through such knowledge, no effort is wasted in trying to develop one talent in a child, who possesses an entirely different kind of ability.

At Home with Miriam Hopkins

Continued from page 31

backed chairs (real antiques), posed gracefully on a carpet of deeper rose.

Toward the left rose the stairs to the upper regions, white rungs beneath a mahogany bannister, while to the right was the door to the kitchen, which latter was a spotlessly immaculate cubicle of green-and-ivory. Toward the back of the hall a door opened into the dining-room which could also be entered from the kitchen, of course.

Her dining-room is one of the most interesting in the house, Miriam assured me. "These walls are of solid pine wood," she explained. "They were brought over from a country-house in England, where they were carved, panelled, and installed during the seventeenth century. Of course they've been especially treated with chemicals to preserve this smooth, rich-grained finish.

"The stone in the mantle was brought over from an old abbey, and it has been rebuilt exactly as it was in the beginning."

The room was indeed lovely—there was about it the peaceful charm and distinction of antiquity, while the well-preserved condition of everything bespoke modern science and artistry—and sanitation!

The floor was covered in deep, rich crimson, the furniture, consisting of table, buffet, and six chairs, was of heavy, hand-carved walnut, and toward the back of the room, casement windows opened upon a flagged court and lawn on which flower beds were smoothly laid out for next year's blossoming. Below, the startling vista of the East River spread in a slowly-moving panorama of nostalgic beauty.

"This will be grand for tea-parties next summer," Miriam enthused as she pointed to the spots where dahlias and roses and zinnias are destined to bloom. "I think I'll get some gaily colored parasols and place them over white wicker tables and chairs. Won't that be marvelous?" her blue eyes sparkled happily.

From the dining-room we returned to the hall and ascended the stairs to the music-room, done in rose and ivory and dominated by a huge grand piano directly under the skylight two more floors above. The floor was a soft lushness of rose carpet, two mahogany chairs occupied places against the walls, and there was a small end-table beside a divan upholstered in ivory satin.

Back of the music-room is the living-room, with one end entirely of windows that look out over the river. White Venetian blinds were raised to permit the early morning sunlight to flood the room, and Miriam went over to finger the English chintz which hung in draperies to the floor. "This was brought over from a shop in Bond Street, London, that has the loveliest cretonnes and chintzes in the world. I thought the red and white flowers against the black ground would strike just the right note of contrast next to these blue walls, don't you?"

There was a fireplace at one end of the room, with a mirror above it, and a huge

chintz-covered divan ran almost the entire length of the wall opposite, flanked by identical mahogany tables bearing twin lamps of white. A rare old desk of rosewood, handcarved and boasting several secret drawers, and two chairs upholstered in rust color comprised the rest of the furniture—and the floor is to be carpeted in blue the exact turquoise of the walls, when the carpeting finally arrives.

Next, we crossed the music-room again to enter the more formal drawing-room, which is on the front of the house facing the street. Miriam touched the walls of this room with tender hands.

"This flowered paper was found in an old French castle—it was painted in the eighteenth century and when it was taken from those walls for me, it had to be mounted on squares of linen in order to preserve it. See how many blocks of linen there are?" she pointed to the almost invisible places where the paper was patched. "The only other paper like it is in the Boston Museum," she added with pardonable pride, and walked over to the amber and blue-striped draperies which hung from molding to floor, framing the long windows.



Rochelle Hudson in one of the fetching gowns designed especially for her latest picture. Yellow chiffon contrasts with black velvet.

"These drapes were brought over from a castle in Spain—they're very old. See where they're mended?" And she showed me a number of places where tiny stitches denoted the repairs that had been made many years ago by hands long since still.

This floor, too, will be carpeted in blue, while the walls are cream with wood-work of pine. A divan covered in ivory satin, with frame of pine, several tables and chairs and alabaster lamps completed a picture as glamorous as any you have seen on the silver screen.

From this room, we climbed the stairs again and on the next floor are the guest-room, developed in rose and grey, and Miriam's own bedroom, a vision of yellow and grey with touches of bright blue.

The wood-work is grey and the walls are papered in a design of giant yellow chrysanthemums against a white ground. Deep, richly blue carpet covers the floor, and a dressing-table at one end of the room is of pale grey with huge mirrors at each side.

"These were hand-embroidered especially for me in France," Miriam stroked the filmy curtains which hung at the triple windows overlooking the river. "And my bed-spread, which is being made by the mountaineers of Kentucky, will be of grey quilted silk. See the way it will hang to the floor as this bed has no foot-board? And here's my bath," she led the way into a long, narrow room with panels of mirrors from floor to waist-height, the rest of the walls being covered with gaily printed silk which she assured me had been waterproofed. This same silk was used for the shower-curtains, and concealed lighting poured from the glass ceiling and from panels of glass at each side of the combination wash-basin and dressing-table. White towels with yellow monograms in modern design hung from the towel-racks, and a soft yellow and white bath-mat was a colorful accent against the black tiles of the floor.

Above Miriam's room is Michael's nursery, an adorable child's room with walls of vari-colored panels in pastel shades and ivory furniture.

After I had looked around to my heart's content, Miriam led the way down to the living-room again, where we sat before the fire to talk.

"How did you happen to buy a home in New York instead of in California?" was my natural question. Miriam looked amused and surprised at one and the same time.

"Why shouldn't I have my permanent home here?" she countered. "I've considered New York my home ever since I left Georgia where I was born and reared. No matter how many months I may spend working some place else, in Hollywood or London or Paris, I still will always feel that this is my home."

"I like going to the Coast during the summer—but I'll always come back to New York. I love the winter here, and I'm so happy that I'll be able to be here most of

this winter," she looked into the fire musingly and drew a breath.

"I've just signed two new picture contracts, you know. The first is with Samuel Goldwyn and it's for two years without options. From that contract alone I'll earn enough to take care of myself for all the rest of my life, if I never worked another day. Goldwyn is going to concentrate all his efforts on me from now until the end of my contract, which also allows me to make pictures for other studios.

"That's how I have been able to sign with Radio to do 'Becky Sharp' sometime in December. That will mean that I have to go to the Coast for about a month, from sometime in December until sometime in January, spending Christmas out there.

"Then, I'll return to New York and remain until spring, when I am scheduled to start my first Goldwyn picture, 'Barbary Coast,' and maybe 'The Dark Angel,' too. Those will take most of the summer and I'll come back here again next fall."

It was easy to understand why Miss Hopkins has earned the reputation for being one of the best business women in pictures. She has come a long way, has the little Southern girl who aspired to be a dancer and came to New York from Bainbridge, Georgia, to study that art.

A broken ankle, forcing her to drop out of the dancing troupe that was sailing for appearances abroad, resulted in her advent on the dramatic stage. Stardom on Broadway and in pictures inevitably followed; and now, at an early age, she has a contract that insures her financial future for all the rest of her life!

She looks so helpless, too, to have directed her career with such foresight and forcefulness, and she has a quality of determination rarely found in daughters of the Old South. She is both amiable and adamant and there are those who love to work with her, while others insist that she is "difficult" and "hard to handle." I asked her about the latter, and she thought

that question over for a moment before replying.

"I just don't see how anyone can say I'm hard to get along with," she demurred. "The best proof to the contrary that I can offer is that Lubitsch has used me in three pictures, other directors have all requested me again, studios have all offered me remunerative contracts. If I were hard to work with, they wouldn't do that, would they?"

Before I had time to agree with her, the phone rang and it was one of her decorators, asking her about some of the furniture for the maid's room. Much as I hated to leave her perfect jewel of a house I realized it was time to go.

"Do come see me again when all the furniture is in exactly the right place," were Miriam's parting words, as I let myself out into the autumn sunlight which shone on exclusive Sutton Place with a little more brightness because the home of Miriam Hopkins is there now.

Marion Davies' Vacation

Continued from page 29

I suppose I ought to drink the 'cure' waters here. Ever taste them? I've tried it once or twice.

"It's really a hard life sometimes—this doing nothing all day, after doing your bit in Hollywood. Believe me, *that's* hard work! To hear me say it, you'd think that we were the only people who ever did any hard work. I think that everybody says that his or hers is the hardest work in the world. What I'm trying to tell the world is, how to play. I don't think that most people know how to play. They make hard work out of it. I've always worked hard—but I love my vacations, too. Oh, I want to see the whole world! I want particularly to see Scandinavia—the Midnight Sun must be wonderful!

"Well, the whole idea is, that once I get away from it, I can look back almost with pleasure to the strenuous days and long, long hours, working on a picture back home. And when I get back to work, I can also look both forward and backward on these things that I have seen and done."

Miss Davies was chatting so casually and carefree—the way she does practically everything in life—that an onlooker might fancy that she was just babbling, whereas she was delivering a philosophy of living that not only screen stars, but anyone else engaged in concentrated art work might derive no end of profit from.

"I had a thrilling experience in Spain, when I left Madrid in an airplane and got caught in a storm and had to stay up 7 and a half hours before finding a happy landing place. Experiences like that are worth having—if you can live through them. I visited Morocco and England, too, before coming here to Germany. I love England! Of course, I went to Italy. Italy is one of my favorite countries and Venice my favorite city. The Lido was having the gayest season ever and the place was full of Americans. My friend Barbara Hutton—Princess Mdvani, you know—and I had a grand time! I'm crazy about Venice. Only I wish they could keep it as it used to be when there were only the black gondolas poled around by the singing and guitar-playing gondoliers, and not all those motor-boat gondolas that have taken all the romance out of it.

"But this place, Bad Nauheim, is really different. There's plenty to do, but nobody really does anything. I've played a little tennis. But when I begin to go about the town, I find myself chasing myself around in circles. Oh, yes, I couldn't keep away



International

Celebrating the return of a star! Marion Davies was welcomed home from her vacation abroad with a party featuring Tyrolean atmosphere. Above are Gloria Swanson, Marion, Constance Bennett, and Jean Harlow.

from the movies altogether. I saw Chevalier the other night in a piece called 'Carnival im Liebe.' For a couple of hours I thought I was back home again—until I came outside and found myself in Germany."

Marion Davies' personality is not only engaging, but disarming, disconcerting. I think she could stroll nonchalantly into almost any No Man's Land in those blue slacks and they would raise their guns with a frown to fire—and Marion would turn towards them blandly, innocently, maybe light a cigaret and smile. The next moment the would-be combatants are all smiling and saying, "Wilkommen, Camarad!" Marion Davies has a way that is all her own of getting anywhere and anything she wants, giving pleasure to all concerned and pain to none. I don't know of any finer compliment I could pay her.

"Yes, there's something in this traveling in foreign countries that gets you, and gives you back something that Hollywood takes out of you," continued Miss Davies. "I want to go places and see things. Places like Constantinople, Egypt, Greece—"

"In blue slacks?" I ventured.

But Marion Davies didn't return my whimsy. "Why not?" she asked, her large blue eyes challenging me seriously. "What have blue slacks got to do with it? A little thing like that isn't going to change them. And it certainly doesn't bother me. I don't think anything bothers you much after a few years in pictures. No place seems strange after being 'on location' half your life. Or maybe it's because I'm lazy, that I like to go around this way," she continued, putting her two feet up and hugging her ankles with her folded hands. "There'd



Warren William in a scene for a picture with Helen Trenholme, one of the important new actresses.

be no fun in it if I had to dress for every occasion from morning to night. Where would the vacation be? Whether it is being done or not, I relax completely—read, sleep, play tennis, take the baths, motor, get manicured—and get a big kick

out of everything! That's my idea of a rest cure.

"Of course, you can get fed up with this sort of thing, just the same as you can with too much work," continued Miss Davies, on our way upstairs to her suite to get some snap-shots for me, Gandhi barking himself in and out of the elevator and all the way down to his suite.

"Oh, I'll probably drop in on London on my way home; I want to see what's doing in the theatre there. Then a few days in New York—always in the hope of finding something wonderful to put in the movies. I'm not so keen about 'Movie Queen,' that they talk about for my next picture. I want something more important. 'Mary Queen of Scots' is my idea of what I should like to do next, but it is not a certainty. Nothing seems a certainty in the movies at the moment; big changes are going on in all future programs for pictures. But that's not for me to get a headache over. My job is my part in the picture, and I think I do give them an honest day's work when it comes to that."

I left Marian Davies sitting on the "desk" of the Grand Hotel—after she had invaded the sanctity of the inner shrine behind it to find herself paper and pencil—surrounded by the snootiest bunch consisting of hotel manager, reception clerk, room clerk, bell hops in all Europe—who could snub Grand Dukes and coal barons who dared to infringe upon their inalienable rights—but who stood in awe, in wonder, and in admiring esteem before this American Movie Queen—so refreshing, so carefree, breezy, jolly and likable. And that is Marion Davies, of Hollywood, on her vacation in Europe.

The Merry MacDonald Hangs Up Her Hat

Continued from page 23

throwing herself into a big, roomy chair by the fireplace, ordered tea and cakes for us. Then, she relaxed. It was the first time I have ever seen Jeanette in a resting mood. Always, she is vibrantly alive. Busy with a dozen different things.

She had just returned from the studio when I visited with her, where she had been looking up the French versions of her "Merry Widow" songs, for she was due to make phonograph records that evening before leaving for New York. However, for a few hours, she sat in the big, easy chair and talked about the little things that have suddenly begun to seem important to her.

"I never knew that it would be so nice as this when I first decided to take a house," she confessed. "I can't tell you how grand it is to have a home again."

Then she told me about her last home, back in Philadelphia where she lived as a child, with her parents and two older sisters.

It was a large brown, brick house, one of four in a row. It was in a suburb when her father first bought it, but gradually the city crept out and claimed it.

She drew a homey picture of her life in the big house where she was born and spent her childhood. There was everything that children need to keep them happy and occupied. Sand-piles in the back yard. Roses in the garden. Pets all over the place.

She says she can't understand how her mother stood for all of their animals. There were always several dogs. One time, they had ten cats. Then there were canaries, pet white mice, turtles, and even a billy goat and a pig. There was a bantam rooster, too, that lived to a great old age. If they failed to put him in the pen every morning, he would give an imitation of

Mary's lamb and follow them to school.

A friend of her parents was visiting with them in the parlor one evening, while she was playing checkers on the floor with the little boy from across the street. Her sisters were deep in a game of "old maid" with their own chums. The man made a remark that stayed with her, although she hardly understood it then. He said: "If they only knew it, these are their white-bread-and-butter days."

Jeanette says he was right. Nothing can compete with the glamor that memory throws around a happy childhood. Hers was happy. She had everything to make it so. A happy home. Congenial parents. Friends. Pets. Health. And a consuming ambition. She always wanted to sing and dance. As far back as she can remember she has done both. From her earliest childhood, she sang in the church choir. At nine, she was a soloist at baptisms and christenings.

Jeanette was fourteen when she was given the opportunity to begin her career on Broadway. Her sister Blossom had already won some recognition on the stage, so the MacDonalds moved to New York.

This was Jeanette's first taste of apartment house living. The only thing that made it endurable was that she had a chance to do what she wanted to do: sing and dance before a critical audience. She missed her pets and she missed her friends. She did not have time to make new ones. She was at the theatre every day so she did not even know the other tenants in the apartment house where she lived. She went back and forth to work by trolley car and spent every spare minute in study and practice. It was over two years before she even had a "boy friend."

She lived across from Central Park, so her recreation hours were spent walking, riding horseback, and skating. The change in her mode of living was not too difficult because she was too busy to think about it. She says that she knows now that it must have been hard for her mother to give up all her friends and her home in order to be with her and Blossom, but she never complained. Mrs. MacDonald is a sympathetic and motherly type of woman, who has learned how to feel at home wherever she is. She lives with Jeanette now in Beverly Hills.

There are nine large rooms in the MacDonald house. Without too much effort or time, Jeanette has managed to invest the place with an aura of comfort and charm. The drawing-room is beautifully decorated. The predominating color is a soft shade of green. The divans and easy chairs are upholstered in green brocade. The ceiling-high windows are curtained in long folds of the same material. Books are strewn around, with corners turned down. Magazines lie half-open on the little end-tables. Cigarettes peep out of funny, little silver carriers. The focal point of the room is the large painting of Jeanette that hangs on the wall behind one of the large divans.

Her bedroom is beautifully done in peach and flesh with gray walls. There is a mammoth bed and a chaise longue with heavy peach satin coverlets. There are dainty ivory and gold pieces on the dressing-table.

She is proud of her game room. Its furnishings are modernistic and comfortable. There are tables for bridge, backgammon, and ping-pong. At one end of the room is a balcony from which the latest talking

pictures are shown to her guests. She hasn't installed the equipment since she has only leased the place, but she has an arrangement with a local exhibitor that is more satisfactory to her. She rents both equipment and operator for the evening when she wishes a picture shown. So there is nothing amateurish about her privately shown pictures.

She spends as much time as she can in her garden. There are roses, delphinium, and phlox and dahlias. All of the flowers that she tended and loved when she was a little girl.

"I have practically everything now that I had when I lived in Philadelphia," she told me happily. Then, she took back what she had said. "Everything but the most important thing. I haven't any really intimate friends. The kind you take inside your heart and tell your troubles to, if you

have any. And I guess everybody does."

I remonstrated with her. It was so unthinkable that Jeanette MacDonald, the most successful vocal star on the screen, should say that she has no friends.

I remembered the guest list of those who attended the wonderful welcome-home party she gave when her manager, Bob Ritchie, returned to Hollywood last summer. I mentioned it to her.

"Yes, I know," she was very patient about explaining, "I can't complain. I have a great many friends in Hollywood. People whom I really like and appreciate, but I do not have the time to put them to the test. To do, as Shakespeare advised, bind them to me 'with hoops of steel.'"

When I finally went away, Jeanette followed me out and waved goodbye. She is such a loyal, friendly sort of girl, with an abundance of warmth and sympathy. I

had never thought of her as being lonely.

A thought came to me and persisted after I left her. That everybody in the world wants Some Thing. With all of us, it is a different Thing, but the want is there. Beautiful and talented Jeanette MacDonald wants something that most of us possess without thinking too much about it. A friend, who is just that in every way. As she says, it takes time to make a real friend. Experiences must be lived through together. Joys must be shared and griefs divided.

The nature of her work and the demands upon her time make this difficult. But she is happier than she has been for several years. Revelling in the pleasures, comforts, and conveniences of her new home. Now, when she goes places, she knows what it means to be able to return to her own hearthside. She has hung up her hat, at last!

Radio Parade

Continued from page 69



Helen Morgan, whose distinctive singing is known on stage, radio, and screen, makes a voice test for lead rôle in a new musical.

his comedy (which personally I think goes over the air as effectively and with as much fidelity to the line which made him famous and popular on the stage as any performer to come to radio from the theatre), while his work for the microphones was perfect, to watch him brought none of the sense of visible ease and casualness which has made his comedy so smooth and spontaneous. I mean he was working entirely for microphone effects, forgetting the action, and thereby was a far better show in the single dimension, so to speak, of hearing only.

And there's the very point. I doubt if you would be made eager to see Phil Baker on the stage after having seen him do a broadcast. I don't doubt that many, very many, who have heard him through their loud speakers are very anxious to see him

on the stage and will do so when the first opportunity affords.

Baker's invention of his "Beetle," who rags him unmercifully, whose sarcastic quips, not to say insults, come bounding out from nowhere, but who is never seen, is one of the more ingenious inventions of radio. "How did you hit on that idea?" I asked, as we sat in the rear of the studio while Leon Belasco rehearsed a number, and Mabel Albertson, Harry McNaughton, Martha Mears and other members of his supporting company studied their scripts up there near the platform.

"I always had a stooge to pester me in the theatre," he said. "When I decided to do this radio work I wanted to get over some idea that would fit the new medium. 'Beetle' thinks my jokes are terrible, he thinks I'm lousy, to say it plainly. Well, that's the idea I wanted. You know there must be lots of people out there who think some of the jokes are pretty bad; that's a big audience the radio performer works for. Well, 'Beetle' in a certain sense expresses their thoughts, at the same time working along the line which I have done for years in the theatre."

"Beetle" is a precious Baker possession. You'll never see him, no matter if you do go to a broadcast, or even if you slip into a rehearsal. Because "Beetle" is never around where you can see him. No, sir. "Beetle's" voice booms out from the unseen spaces. It's just like the microphone talked back at Baker.

Belasco, up there on the conductor's dais, was bringing his swell band up to the final flourishes of a lively number. At its conclusion, Baker, giving me the wink, yelled, "That's terrible, Leon." Leon came down the aisle on the run. "What's the matter with it?"

"You played that number before on one of my programs," said Phil. "I never did!" yelled Leon. Things were reaching a fine howdy-doo when Baker grinned, and Leon realized he had fallen for another prank.

"He's a soft touch for a ribbing," Baker said, when quiet was restored. "I think I could make him one of the outstanding personalities among radio orchestra leaders. And Leon likes to work in the show. As a matter of fact, Leon broods if we don't write him into the script."

But it seems that when Phil Baker returns to broadcast from Chicago, he will have another band. Leon must stick to New York—or rather he can't go to Chicago with Baker's troupe.

Phil reported his European vacation was "swell." He took the rest after about seventy-five weekly broadcasts. "That's

too long to work without a let-up," he added. If you've been listening—have you, huh?—perhaps you also feel that the Baker programs are better than they were before. Maybe it just seems that way after the long absence; or maybe, as is more likely, Phil has had a chance to take a breather and work up some newer slants for his comedy.

It took Mary Pickford just two broadcasts to land right in the top flight of radio stars. Indeed, with a better vehicle than was afforded by her first microphone version of "The Church Mouse," "America's Sweetheart" might have turned the amazing trick in just one broadcast.

Having seen Mary do so many amazing things by sheer power of that extraordinary force known as personality, we should not, we suppose, be surprised. But Miss Pickford nevertheless has accomplished what many and many a star of stage and screen has failed to attain. The speaking voice is not one that even a most devoted Pickford fan would pronounce beautiful, yet in the reading of her lines and in that very voice is something of the magnetism which is so distinctive, individual, and appealing that it becomes an identity just as tangible as the stylized comedy of, say Ed Wynn, the vocal quality of a Tibbett, or the two-piano arrangements of Fray and Braggiotti.

And speaking of identity by voice quality, it was hearing the sound—not the words spoken, because on this occasion there was a room-full of conversation drowning out the radio—of a familiar voice which first told me that Paul Gulick had added radio broadcasting to his duties as publicity chief for Universal. I had missed the announcement, and even had Paul been talking about something other than Hollywood I'm sure I would have known him as I moved closer to the receiver and heard a very interesting, and well-informed word-picture of Mary Pickford coming over the WOR waves.

If you have not heard any of Mr. Gulick's stories about the picture stars, and unfortunately for the present not all of you can, because the broadcast covers only a restricted area in the East, you are missing an air feature that serves as an excellent supplement to your magazine reading about the picture people. Paul knows his subject—he has been associated with pictures since 1914. Oddly enough, it was his voice as well as his intimate knowledge of the stars which induced his sponsors to select him for their program. So for the first time since he left college, Mr. Gulick is making profitable use of the voice which enabled him to pay his way to a university degree by singing.

That Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 63

Phyllis		
Waist	Abdomen	Hips
28 in.	37 in.	41 in.
Now:		
26 1/4 in.	35 in.	36 1/2 in.
Silvonia		
Waist	Abdomen	Hips
28 in.	37 1/4 in.	40 1/2 in.
Now:		
26 in.	35 in.	37 in.
Thigh		
23 1/4	15 1/2	13

Several readers of these articles have written me about this condition: They say that their hips, instead of gradually rounding out as they should according to all rules of the body beautiful, have a "bump" just below the waistline, then curve in and curve out again in another "bump" on the top of the thigh.

In this case the quadricep muscles have been over-developed by the wrong kind of exercise. The quickest way to get rid of these unsightly bumps would be to put yourself into the hands of a good masseur. If you can't afford this, try the cupping massage yourself to help soften up this muscle. Combined with exercise of the right kind, patience and perseverance will reduce the enemy.

Here is an excellent exercise which is used at the Naval Academy for keeping the hips of naval officers slender. It will help you.

Lie on your back on the floor. Raise both legs at right angles with the trunk, feet together. Now open the legs in a V-shape. Close and open 10 to 15 times.

The following is an exercise especially good for fleshy backs, thighs and gluteous muscles:

Kneel on the floor. Bend forward and place elbows and forearms on floor, with right hand at left elbow, left hand at right elbow. Raise left leg backward and upward as high as possible, keeping knees straight. Rest and repeat with right leg.

Another fine exercise for firming gluteous muscles may be done as follows:

Stand beside a firm table or the footboard of a bed and place your right hand on it for support. Stand so that your right side is next to the piece of furniture. Lean forward so that your trunk is almost parallel with the floor. Bend your left knee up to your body and then kick it out backward as hard as you can. Turn around and use the other leg. Repeat.

For giving tone to waist muscles, try this:

Lie on your back on the floor. Raise both legs to a vertical position. Now rotate your legs forward alternately as though you were walking rapidly. You can't do much of this sky-walking at first, but with practice you'll improve.

Another back and waist firmer is this:

Lie face down on the floor. Place the palms of the hands on the floor beside the chest. Take a deep breath, raise the body until it is supported by the extended arms and the toes.

For you who insist you have "no time" for exercise, here's one for slimming that football stomach that takes no extra time:

When fastening your shoes, stand with the knees straight and bend over from the waist to buckle or tie your footwear.

One of the best all-round exercises is swimming. When you haven't a swimming pool, or can't afford to patronize one, the movements may be executed daily out of the water. The breast stroke may be done

by lying over a piano bench, body parallel with the floor. These arm movements are splendid for chest development; the kick, if done with vigor, will reduce the hips. If more convenient, the arm and leg strokes may be done separately.

The flutter kick, which consists of a narrow alternate thrashing of the legs, may be done lying face down over the edge of the bed.

Here's another splendid exercise for controlling that hipline:

Sit on the floor, legs extended before you, arms out at sides in a line with your shoulders. Swing your body to the right until the left hand touches the right toes, right hand to the rear; then swing left until your right hand touches the left toes, left hand to the rear.

Follow your exercises with the cupping massage given you in earlier articles.

Of course, the finest way to remodel your figure is to remember correct posture, not once in a while, when you are doing your exercises, or when you are trying on a new dress, but *all the time*. Work at it until you are conscious of it, then it will get to be a habit.

If you have that regrettable stomach bulge, try this while you are teaching your abdomen to pull itself in:

Stand up; clasp hands over the abdomen and contract the muscles of the abdomen; then bend from the hips six to ten times, keeping the muscles well contracted throughout the bending. Then take three deep breaths.

Many people ask me what is the greatest fault in the young girl figure of today. I believe it is this terrible slouch the girls are affecting. Or perhaps they're not putting it on—it may be due to carelessness. When I go down Hollywood Boulevard and look at the girls standing waiting for street cars or boy friends, and see the way they hold themselves it is enough to turn your hair gray!

Some stand with the weight on one leg and that hip thrown out while the other leg drags. Others have their abdomens thrust out. Still others hump their shoulders and stick their necks out as they scan passersby.

What do you do? Watch yourself! If you catch yourself doing any of these things, stop it at once. Hold your abdomen in and stand as tall as you can. Feel free.



Beauty becomes a bearer of gifts, as Cecelia Parker does her part as an assistant to Santa Claus in making Xmas something to cheer about. In case you're horticulture-minded that's a real California pine Cecelia has decorated. Wonder what's in the packages with the gay wrappings?



Following in his father's footsteps, Creighton Chaney, son of the illustrious Lon Chaney, is shown above in a scene with Mary Carlisle for a new film for which they supply some added love interest.

I know one actress who taught herself posture and poise by saying to herself mentally as she walked down the street: "Every inch a queen!" and feeling like one. She said she fell naturally into the correct posture.

Some girls remember correct posture when they stand—at least they *sometimes* remember it—but when they sit, they sprawl any old fashion. It's just as important to hold that stomach in when you're occupying a chair as when you are strolling down the

avenue in your best bib and tucker. As a matter of fact it's more important.

Try pretending you are queen of beauty at Mardi Gras in New Orleans, or presiding as hostess of a very important dinner party, and sit up regally. You can play this game on the bus or street car, at the movies or in school, but do it often enough so that you can hold the position more than a minute at a time.

A good idea is to sit back in your chair with your spine straight and your feet flat on the floor. Let your shoulders fall naturally.

People ask me if there is any age limit to the exercises I give. I don't recommend the very strenuous ones given at the first of this article to older women, but there is no reason why women up to eighty years of age shouldn't be able to do the simpler ones, if their doctors agree.

My mother-in-law, who lives in Tacoma, Washington, is in Hollywood visiting me at present. She tells me that her neighbor, a woman of 62, has joined her in following the exercises I have given in SCREENLAND, and that both of them have been most faithful. They say they are determined to be as youthful as the next one.

The neighbor remarked that she had more chins than she could use, so she has begun to reduce them by lying on her back in bed each morning, hanging her head out over the side of the bed, and doing a circular movement with it. She recommends this to all interested.

James Davies' Answers to Letters

Several girls whose height ranges from 4 ft. 10 in. to around 5 ft. want to know if there is any way to put on inches.

A. To those of you who are under twenty, I'd say don't worry, you are still growing and no doubt your inches will increase if you eat nourishing food and take plenty of exercise. To those over that age, swinging by the legs on a parallel bar will stretch the spine. Be sure that you are supple and used to exercise, that you have control of your muscles, before you go in for this, and if possible do it at your local gymnasium under supervision.

Mrs. V. P., Richmond, California: Q. Would appreciate it very much if you would tell me something to do to develop my thighs. Up above my knees my legs have a space where they don't meet.

A. Perhaps your knees are too fat and that is why your thighs are too far apart; all thighs have some space between them, you know. Self massage will do something for you, and so will regular "bends." Hands on hips, feet together, bend knees, go down as far as you can, then rise and stretch upward on tiptoe. Repeat.

Miss Grace A., Omaha: Q. Please give me a diet which will increase my weight to 135 pounds—one which could be easily followed in restaurants. Also, will you please give me what you consider the best all-around exercise for one who does not go in for sports of any kind—one which can be taken in a hotel room.

A. Drink plenty of milk and cream in addition to the meals you have been taking. Combine this with light exercise. Each article in the series I have been writing for SCREENLAND contains at least one good all-around exercise. Deep breathing will help you, too.

E. R., Aberdeen, Washington: Q. I plan on taking bicycling inside, and plan on buying a contrivance to insert the bicycle inside

of it, and then mount and ride. Would this be as effective as bicycling outside? Also, please tell me or forward an address where you can buy a pair of rubber bathing trunks, as described on Page 60 of November SCREENLAND.

A. It's better to bicycle outdoors, but if that's impossible, indoor bicycling is better than none. You can get a rubber bathing suit from any sporting goods store.

Miss Cecille F., Parsons, Kansas: Q. From the waist on up, am too thin in comparison with the rest of my body. Think my arms could stand some additional flesh, and am entirely flat-chested. What do you suggest. Also, what exercises are advisable for keeping the weight the same through the hips?

A. Best thing to do is get a good masseur to give you very light workout with warm olive oil. The hip-roll exercise is finest for keeping hips slim.

Those of you who write asking about stomach and hip exercises, will find an article devoted to that next month.

Some of you seem to feel that you have "fallen stomachs." Consult your doctors, if you really believe this; but the exercises given for firming the muscles of the abdomen will bring the organs back into place if they have dropped and there is no other complication. You can't do the exercises a week and then look for results. You must keep on!

Ruth R., Chicago, Illinois: Q. I am 14 years of age, my height is 5 ft. 5 in., and my weight 141 lbs. I realize I am quite stout. I once started dieting but became very hungry. Would you be so kind as to advise me what to do?

A. You say you weigh 141 pounds. Your correct weight should be 120. Do not diet, as you are too young; but go in for a strenuous course of exercise. The

bicycle exercise is good for you as it tears off the fat as quickly as anything. Also the hip-roll—see article in this issue—and bending exercises described above in answer to Mrs. V. P. Next month there will be an article devoted to your trouble.

Miss Mildred Van D., Long Island: Q. Every day after school we exercise strenuously for a period of two hours. Nevertheless I am getting flabby. During the summer my arms became flabby and my legs are terrible! Please tell me what to eat or what to do so I can get thinner. My bust is what bothers me. It is too big for a 16-year-old girl. I wouldn't care so much if I was big, but I want to be well-proportioned.

A. You are too young to be worrying. You will slim down. Your measurements correspond very well with those of some movie stars, but you need a course of all-round exercising. Follow the advice given in article on bust reduction and development, December SCREENLAND, Page 56.

Ruth W., Tulsa, Oklahoma: Q. I am sending my measurements. How much do they lack being correct and where do I need to reduce? I am 23 years old, weigh 93 lbs., height 4 ft. 10½ in., bust 30 in., waist 23½, hips 26, neck 12½ and ankles 7½.

A. Your bust measurement is the only thing that seems too great. Follow the exercises in this issue. Also see above for gain in height.

Mrs. J. S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.: Q. I am 5 ft. 4 in. in stocking feet, weigh about 132, bust 34, waist 27½, hips 38, thigh 22, knee 14 (I don't have any flesh on my knees but large bone), calf 12¾ and ankle 8 in. Which ones need reducing?

A. Your measurements seem very near those of Miss America, except that your thighs and waist are larger. Try waist reduction exercise and "bends" recommended above.

A Touch of HANDS — A change of HEART!



1 Frigid



2 Temperate

IF you were a man, could you get a thrill out of touching a dry, chapped hand? You know you couldn't—it's the dear-little-smooth-little hand that gives him a romantic feeling. . . .

This winter, keep your hands thrillingly smooth! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will help you. Hinds soaks the skin with rich soothing oils—quickly relieves chapping and gives velvety texture! This is because Hinds is much more than a "jelly." It is the penetrating liquid cream—it lubricates deeply with quick-working balms.

Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after you've "washed things out," also at bedtime! See how quickly Hinds gives you silken-smooth hands!

As fragrant . . . rich . . . as the liquid creams costing \$2 at expensive beauty salons. But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream costs only 25¢ and 50¢ at your druggist, or 10¢ at the dime store.



3 Melting



4 Hot!



Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN IT MUST BE Gentle

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 68



Acme

Stones afloat! Lewis Stone, that grand actor, and Mrs. Stone, aboard their yacht *Serena*. The tabby cat Mrs. Stone fondles is ship's mascot.

LILIAN HARVEY has said farewell to her tonsils. . . . Carole Lombard wears a dress made of *cellophane velvet* in "Re-peal"; the material is drapy, like velvet, and shiny, like cellophane. . . . Contrary to belief, Russ Columbo left his mother well provided for—an insurance policy that will pay her \$5000-a-year for life. . . . While Ruth Chatterton dined at one table in a Hollywood café, ex-husband Ralph Forbes, now married to Heather Angel, and ex-husband George Brent sat at another. . . . Charles Boyer, Pat Paterson's husband, raced all the way from Europe to see Pat when she threatened to walk out of her picture contract in order to go see him. . . . Franchot Tone's embarrassment was *that* evident when he asked Charlie Chaplin for an autograph, and Chaplin, not recognizing Tone, refused.

IS THE historic feud between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri about to resume? That's what Hollywood is wondering. In fact, Hollywood is hoping, because excitement has been scarce of late.

A few years ago, when Swanson and Negri were Paramount stars, they were said to be bitter enemies. Gloria, according to one story, once refused to set foot on the lot while Negri was there, and to make good her threat, was conveyed to her dressing-room daily in a wheel-chair!

Now, according to last minute reports, Miss Negri is to make a picture for a studio where Miss Swanson is under contract. Will the old battle be renewed?

THESE prize-fight champs who go into the movies are careful of their reputations. If ring battles are to be fought for film scenes, the champs demand that they not be the losers.

Jack Dempsey started this several years ago, when he refused to be knocked out in a rough-and-tumble movie scene. When Primo Carnera and Max Baer battled for "The Prizefighter and the Lady," the screen battle was a draw. Maxie Rosenbloom turned down a fine screen rôle because the part demanded that he be knocked out. Lee Ramage, who took the Rosenbloom part, did so only after the producers agreed that he should lose the fight on a technicality.



Recognize him as a real daddy? Righto, it's Guy Kibbee himself in a new portrait with his daughter.

THE only photograph on W. C. Fields' dressing-room wall is a portrait of Bill and Baby LeRoy. . . . When Elissa Landi learned that her picture was being given a sneak preview in San Francisco, she chartered a plane and flew 500 miles to see it. . . . There's always much ado because Garbo loses weight during picture production; Cecilia Parker, who played in the new Garbo opus, lost a pound more than Greta did. . . . Fay Wray has applied for her citizenship papers (she is a Canadian). . . . The plane that took Mary Boland, Kathryn DeMille, and Roscoe Karns to Mexico City, was forced down twice by bad weather.

ISN'T Dick Powell's dog going to be the swell-head, when they move into Dick's new house? Reason: Powell had a doghouse built in replica, (smaller, of course), of the main house. It's an exact miniature, right down to doors and windows.

(Continued on page 98)

Hollywood Gambled \$3,000,000 on This Girl

Continued from page 21

opposite more famous males are the crucial point of any picture, be it super-colossal-epic or super-stupor-flop! So Ann Sothern, who in the past year has been a leading lady, a co-star, and a star in her own right, can take herself a great big bow for being the gal on whom Hollywood has lavished more money in its history, barring no one, to make a star!

Anna Sten's debut reputedly cost more than a million dollars but she made but one picture last year. Jean Parker, too, is a brand-new star, but her prominence was achieved in established stars' vehicles or in none too costly program pictures. Jean Muir and Alice Faye have had remarkable success on a silver-plated basis. But it was Ann Sothern whom Hollywood placed on the gold standard in this past year of grace, 1934. In compiling the fortunes expended on creating new stars I learned that six pictures ranging in cost from \$175,000 to \$1,300,000 were on the Sothern credit list.

Starting in a small way she was first co-starred with Edmund Lowe in "Let's Fall in Love," a musical comedy that marked her debut and the temporary exit of \$700,000 from the studio exchequer. Not to be outdone, Paramount risked \$450,000 on Lanny Ross' cinema bow in "Melody In Spring" and borrowed the flaxen-haired Ann as his co-star, a timely boost that showed that other studios too saw gold in them thar gray eyes. Returning to Columbia, Sothern preferred stock hit an all-time low of \$175,000 with the making of "Hell Cat." Showing a slight upward trend, Sothern then recuperated at a paltry \$200,000 in "The Party's Over," sharing honors with Stuart Erwin. "Blind Date" reached its preview with \$190,000 marked against it. Then Sam Goldwyn decided the best was none too good for Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," costing \$1,300,000, and Ann Sothern reached the pinnacle of little girls on whom Hollywood has gambled fortunes. Just remember that Garbo's "Painted Veil"

and "Queen Christina" cost less than two million dollars so another lady of Scandinavian descent, Ann Sothern, took her place as the costliest player of the past year.

Taking two aspirins and again totalling the figures with the same result, I determined to see what manner of maid this golden Sothern might be. Subsequently I hied myself to the Spanish domicile in Beverly Hills that houses Ann. Unlatching the gate to the patio, I was met consecutively by one dour and dubious Scottie, a frolicsome and fickle terrier, a colored maid, Ann's publicity woman, a glass of lemonade and a young lady in very smart white crêpe tailored pajamas who, I learned, was Miss Sothern, née Harriette Lake.

Seated on a divan in the living-room I munched a cookie as I gazed at the young lady on whom pictures had gambled a little more than \$25,000 for each sixteen ounces of the one hundred and twelve pounds that enhance the Sothern chassis. Her heart-shaped face, large eyes and delicate mouth

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!



YOU acclaimed "LADY FOR A DAY"! You revelled in "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"! You were delighted by "ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"!

The charm and happiness of all are excelled in this great romantic comedy from the same producers!

W A R N E R
B A X T E R

M Y R N A
L O Y

"Broadway Bill"

A
Columbia
Picture



A FRANK CAPRA Production

By ROBERT RISKIN

Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER

with WALTER CONNOLLY

HELEN VINSON

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

reminded me more of a Nell Brinkley girl than one whose limbs had danced her to prominence on Broadway. But Ann was destined for the theatre from the day she made her earthly debut in Valley City, North Dakota, with the weather at forty degrees below zero. Her mother was Annette Yde, the concert singer, and Ann has never seen her birthplace again as her mother had merely stopped over in Valley City during a concert tour!

Although Ann managed to complete her schooling and climax it with the two years that she was the campus belle at the University of Washington, she was never farther than a hop, skip, and jump from the theatre and grease paint. As Ann explained, "I first came to Hollywood to visit Mother who was giving voice lessons to actors who had recently become talkie-conscious. I managed to find myself a job as a dancing girl and then I met Ivan Kahn, who has discovered many players, and he took an interest in my career. Ivan took me to Paul Bern and after a test I was given a long-term contract as a stock player at M-G-M. I was soon lost in the shuffle, though, and never did get a chance at a real part."

"I met Florenz Zeigfeld at a party one day and was tremendously flattered when he told me that he might have a part for me in his next Broadway show. But I'd heard so many Hollywood promises that I was actually amazed when I received a telegram from him in New York offering me the second lead in 'Smiles' which starred Marilyn Miller. So I left Hollywood in a hurry and didn't particularly care whether I ever returned!"

A hit in "Smiles," she followed up her new career with successes in three brilliant musical comedies, "America's Sweetheart," "Everybody's Welcome" and became the road company lead in "Of Thee I Sing" in which Lois Moran was starred on the New York stage. That tour brought her to the west coast and producers began to make discreet queries as to whether she'd like to be in pictures. Tarrying not, Ann returned to New York and was about to do a new play when she was given the rôle of the circus concession attendant who becomes a screen star in "Let's Fall In Love."

"How does it feel to make a come-back in Hollywood at the ripe old age of twenty-two?" I inquired.

Ann laughed, "Naturally it feels grand!"

I'm very glad now that I didn't make good the first time that I was here as the success might have gone to my head! But after you've been one of the great unknowns you don't lose your sense of proportion when you do come back. I haven't gone Hollywood simply because I know too much about it!"

Ann was a bit dismayed as to her screen future when her first film evoked only about fifty fan letters, forwarded to her home by the studio. But you can imagine her amazement and pleasure when the studio casually informed her that, in request



Florence and Alvarez illustrate a step in "The Carlo," the dance they introduced to the screen-going public in "Student Tour."

to letters, it had already sent out five thousand pictures of little Sothern, indicative of the popularity of the girl who, at that time, had but one picture released!

"I've made six pictures and all I want now is a vacation. I haven't been out of California, haven't had a rest all this year! But I thought it best to make as many pictures as quickly as possible that I might establish myself on the screen. I did those feeling that it was necessary. But now I've served my apprenticeship, I want parts that call for characterization, to feel that I'm really improving as an actress."

"I've been handicapped by the manner in which my face belies my personality. I know I have a little face and it seems that it makes men want to protect me! But I certainly don't need to be shielded from the cruel world. I don't want to do parts of a girl that has to be protected. I want sophisticated rôles, and I know I can do them better than those of naïve qualities." She wrinkled her nose a bit ruefully. "I'm definitely not a sweet girl type, and I'm glad I'm not! The public tires of them, forever seeing them in similar rôles—so no ingénue parts for Ann!"

Despite her rumored affection for Roger Pryor, Ann has no intention of marrying for at least another year. Heartfree, she feels that an actress making a re-entry into pictures must concentrate first of all on a career. In her year in Hollywood Ann has not once "gone steady" with any man and in her five years in the profession has never been engaged or even within hearing distance of wedding bells. That should be an all-time record for such a heart-accelerating type of youthful lusciousness.

Ann cuddled the Scottie that was regarding her with a dour but devoted expression. "My dogs and my maid are the only companions that I have right now, but I'm expecting my mother very soon for a visit and all I hope is that we'll have some time together. The Cantor picture kept me terrifically busy, and while the part wasn't awfully important I was delighted to get it because it'll be the best break I've had yet."

"The Girl Friend," a lavish musical extravaganza, is to mark the end of her first year in pictures. Three studios bet a fortune on Ann—Annie to her friends—to place her in the enviable position as the greatest risk Hollywood ever gambled on—and won!

Going to Previews

Continued from page 17

option in the offing so it's very important to her that the audience greet her first entrance with loud applause, refrain from giggling during her big emotional scene, and most of all forbear from walking out until the final fade-out. Nearly all producers and critics base a picture's entertainment value on whether or not the audience walks out or stays to the bitter end. A really good picture very recently got only mild reviews in the trade papers because a mother with a brood of three had to take them to the little boy's room during the fifth reel.

Nowhere in the world will you find anything quite as exciting as a Hollywood preview. Arc-lights glare blatantly over the front of the theatre; photographers from the syndicates and magazines gather in the lobby to snap celebrities as they arrive; and hundreds of fans and autograph seekers, who have been unable to get inside the theatre which has been sold out since six-thirty, jam the sidewalks waiting for a glimpse of their favorites. Oh, it's really "som'pin'" as Stepin Fetchit says.

In the meantime the star who has to go through this ordeal—this trial by public—begins to break into a cold sweat early in the afternoon. Mr. Star usually takes unto himself a couple of neat brandies. Miss Star, with a queer sinking sensation at the pit of her stomach, rushes down to Jim's beauty shop for a wave and a manicure, and then over to Magnin's for a new hat—to give her confidence. Her soul is wracked in anguish by two major worries: either the fans will tear her to pieces in their mad zest for autographs, or else they won't even recognize her, and of course in that case it will just be her luck to have Mr. Mayer follow her into the theatre and notice that she has no fan following. You can't win.

The most ardent preview-catchers are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. It matters not whose picture it is, Norma in a perky little hat is usually right there in the reserved section with Mr. Thalberg. May Robson, Claudette Colbert, and Madge Evans are runner-uppers for the second highest score in previews. But with the

exception of these stars most of the others appear only at their own previews. The night "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" had its first preview out in Huntington Park, the film broke right in the middle of Shearer's big dramatic scene with Charles Laughton. Thalberg got out of his seat and nervously paced back and forth, as the audience began to wiggle and whistle, but Norma sat as cool as a cucumber, mentally suffering the agonies of the damned, but outwardly showing nothing but supreme calm. None of this darting out of side doors and down back alleys for Norma—at the end of the preview she always goes quite calmly and demurely through the lobby to her car at the curb, and she will autograph just as long as her fans ask her to. I have never seen Norma really excited except one night after the third preview of "The Barretts." It seems that she had become very fond of "Flush" during the making of the picture and "Flush's" owner had said that he would sell the dog to her very cheaply when the picture was finished. But after the first

preview, where "Flush" fairly stole the picture, the owner informed Norma that the dog would cost her several thousand dollars. "The nerve of him," Norma said, her eyes flashing, "what does he think he's got—another Shirley Temple?"

I have often gone to previews with Una Merkel, one of my favorites, who always takes her husband, Ronald Burla, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arno Merkel, along for good solid support during one of life's trying moments. Una is terribly superstitious and as soon as she sits down in the preview section she crosses her fingers and clasps her hand, which is sort of a ritual that is supposed to take care of the angels in heaven and the devils in hell at the same time. But just so heaven will be sure to get the best of it, with her hands clasped she offers up a little prayer, "Oh, God, please let them laugh in the right place." Then the picture begins and Ronnie takes hold of both of her hands to keep her from biting her finger nails off. The night of the preview of "The Cat's Paw" we sat in the first row of the preview section right behind the people who paid to see the picture. The woman in front of us would shriek with laughter, quite loudly, every time Una came on the screen, and would nudge the man next to her, presumably her husband, and say, "Isn't she cute? Doesn't she talk cute? Oh, I think she's cute!" This went on for reel after reel, with the woman laughing louder and louder. Finally the poor man turned to her and said quite wearily, "I don't think she's as funny as all that."

The preview of Mae West's latest picture, "The Belle of the Nineties," was quite a gala occasion, with the carriage trade turning out in regal splendor. Mae arrived all done up in a large hat and sum-

mer furs and was accompanied by Wests *en masse*: sister Beverly, her father, her brother, and of course the faithful Jim Timoney. Outwardly she was quite calm, but deep inside Mae was just a little bit sickish, because there was a censorship campaign on and a church drive for purity, and Mae wasn't exactly sure whether the public would approve La Belle or not. But they did, and they made the rafters ring. How different this last preview from her first. When "Night After Night" was previewed Mae received two preview passes from the studio and with Timoney drove down-town to the theatre—but she just couldn't gather up the nerve to go in and see herself on the screen. Never had she experienced such devastating stage fright. Weakly she pushed Timoney toward the theatre and climbed back into her car and rode around town until the preview was over. Timoney's face was beaming. "I—I—I'm all right?" Mae asked nervously. "All right! Hell, you're perfect!" Timoney assured her, while Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Cohen dashed out with new contracts for her to sign. Mae has had only one embarrassing experience at a preview and that was the time she wanted to sneak in on a preview of "I'm No Angel" and sit with the public to get their reaction. So she upped to the box-office and put down fifty cents for a ticket. "Hey, you," said the cashier dropping the money on the marble, "this is a phony. Naw—I guess it ain't." And then the ticket collector recognized her and gave her the theatre.

ZaSu Pitts has been to only one of her previews during her entire career as one of Hollywood's leading comedienues. She just can't bear to look at herself on the screen and she doesn't think she's the least bit funny. But she felt just a little en-

couraged about "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," so with her husband, Mr. Edward Woodall, she snuck into the Fox Westwood on the preview night and hid herself away in a dark corner of the balcony. ZaSu, and I know you agree with me, was simply grand as the spinsterish *Miss Hazy* and gave a perfect performance, but she decided she was awful and snuck out of the theatre before the picture was half over. Dat old debbil Inferiority Complex he sho' has done got Miss ZaSu, ma'am.

A funny thing happened the night that Madge Evans and I dashed over to Glendale recently to see the preview of "What Every Woman Knows," in which picture Madge plays the haughty *Lady Sybil*. There was the usual number of fans with autograph books standing at the entrance and immediately several of them stuck out their books for Madge to sign, which she did. "Who is she?" one of the girls on the sideline whispered quite audibly. "It's Marge E-Van," replied the girl looking closely at her book which Madge had just signed. So, of course, since that night I have never been able to call her anything but Marge E-Van. Madge is very critical of herself in pictures but never has any time really to enjoy her misery, for at dinner before the preview, at the Brown Derby after the preview, and during the preview itself she is subjected to the most terrific kidding and ribbing by her mother, by Tom Gallery, and by—alas—myself. Madge is a swell sport and takes it all beautifully and has never shown the least irritation no matter how nasty the wisecracks. After every preview she always says, "Well, mother, I guess we can plan to return to New York next month."

Joan Crawford never misses her pre-

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To THE Japanese Garden, at the Ritz in New York, went our clever young "cosmetic inquirer" with her bagful of pink, sweet-scented powder-samples. She interviewed in the dressing-room . . . just asked each attractive young luncheon-guest one question . . . "What would you pay for this new powder? . . . try it and tell me." Sixteen replied with "\$2 a box" and ten said "at least \$1.50." Thirteen mentioned how well it adhered . . . and not one would believe that this soft, fine, becoming powder sold everywhere at 50c! Try it yourself, forgetting price, and see what it does for the tone and transparency of your skin. Send the coupon below.



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Address _____

views and is always escorted by Franchot Tone and several assorted young men. After the preview of "Chained" she was mobbed by her ardent fans and had to be lifted up by her young men and carried to her car. Connie Bennett belongs to the Don Juan club of previewing too. After the "Green Hat"—or whatever they finally decided to call it—Gilbert Roland tossed Miss Bennett right over the heads of her clamoring public.

Marlene Dietrich is another star who never misses one of her previews and always goes with Von Sternberg. Sometimes she'll pose for pictures, and sometimes she won't, depending upon the mood she's in. Marlene isn't very fond of autographing. Joan Blondell, unlike most of the movie stars, does not take her family to a preview with her. She says she wants good, honest criticism about her acting, and her family will tell her she's perfect even when she isn't. So Joan usually tries to take her sister Gloria's boy friend and a business man, and insists upon her chauffeur and cook going if possible. Her husband, George Barnes, just won't go to pictures, even if it is a Blondell hit.

Jean Harlow suffers more at a preview than any star I have ever been with. From the minute the picture starts and she sees herself on the screen she suffers tortures, presses her nails into her palms until they nearly bleed, and tears up everything she can get her hands on. Sort of a cold perspiration breaks out all over her, and no matter how warm and enthusiastic the audience reaction she is so nervous that her entire system is upset for a week following

each preview. I remember shaking her hand after the preview of "Red Dust" and it was so clammy that I thought for a second that I had a corpse with me. But with all this suffering Jean wouldn't miss a preview for anything, because she thinks it a marvelous place to learn about pictures and people and acting. William Powell accompanied Jean and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, to her last preview, "The Girl from Missouri," which all goes to prove that Mr. Powell is kinda sweet on Jean, for Bill hates previews and swarms of people, and rarely shows up at his own.

The first preview I went to with Claudette Colbert—in which she played stooge to Mr. George M. Cohan and Mr. Jimmy Durante—she had to rush home and take aspirin. She decided she was through in pictures and had better get back to the New York stage as quickly as possible. But the last preview I went to with her was something else again—the immortal "It Happened One Night." Claudette was feeling low the evening of the preview and was quite sure that the picture wasn't any good and she hadn't wanted to make it anyway, and it was too far to ride over to Pasadena. But when she saw Norman Foster and her mother and me get in the car she decided to join us and all the way over to Pasadena mourned about her fate. "If I could only have a smash hit picture sometimes," she grouched. "Everybody else has one, but I have to keep on making these so-so pictures that never get me anywhere." Well, she got herself a smash hit that night, and was Claudette surprised?

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

- 1 egg
- 1½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoonful baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- Mix. Add ½ cup boiling water.
- Bake 30 minutes.

"Did I tell you we serve coffee? We use hot milk with it instead of cream, although there's no law against cream. The hot milk is a French idea and we like it very much," observed Bette.

"Talking of New England dishes, I must mention codfish balls. Not that I'd serve them at a Sunday night supper, but I adore them! Let Lillian tell you how she fixes them."

Lillian was willing to part with this secret, so here it is:

You cook a potato until it is well-done. Mash it and mix it with flaked codfish, which you have parboiled until it has lost its salty taste. Even if you've soaked your fish all night, it's well to boil it, Lillian believes. Use 1 beaten egg to bind the fish flakes and potato and a few drops of onion juice to add to the flavor. Dip in the egg, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat until it's a golden brown. Serve with garnish of parsley.

"Because we're informal, I always have cigarettes on the table," said Bette. "Naturally in Grandma's day there were none to be seen there at Saturday night banquets, since women didn't smoke, but today even in New England the bars are down."

Informality is the reason Bette gives for her custom of announcing supper herself.

"I don't know many people in Hollywood," she observed, rubbing Tibby's black ear. "I have about ten friends in town and we're all crazy. Bruce tells me things are ready and I pass on the good word."

"We aren't a bridge-playing crowd. We

like to get together and talk or play games or sing around the piano. That fashion of entertainment is coming back, you know. Then we like to get up acts and try them on each other.



Vacation's over! Dolores Del Rio, her mother, and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, on their return to Hollywood.

"Did you ever try that game Charlie Chaplin invented? I think he calls it 'Unselfconscious.' Each member of the party in turn tries to enter the room, cross it, and make an exit, while the rest stare at him, he, in the meantime, striving to seem unselfconscious. I don't know whether the

inventor ever managed to do it or not, but none of us has succeeded so far."

Bobby, who had been telephoning about the horses the girls were to ride, came back to ask if Bette had remembered that all New Englanders eat pumpkin pie.

"Bette doesn't care for pie—it makes you fat or something—but Ham does," she added.

So here's the way pumpkin pie is made by those who know how:

For the shell, sift 1 cup of sifted flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, chop into with a pastry knife $\frac{1}{3}$ cupful shortening; when well mixed, work in slowly ice water to make a stiff paste, about 4 tablespoons. Place in ice-box until chilled. Roll out on floured board and lay in medium sized pie tin. Crinkle the edge and fill with pumpkin mixture.

For mixture, beat 2 eggs, beat into them 2 cups of steamed and mashed pumpkin, 1 cup sifted brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful allspice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk.

Pour into pastry-lined tin, set in moderate oven for ten minutes, reduce heat and bake slowly for 25 minutes. Cool and serve with slice of American cheese.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 6

farm. Pictures can make even cabbages romantic!

M. A. Cullum,
4600 Millcreek,
Kansas City, Mo.

APPETIZER FOR LITERATURE

Instead of lessening interest in good literature, the movies create an added zest for it. After seeing the screen play of "One More River," a friend of mine went out and purchased Galsworthy's book of that name. The same sort of thing happened when "The Fountain" was screened.

Edith E. Nesmith,
45 R Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

EXPENSIVE, BUT WORTH IT!

Complaint against Grace Moore! I'm spending all my spare change, seeing her picture over and over. The loveliest golden voice ever heard, is holding "One Night of Love," over for a fifth week. Meaning I'll have to see it again. Yes, Grace Moore keeps me broke—but I love it!

Tona Swan,
1134 Geneva Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

MAUREEN MARCHES ON!

Some years ago I was amused to read that Maureen O'Sullivan hoped to get the Academy award some day. But after seeing her as the charmingly rebellious *Henrietta* of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," it does not seem so improbable. Good luck to the Irish lass!

M. J. Smith,
81 East Boulevard,
Rochester, N. Y.

LAUGHTON RATES THE RAVES!

I've always held that foreign actors and actresses, though possibly less capable than our own, were ballyhooed and praised too much. I'll admit, though, that I think Charles Laughton the most versatile actor in Hollywood. He needs no ballyhoo, and deserves all the praise he receives.

Lynn Hubbard,
Box 253,
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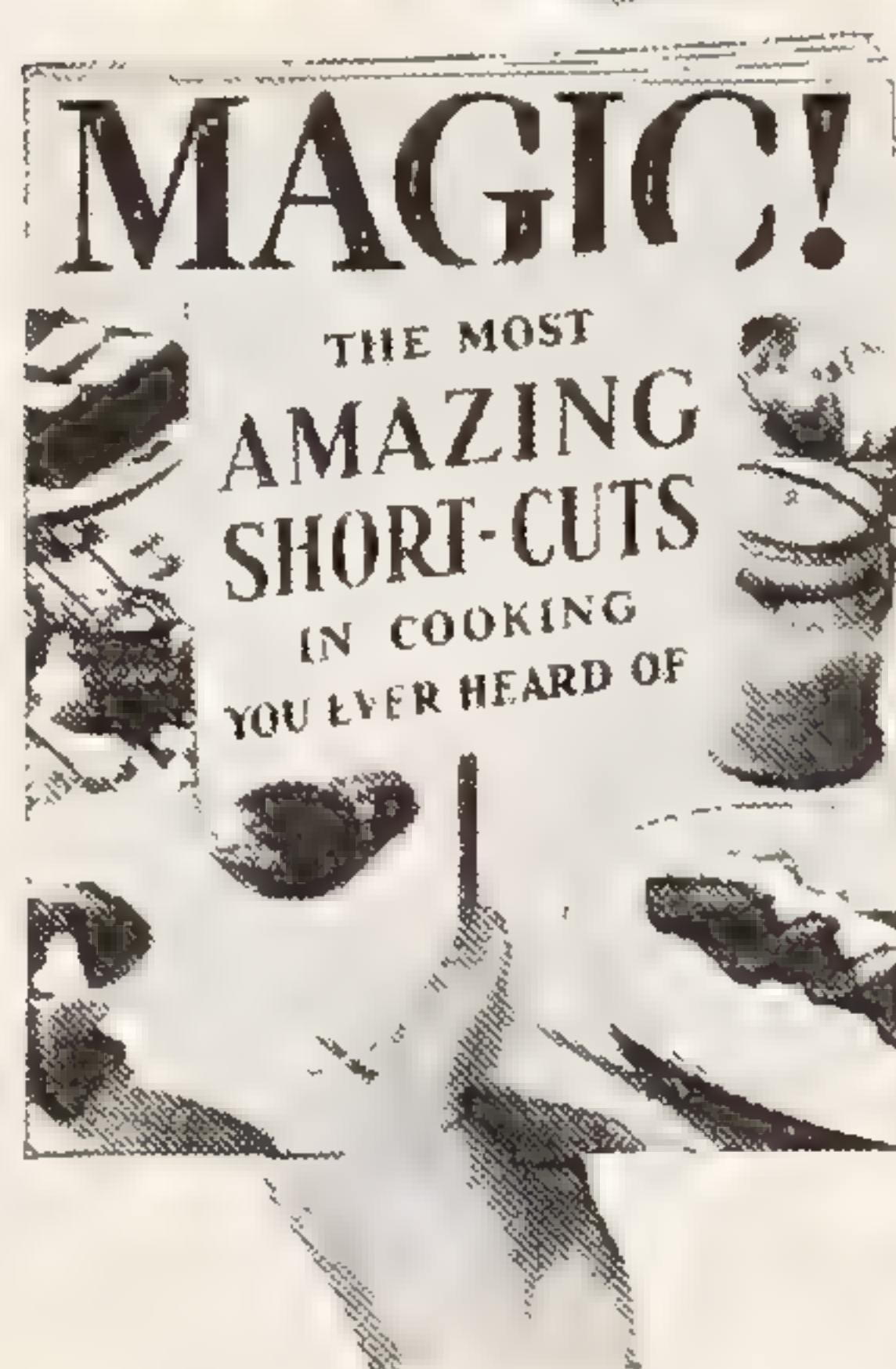
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Streamlining the Stars

Continued from page 27



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gained with the judgment of the designer trusted more implicitly than if ever he had 'gone to war' in the first place.

"When a star is first placed in my charge I naturally make a mental survey of her good and of her weaker points. On the other hand, after reviewing my years as a designer for the glamorous ones, I reaffirm, without hesitation, a discovery which I made shortly after entering the designing field: that is, the more intelligent a subject is, the easier she is to dress. A well-proportioned figure is vastly more important than beauty—and when coupled with intelligence and a style sense—the ensemble of requirements for the well-dressed woman is indeed complete.

"Such a woman must also have the assurance of her ability to wear clothes. She must not be hampered by any real or imaginary shortcomings of her figure, nor must she be headstrong about the inclusion of her own preconceived ideas of a costume. She must be something between the two; she must have faith in the creator of her costumes, and the assurance of wearing them with an impeccable flair.

"And you, too, back in your own home, before your own mirror, be honest with yourself! Study your points, ruthlessly, impersonally, as I study the stars. You know pretty much what you 'have.' You have been told. Don't try to gloss over this or overlook that. Your mirror doesn't; neither do your escorts. Bare yourself to your own honesty. Take stock.

"Don't worry about your beauty. Are you well-proportioned? Have you a style-sense? You probably have, or you wouldn't be so interested in the subject. Well, start from there! If you are poorly proportioned make every effort, through moderate exercise, proper diet, and, above all, skillful gowning, to play up your best points—you will be amazed how such minor defects as you may have will disappear.

"At the studio, friends, relatives, or well-meaning advisers are on the 'no admittance' list during fittings. Stage mothers, or their equivalent, have been the death of many a good idea. With the star, the director, and the cameraman to please, or at least to consider, a designer has a man-sized job on his hands with each individual costume. Multiply that by the number of women players and the number of gowns required for their screen needs in the course of a year, and you have an approximate idea of the conditions under which he works.

"So it is but natural that each designer enjoys his work best when creating a costume for a woman whose reaction is one of interest and enthusiasm. And in this respect I have been most fortunate.

"This season's clothes, let me say here and now, have been *particularly* smart. The new tendency toward streamlining in our lives—automobiles, trains, interior decorating—has found a sympathetic note in current clothes. Women with the gadgets of former days would seem incongruous in the long, svelte lines of their newest town car. This gives a new note and subtly influences our clothes-sense. It demands a gown that is 'down-to-earth.' It demands, too, that the tinsel and glitter of the past decade—the birthday cake, Christmas-tree type of chi-chi that was formerly synonymous with 'Hollywood styles'—quickly disappear from the cinematic horizon. Put on—not your old gray bonnet, but your air-brakes!

"Richness and luxury in costuming no longer is conveyed by a dress of glistening beads; and unless a certain rôle implies a portion of glitter in the clothes, my prefer-

ence is to omit it all and substitute a fabric, conservative, durable, in a word, 'smart.' My own particular favorite is a heavy crêpe romaine. You may find another which you prefer. But be certain it is 'glitterless!'

"Perhaps you may recall that in 'Mandalay' I conceived a costume for Kay Francis made entirely of gold sequins. This was the exception which proves the rule—or best serves as the example. *Spot White*, the character she portrayed in the film, demanded this costume. It was emblematic of her strata of society, of her 'personal' status.

"This new reconditioning of our clothes conception offers the girl in Winnipeg, Mexico City, Rome or Melbourne the opportunity to snatch ideas off the screen and adapt them to her individual wardrobe. Streamlining has the universal appeal of the modern age and is not a confining influence in any sense of the word. Designing, therefore, such clothes as are wearable by a business girl or a society woman, whose prototype is costumed in a Warner picture, is my sole ambition at the moment. If that goal is reached I am quite willing to forego the temporary fame of launching a fad that sweeps the nation.

"And speaking of fads, let me urge women whose wardrobe budgets are limited to exercise the greatest restraint when tempted to purchase a dress, a coat, or a hat whose chief appeal is its striking novelty. That very momentary appeal will be the quality that will find it outmoded six months hence.

"And this brings me to the most important rule that women, everywhere, any time, should apply—*mark it and mark it well!*

"If, instead of purchasing a garment because of its features which make it the rage of the moment, a garment were chosen because of its chances for remaining smart six months from now, *that woman would be the best-dressed woman the whole year 'round!*

"If you have a natural propensity for fads try to confine them to one costume—and I will tell you how to indulge your taste and still keep within your budget. Here's the secret:

"Buy one rather plain costume and use it as the basis for all your fad orgies. If the style of the moment is a tri-cornered scarf, buy one and wear it on that dress—but keep it for that one exclusively. Then as that fad changes and batiste ruffs and huge batiste cuffs float into momentary favor as women's whimsy—just buy a pair and use the same garment for your metamorphosis. Thus you will have an outlet for your will-o'-the-wisp fancies—and buy the main portion of your wardrobe 'sensibly.'

So much for Orry-Kelly's steps to streamlining. Now let him talk with you, informally, of the things which lie nearest to his heart—and yours!

"Have you the faculty which a truly stunning woman must have, of bringing life to clothes? The next time you see Kay Francis—who has been my consistent nominee for the title of the best-dressed woman on the screen—notice what she is wearing. I don't care whether it is an evening gown, sleek and slivery, or an afternoon frock, with a saucy air, or even a smart little utility dress—she combines an ideal figure (from a designer's point of view), with an innate clothes sense that transforms the simplest gown into a creation of animated style. Perhaps you do this, too? It is mostly heaven-sent; but, to some extent, it may be acquired. Be con-

sciously unconscious of your clothes. Wear them as though it were a pleasure—a casual pleasure, if you will.

"Then there is Dolores Del Rio, exotic Latin type, who has a fine sense of clothes values and a real talent for wearing them. She breathes into a design a dramatic quality that is, to my mind, unequalled by anyone on the screen. Perhaps you are a similar type? You can profit by solving the puzzle of her attractiveness. Watch her closely—you will be well repaid.

"Verree Teasdale, on the other hand, brings to a costume a sophisticated vivaciousness that is quite as effective. Her ability to change the bizarre quality of an ensemble into a sane, even practical mood is unexcelled by any actress in Hollywood. While it is important in the actress, it is much more so for the average woman, especially when transposing screen styles to your personal wardrobe, for picture fashions at times demand greater stress to convey character. Be sure to leave a certain leeway for 'audience license.'

"Jean Muir, a 'believable' girl, must always wear convincing clothes. I design them that way.

"Color becomes a secondary consideration

for film fashions. Photographically all hues are merely shades of white, gray, or black. Its only importance lies in the star's individual preference or passion, and inasmuch as a player reacts more favorably in a costume that does not outrage her color sense, color does, in a way, become important."

"A man-sized job," Orry-Kelly calls it. It is all of that! Yet he assures us that relaxation does come in the form of a costume picture, such as "Du Barry," when the clothes are, happily, adapted from authentic portraits of the period, and when rampant luxury is the theme and goal of all the costumes.

His greatest encouragement, however, comes from the knowledge that his gowns are worn with confidence by various of our swankiest stars. But, confidentially, his particular enthusiasm is directly the outcome of the interest with which women, everywhere, view the productions in which are displayed his brilliant, unflinching skill.

Take advantage of these valuable, unpurchasable style hints of one of Hollywood's highest paid artists. A man who, in a sense, makes the stars what they are—for is it not generally admitted that clothes make the woman?

Clark Gable Explains Himself

Continued from page 19



Bill Cagney, brother of Jimmy, and Marion Burns, who is back in Hollywood after a spell of making pictures in foreign fields.

the press who have publicized our good points and minimized our bad ones. We owe the finest possible co-operation to our producers who have given us such wonderful opportunities. But I do want to feel I can live my life like any other individual when I am between pictures!

If I choose to don my old clothes and fish and hunt, miles from civilization, I hate to think my friends are feeling that I should have remained in Hollywood and danced at the Cocoanut Grove or the Trocadero every evening and lunched at the Brown Derby every noon. I like these places tremendously, but getting back to nature means more to me than almost anything. And I love studying people, too; people whom I do not know at all, who may live in an entirely different manner from the way I live. Because of this wanting to study people, I am just as likely to park my car in a remote district and walk for miles, stopping at any home I pass and asking for a meal, just as any vagabond would do. Does

that sound terrible to you?

To begin with, I have never recovered from my astonishment at the interest people from all over the world have in professional people. This is not just true of America. It is true in almost every country of the globe.

Undoubtedly, if the public never read anything about us, from the time we finished one picture until another was ready for release, they might not be so eager to see the new picture; so we should be, and I am, grateful that they write to know about our soap, our stationery, our books; but in the face of all this, I do want to live my life just as Tom Jones or Bill Smith in Oshkosh might do. Unless I do something that is so flagrantly immoral that decent people are offended, I don't think my personal habits concern anyone but me.

Now, don't misunderstand me! I haven't the slightest idea of doing anything that could make the public ashamed of me; but what I am trying to get over to you is that I conduct myself in the manner I do, not because some public demands or expects it of me, but because I choose to do so myself. If this were not true, I think it might weaken one's moral fiber. If such a thought governed me, when the time comes that I no longer mean anything to the public—and such time comes to all professional people—then I might feel, "Oh, to blankety blank with it all, now I can do as I choose." And it is possible it might appear to me at that moment that freedom might mean breaking all the laws of rhyme and reason. No, so far as possible I mean to live my own life now. I hope it pleases anyone who is interested; but I must continue to cultivate the habit of self-respect, no matter what anybody thinks about it.

Self-respect means that I am honest with myself. I am not acting when I am not before the camera. The work I am paid for, and I will play any part I am called upon to play, if it is within my ability. When I am through, I want to drop into any mood I desire. If I feel like swearing, I shall probably swear. I don't often have the impulse, but it is an outlet at times. If I want to go to the skating rink with my boy or somebody else's boy and act like I am fourteen, I think that is my privilege.

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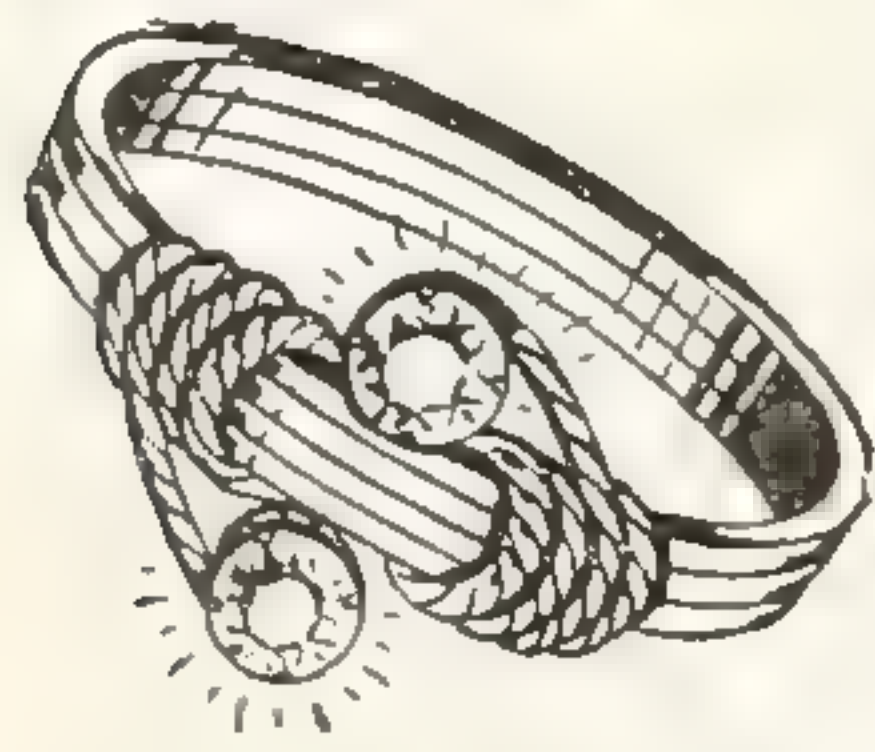
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There are times when I don't feel more than fourteen. On the other hand, if I feel about ninety, and sit in moody silence, I think I merit that privilege, no less than the man at the service station who does and says what he pleases when his work is over.

For the moment, I am not considering the times that we make public appearances and *expect* to receive attention. Does that sound conceited? I don't mean it that way. I mean when we are urged to make personal appearances, we hope, down in our hearts, that we are important enough to the public that a fuss will be made over us. If this doesn't happen, it means that our drawing power has diminished and producers may value us accordingly, so don't let anybody fool you when they say they do not like this attention. We are not stupid enough not to want it, no matter how embarrassing or inconvenient it may be.

I won't speak of my own personal appearances, but I am reminded right now of the recent trip of Dick Powell, when he appeared at the larger theatres in the East. So eager were the crowds to get some souvenir, that they almost left him unclothed. He started out with six dollar handkerchiefs in his coat pocket, but as they were removed one after the other, he rushed down to a store after the next performance and bought himself several hundred cheap handkerchiefs. Of course, we can imagine that he was furious, and yet I have an idea that he couldn't help enjoying the fact that the women were so crazy about him. We are every one just human after all, and all share the same emotions.

I do resent having every writer I meet question me about how many women I have loved. A bank president is not any better banker, nor any worse, for having been engaged three times or for never having been engaged. Why should it mean more in an actor's life? Any man who reaches maturity and has never imagined himself in love is a funny sort of man. On the other

hand, a man of any age who boasts of his conquests is about as despicable a human being as can be found.

If I refuse to discuss any part of my past, and later someone discovers that I once went to Sunday School with Lucy Cotton or Mary Jones, they say: "Oh, he's ashamed of his past." Now, I am not ashamed of anything I ever did, but I am not going to make an ass of myself by boring people with reading it. If we say that women will always interest us, they feel we are fickle and undependable. If we say we love our wife and all other attachments are of the past and completely forgotten, they feel we are a little selfish and they look around for some other player who admits he can love a dozen women at once. You see, we have our Scylla and Charybdis, too, and we are caught if we do or if we don't.

But seriously, I do not think my past is any concern of the public. If there were anything in it that indicates obstacles overcome, the knowledge of which would be an inspiration to some one else, then I think it should be told, but it should be told for that reason only.

One of the things that I am particular about is telling the truth. I was taught it from my youth. My father always said anyone who would lie would steal. Now, when I am asked a lot of personal questions, I feel if I answer them at all, I must answer them truthfully. If I don't answer, they get the information elsewhere and it looks so little like the facts that it makes me feel I will answer all next time—no matter whom I offend. The space is so limited, a writer never explains all we say and invariably we are misunderstood. So, I still prefer the method of Maude Adams. Her public liked the illusion and wanted to remember her only in the parts she played. I would like to do some really great characterizations and be remembered by those, rather than the color of socks I wear. Do you think I can?

Here's to Youth

Continued from page 33

The lad whose habit it is to amaze his colleagues as well as his fans by making each succeeding screen performance more remarkable than its predecessor, was just about finishing his breakfast shortly after noon of the October day when I saw him at his hotel. Jackie is all boy—plenty of pep, and he gives you a handshake and a greeting that for beaming vigor would shame the highest-pressure salesman you ever met.

On this particular day Jackie was pretty much taken up with a new pair of roller-skates—"stream-lined." He was itching to give them a real try-out. At the time he was doing an engagement at Loew's Theatre in Jersey City. There is a big, broad concreted space there, but Jackie couldn't skate—the crowds pressed so closely about him when he tried it that the only way he could get any action out of the "stream-liners," would be to plow right through masses of young humanity—and Jackie wouldn't do that.

"I don't mind the work," he assured me. "But after the work I wish they would let me get in a little play." New York is a big town and there's plenty in the town that Jackie would like to take in.

"I am making out better this time than when we came to New York about two years ago, though," he added. "I've been to see the Statue of Liberty, went right up to the crown. That's as high as you can climb inside the statue."

"When we came here before, nobody was supposed to know about it. Coming East on the train mother kept telling me about

all the places we would see. Well, we arrived in New York at nine o'clock in the morning, and were immediately taken about visiting people in offices and such places, and we got to the hotel at nine that night. There was no fun in that!"

Though the personal appearance tour involved four shows a day, demanding that Jackie leave his hotel at noon and remain at the theatre until near midnight, he assured me he enjoyed doing the stage appearances. "It's easy, easier than pictures," he said.

"I like working with George Jessel." Jessel appeared with him at the Paramount in New York and also in Jersey City. "You don't do the same thing all the time. We kid each other, and it's fun."

Jackie sat astride a chair, his forearms folded over its back and cradling his chin, the chair tilted forward at what seemed to me a precarious angle. It was a stimulating visit, the more so because of little intimacies of real life that crept into the conversation at unexpected intervals. This was "allowance day," and Jackie reminded his mother she owed him the sum of one dollar. "I think it should be only fifty cents, shouldn't it? I gave you fifty cents last night," Mrs. Bigelow reminded her son. Jackie leaned forward—how he kept that chair from toppling I don't know. "Oh," he said. "A chiseler, eh! Why, I worked on that radio like the dickens last night, got it working, and the half-dollar was my pay for that, wasn't it?" Mrs. Bigelow admitted defeat with a burst of laughter, allowed the accuracy, and justice;

of Jackie's brief, and said the dollar was due and would be paid.

Guns and shooting are Jackie's most absorbing hobby. He had told me he had a lot of fun during the filming of "Treasure Island." I understood why, later on—when he got to talking about shooting. It developed that Jackie had a memorable time on the boat, on which the company spent a month making "Treasure Island."

"At meal-times," he said, "I would sit on deck at the rear of the boat and with a 22 cylinder revolver would fire away at the paper pie-plates tossed overboard. I sat there and took pot-shots at them as the plates floated by."

He had some trophies of his New York visit of which he was mighty proud—what boy wouldn't be delighted with a real New York City detective's badge? Jackie had one, given him by a chief inspector. He



Close-up of a formal gown created for June Knight, who poses for you above. The fabric is a dotted satin.

was equally proud of a pistol-shot honor insignia given him by some fellow-in-arms who ranks as a top-shot among the New York cops.

The interview ended on a fittingly spectacular and pictorial note. I had asked him precisely what was the difference between "skeet"-shooting and the trap-shooting with which we grandpappys are more likely to be familiar.

Jackie laid out the whole picture. "There is an enclosure over there, you stand back here. Set about in a semi-circle are stakes or posts. You take your position at one post, the gun is not held in firing position. By the count, one—two—fire?"

All this with sweeping gestures and animation. As he counted "one—two" the imaginary gun came to a position across the body like "present arms" in the army drill routine; at "two" it was brought against the shoulder, the head dropped, right eye sighting along the barrel. I thought it a darn good show. Somehow the youngster had put into his description

a sense of reality that had me seeing in imagination a stretch of shore land fronting on a bay or other open water. The otherwise calm and quiet was interrupted with shouts of "pull" and detonations barking from shotguns, as fragments of clay scooted out over the water to meet destruction in a blast of flying lead pellets.

Jackie Coogan met Nova Pilbeam while both were in our town. Jackie gallantly visited at the hotel housing the little British star and her mother, and the newsreel cameras recorded their mutual greetings.

Little Miss Pilbeam, whom you will see in "Little Friend," is a frail bit of a girl, very fair, with light brown hair and grey-blue eyes, who takes her acting very seriously. That is to say the actual work itself has a tremendous hold, while the drum-beating set up in the interests of publicity surrounding her visit was a phase of her new career to be accepted politely but without any natural taste or relish therefor. Or so at least it seemed to your reporter when this very articulate, intelligent and highly-strung girl was interviewed in her tower suite.

"I am small for my age," Nova volunteered during a part of the conversation, "but still I don't understand why so many people group me as a child actress along with Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper. I greatly admire them both, and comparison with them is flattering. But really a girl fifteen is not a child; many girls that age have played young women rôles on the stage as well as in pictures!"

No doubt you have noticed there are no children under Nova's age appearing in English pictures. "There's a reason for that," Nova explained. "In England the law prohibits children under twelve appearing on the professional stage, and under fourteen in films."

Nova has been on the stage, professionally, in several plays since she was twelve. She is of the theatre to the degree that her father, Arnold Pilbeam, is an actor—a prominent one in England. He played the star part in the production there of "The Beggars Opera," and for several years before the death of Sir Nigel Playfair was the latter's manager. Sir Nigel operated the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith, where many notable plays had their first presentation—John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," for example.

When she was five years old Nova was invited to play a part in an amateur Christmas play. And to that event traces her first interest in the theatre. "I liked it so much, though at first I thought little of it," said Nova.

At seven she won, in competition with adults, a scholarship in elocution at a London dramatic school.

Today she seems—well, a little old for her years—mentally, that is, but not emotionally. She seemed more anxious to get back home and to school than to be participating in the dizzy round of events planned for her by her press-agents in New York. When she wished to emphasize a reply, Nova resorted to that fascinatingly youthful gesturing of shaking the head and blinking the eyes—a device so frequently employed by little women and little men when they talk down to, as they look up at, their taller and older interrogators.

"I have not attended pictures much," she said with what seemed just a trace of apology, as though this frank admission might be a bit impolitic. "Perhaps I would go once a month, but that was all. I did enjoy working in the picture, very much, and I hope my work will be well received here in America. After the stage, picture acting seems strange; particularly you notice the lack of audience response, the applause. I want to go on acting in pictures, but I also want to appear on the stage."

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Nova, who reads a great deal, said that "perhaps" the authors she most enjoys are Dickens and the Brontës. She is not especially interested in seeing Hollywood, and had no regrets that her time in America prevented a trip to the coast. She says "English pictures are coming up, I think, don't you?" and feels she would rather for the present do pictures at home than in America.

She would like, "only I am not the type" she added a little regretfully, to have as her first grown-up picture Emily Jane Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." She also wants to do, someday, Barrie's play, "Mary Rose."

All this was delivered with mature conviction, expressed with the fluency and

facility of speech which is an important part of the engaging charm of this magnetically alert young girl. Nova dresses very simply; one of her hobbies is collecting miniature ivory carvings, (proudly she displayed a very commendable example, a tiny white mouse, which she produced from her handbag); is passionately fond of horses and riding—and hopes someday she can have a stable of her own.

These youngsters! Not only are they fascinating on the screen, but whether because of their acting experience or those native qualities which in the first place bring them into professional acting, they are distinctly above the crowd in their off-stage lives as well.

Hollywood Can't Tame or Type This Man

Continued from page 20

plays don't grow on trees. I am constantly in communication with writers, directors, producers—anyone who has a finger in the production of plays—looking for a new one. I've read plays by the hundreds—literally—looking for one. My entire family are reading manuscripts daily. So far we have found nothing suitable."

"Before you made such a hit in pictures you didn't have so much trouble finding plays," I objected. "You were working pretty constantly."

"Before I made such a hit, as you put it," he retorted, "I was prepared to take chances with a play that I am not prepared to take now. I can't afford to. And the plays I was in were not always so hot. Just before I did 'Fugitive' I was in two flops."

"Golly," I murmured, "with the millions of people there are in this country trying to write plays, it seems to me you should be able to find one—if you wanted to."

"Oh, yeah?" he came back—or words to that effect. "Well, you find me one!"

"What kind do you want?"

"A good play," he answered triumphantly. "That's a thought," I flipped. "It's very definite and I've never heard an actor make such a specification before."

"I don't want to do a costume drama, but outside of that there's no limit. I try to keep away from old plays because I always think they date and are out-moded, no matter how you may try to modernize them. But, whether it's a drama, a comedy, or what not, doesn't matter—so long as it's gripping and well-written."

"I don't know," I replied, still unconvinced. "Spencer Tracy has often commented to me on the fact that you and Robinson have the ideal contracts in that you're required to do only two pictures a year and can do stage plays in the interim. Yet you don't avail yourselves of the opportunity."

"I haven't an ideal contract!" he replied heatedly. "I thought when I signed it it would be an ideal contract but very often contracts designed to serve a certain purpose fail utterly. It's true I have to do only two pictures a year, but they are made during the hottest part of the whole year. They are supposed to be made between June 1st and the end of September. This one I have just finished—'Bordertown'—started eight weeks behind schedule. Instead of finishing it the end of July, we've finished it the end of September. Now, they're getting my next one ready and instead of being through with the second by the end of September, it will be the end of December before I'm through. How can I do a play this year? What producer would risk anywhere from \$35,000 to \$50,000 on the production of a play for me when he knows that at best he can get no more than a five months run out of it, be-

cause my 'ideal contract' stipulates I'm to be back here the first of June again. If I could go on and play in it as long as people would come to the theatre, it would be different. If it happened to be a hit it wouldn't matter when the run started, because I could go on and on in it."

"Of course, when they started the first picture late I could have demanded my pound of flesh and said, 'You only have my services from June to October. If you haven't a script ready it isn't my fault.' But the studio people have been very nice to me so it's up to me to be nice to them. But the result of all this is I'll be loafing for five months after I leave here."

"It's true I could make another picture or two this year—the studio is constantly after me to do more—but I don't want to. There's one point to illustrate why my contract is not ideal. Here's another. If I ever sign another contract (and I will never sign another one for more than one picture at a time) I will have a clause inserted, stipulating that before we start work the completed script is to be delivered to me and that it is to be shot that way, with no changes. Also, I will specify that I am to have a full week's rehearsals before we ever start shooting."

We sat in silence for a few minutes while I digested all this and Mr. Muni got on the outside of his broiled halibut.

Then, "Why is it you object to visitors on your set? You've played in the theatre long enough to be used to working before an audience. I don't see how they can disconcert you."

Mr. Muni glared for an instant or two and then relaxed. "That's something else I'm glad you've brought up. Rules are made out here for a certain purpose, but people in Hollywood have to have something to talk about so they distort the real reason until it is obscured or lost and only the impression remains that I am high-hat or temperamental—or 'difficult.'"

"I don't mind visitors—under certain conditions. When I was working on 'Fugitive' I had a particularly difficult scene to do. I had just been handed the lines and we were going to run through it a few times. I am naturally nervous and self-conscious. I can't jump into a mood—I have to build myself into one. I have to have time to feel my way into a scene and during that time I give far from a finished performance. Well, suddenly I looked up and there were fifty visitors on my set. Fifty, by actual count, and all of them gaping at me! If an actor is to have any box-office draw it has to be because the public thinks he is good. While I'm rehearsing I am not good. I'm experimenting. Now, if I had gone ahead and rehearsed before those visitors they would have thought me awkward, incompetent, and a lot of other



Lee Tracy, who's pretty good at the banjo, and Eddie Peabody, who's wonderful at it, escort Helen Mack to the lilt of a lively tune on a studio stroll.

uncomplimentary things. They would have gone home and told their friends they saw Muni and he's not so hot. They would probably have added that my performances are achieved by means of trick photography. I refused to make a spectacle of myself and declined to work until they had left the set.

"On the stage I would have had four weeks of rehearsals and I would have been as good in the part as it is possible for me to be. When people come to see me there they are seeing me at my best. I wouldn't permit anyone to watch me rehearsing a play, either."

"Well," I put in, "I've seen Helen Hayes kidding on the set, get a cue and jump right into a scene which called for hysterics, finish the scene, wipe her eyes and come off and take up her kidding again. And I've seen other actors do the same thing."

"Some actors can do that," he admitted. "I can't. My mental processes are slow and they're not that elastic. Even in the theatre, when I've been in a play for months, I still have to go off by myself before a heavy scene and sit with my head in my hands, building myself into the mood before I can go on and play it."

"I know tricks, of course. I can dip into the bag with the best of them. But I don't like to use them. I don't feel that tricks make for a natural performance. Some of them are effective—but not as effective as really feeling the part and playing it as a person would really live it. That's why I want time to study a part and try out different readings. Some of them are awkward and I realize at the time I'm awkward doing it. No one who takes any pride in his work wants to show it until it's finished. You wouldn't show one of your articles before you'd polished it up, would you? Well, I don't want outsiders to see my performances until they're as good as I can make them."

"If I ever have that clause that gives me a completed script and a week's rehearsals before I start shooting, they can bring all the visitors on the set they like. I'll welcome them because it will be stimulating. I'll feel as though I'm playing to an audience."

"As a matter of fact, I have never seen myself on the screen that I haven't cringed. I don't like anything I have ever done in pictures—or, at least, I'm not satisfied with anything I've ever done. And that goes for 'Scarface' and 'Fugitive,' too! I see my

pictures once to see what they look like—and once is enough.

"I prefer the stage to the screen but I'm not crazy about being an actor at all. I'd much rather be in the audience and enjoy myself. I have a catholic taste in amusements. I can enjoy Katherine Cornell, the rowdiness of Fannie Brice, and the humor of Willie and Eugene Howard. I don't care what kind of play it is so long as it's good."

"Don't you ever lose patience when you're in the audience and see an actor misplaying a part? Doesn't that upset you?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he conceded. "But then, you so often see an actor giving a great performance and it buoys me up. When I see a good play well done, it makes me want to do one, too. But after I've rehearsed it and brought it to life, I don't care particularly about seeing how long a run I can get out of it."

Muni paused in his speech and devoted himself to the halibut again while I stared. He talks glibly, fluently—and intelligently. His ideas are mature and he doesn't say things just to be talking. You have the impression, despite his glibness, that everything has been carefully thought out. With all this there is a boyish quality about him. Something ageless. I commented on it.

He nodded. "That's why I have played character parts almost exclusively. When I was twenty-four I could never play a juvenile of twenty-four because I always looked eighteen. If I played character parts, I could, with make-up, look any age."

He also gives the impression—to me, at least—of morbidity. That was why I was totally unprepared when Archie Mayo, who directed him in his new picture, started kidding him about having jumped into his pool the day before with his clothes on. I must have shown my surprise as vividly as I felt it.

Muni laughed. "Some people were out at the house for a swim and I said I didn't feel like changing into a bathing suit. Someone suggested I go in as I was, so I did." He smiled ruefully. "It's costing me \$8 to get my watch fixed, besides the cost of getting my clothes cleaned and pressed."

That was the topper—for me. Muni jumping into a pool, fully dressed! You expect a thing like that of Max Baer.

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Bing Crosby's Hidden Side Revealed

Continued from page 32

him, fish with him, swim with him, and in other ways we while away pleasant hours in his company. Yet I am positive not one of us is nearly as close to Bing as was Eddie Lang.

When Eddie died in an Eastern city, Crosby immediately invited his widow, Kitty Lang, to come to Hollywood. He did this because he knew of the great love-bond between Kitty and Eddie, and he believed it would benefit her to get her away from old surroundings which held poignant memories.

Kitty arrived in Hollywood and was at once taken into the Crosby home as a guest. After what she deemed a polite stay, she announced her intention of leaving. Bing wouldn't hear of it. He insisted that she had nowhere near worn out her welcome, and he refused to cash her check for the money to purchase a railway ticket. Kitty was a stranger to Hollywood, so she couldn't cash such a check elsewhere.

After several weeks—weeks that helped the widow to forget her great sorrow—Mrs. Lang had to return East to clear up the details of her husband's estate. Then Crosby did cash her check, but because he believed she was not too bountifully supplied with money, he never deposited that check in his own bank. Instead, he tore it to shreds.

Further evidence of Bing's fondness for Eddie, and of his intention never to forget his old friend, is the fact that one of the Crosby twins bears the middle name, *Lang*.

Bing never travels East that he doesn't visit the grave where Lang's body rests. I am sincerely of the belief that fifty years hence, if Crosby is still alive and if he visits the Atlantic coast many times yearly, he will never fail to kneel every time at the grave of his departed, dearest friend.

Recent newspapers made much ado with stories that Crosby had gone to the financial aid of Mack Sennett, the comedy-picture producer. According to the press, Bing financed Sennett's trip to England, where Mack is now producing a new series of pictures. The stories went on to hint that Sennett was flat broke.

Immediate denials were made by both Crosby and by Sennett's local aides. Nevertheless, an orchid must be tossed Bing's way because, although he did not actually help Sennett (the help was not needed), he did make the offer of financial assistance when he believed that Mack was in need.

Bing's offer was made in gratitude to Sennett. A few years ago, when the Crooner had no more money than a canary has teeth, the producer gave Crosby an opportunity to star in two-reel comedies. One of those comedies, "I Surrender, Dear," was indirectly responsible for other pictures which in turn led to Crosby's present top-rung position on the film ladder of fame.

About six years ago, three young men formed a trio, and within a short time they won considerable attention. Paul Whiteman contracted them as an added feature for his orchestral presentations, and he gave them the seductive title, "The Three Rhythm Boys." In time their fame spread from coast to coast.

Eventually the trio broke up. Since then, the years have dealt more kindly with Crosby than with the remaining two. In fact, I have heard nothing of one of the trio in years, and the slight fame of the

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second fades in comparison with Crosby's renown.

This second trio-member, Harry Barris, recently opened a night club in Hollywood. Now, opening a club in the film city is one thing; making a success of that club is something else entirely. Night clubs spring up like mushrooms in Hollywood, and they often die out as quickly.

Knowing this to be true, Crosby proffered Barris a helping hand; he offered to make a personal appearance at Harry's Club on opening night. Of course, this news spread like wildfire, and when premiere-night arrived, the club was packed to the rafters.

Now you may say, "That wasn't so much to do—just going to a pal's night club and singing a few songs."

But consider this: Crosby had been offered fifteen hundred dollars a night to make similar appearances at the Chicago World's Fair—and he rejected the offer.

In stone-cold truth, Bing really gave his old friend, Barris, the same services that a Chicago night club valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

Incidentally, following that very successful opening night, Barris' club has enjoyed a flourishing business.

News of Crosby's generosity apparently has reached the ears of every beggar and hand-out bum in California. A few weeks ago they began to congregate by the score near the garage where Bing customarily parked his automobile when he went to the studio. Matters reached a point where big-hearted Crosby was giving away an average man's weekly salary, every day.

He might still be doing it if his business manager hadn't intervened. As the begging situation became more and more acute, the b. m. went to studio executives and argued them into breaking a rigid rule against motor-cars of the stars being driven onto the lot. The b. m. fixed it so that Crosby now drives right into the studio and to his dressing-room door.

Everett Crosby, Bing's brother and manager, told me that after publication of stories that Bing had helped Sennett out of financial trouble, hundreds of begging letters began to arrive at the studio.

Such letters go unanswered, Everett says, for several reasons, of which these are most important:

Nine begging letters out of every ten are from professional alms-seekers, and there is no way to distinguish the one *bona fide* letter from the nine fakes.

To respond to the pleas of all who write begging letters would cost Bing several thousand dollars weekly—more than he earns.

Letters soliciting alms are never delivered to Crosby, but are side-tracked by secretaries. This is because Bing's managers know his soft-heartedness; they know he would soon go broke trying to respond to the pleas of all.

So persons who are contemplating begging-letters to Crosby are herewith advised against such a futile act. Your letters will only get as far as the Crooner's secretaries.

Those secretaries are placed there by Bing's managers to protect Bing against his own over-generosity!

And if your letters asking for help are not answered, do not blame Bing. It's a ten to one bet that if he received your letters personally, he'd answer.

Just outside the automobile gate of the Paramount studio, a tiny girl—never too comfortably dressed—sells flowers to those stars who are not too preoccupied to stop and buy.

Crosby never passes her up. In all the months she has been there, whenever the Crooner is working or is at the studio for any purpose, he pauses to smile at the tot, and to purchase a bouquet of violets. Sometimes he keeps the flowers; other

times he returns them to his tiny friend so she may re-sell them.

One evening Bing left the studio in a great rush, his mind weighted with the problem of a new contract. He raced through the studio gate and headed for home. Not until he had traveled halfway to his Toluca Lake house did he remember the little flower girl.

Now, he might have tossed aside his neglect, promising himself that he would remember her double the next time. Most people would have done that. Not Bing. He turned at the next corner, returned to the studio, and made his regular purchase of violets.

In October, the California climate turned chilly this year, and winds from the Pacific ocean swept through Hollywood and around corners of Paramount buildings. The little flower girl trembled in scant clothes for the first few days, but one morning she appeared in a nice, warm overcoat. Little was ever said about the matter, but Bing Crosby's money bought the coat.

A chap by the name of Leo Lynn is Crosby's studio stand-in. Prior to the start of the Crooner's new picture, Lynn had his appendix removed. The picture's starting date was moved up two weeks, and Lynn, anxious to hold his job, got out of his bed to report at the studio. But Bing wouldn't hear of him working so soon after the operation. He gave Leo three weeks' pay and told him to take things easy.

There was a young golf professional (his name is better omitted) who encountered a series of misfortunes. His wife and child were simultaneously ill, and the golfer lost most of his money when a local business entered bankruptcy.

This professional had a fine opportunity to take part in a tournament far from Los Angeles, and he believed that if he could get there, he might be able to win at least one of the big money prizes. How to get to the tournament was his problem, because he was flat broke.

Bing heard the story in a roundabout way, and he connived a plan by which to help. He was certain that the "pro," who is a gentlemanly sort of fellow, would not accept a gift or even a loan. So Crosby invited him to play. The Crooner arranged a small bet for the first hole—and lost. He doubled the bet on the second hole—and lost. By skilfully arranging the wagers, Crosby managed to lose enough money to pay the professional golfer's expenses!

Today that "pro" is comfortably fixed. He won that first tournament, and has won many since. He worships Crosby; in fact, I believe he understands just what Bing did for him.

Dick Arlen told me that he and Bing and their respective wives went to the Coconut Grove one recent night. It was the first time Bing had been there since the days when he sang from the Grove orchestra platform. But Crosby remembered most of the waiters; he called most of them by their first names.

"Most of them seemed to recall the Groaner (a pet name that his intimates apply to Bing) as the guy who used to sing at the Grove," Arlen said. "They didn't regard him as a movie star at all."

Arlen also said: "Crosby is one of the few fellows I know who will not listen to gossip. He is a close-mouthed guy, and a real friend."

"He is always remembering people he used to go to school with in nice friendly ways, such as helping them get jobs, and really seriously listening to their troubles and lending them helping hands."

"But he never plays 'big shot.' He never tries to impress any of those friends who 'knew him when' by posing as a movie star. He's just a good scout. When he does anything nice, he forgets about it because he thinks it's the thing to do."

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Jean Muir, intrigued by a snowbird which pays a visit to her window ledge, is herself an intriguing picture framed in this seasonal atmosphere.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 84

HERE'S information that Believe-it-or-not Ripley would seize upon avidly: Bing Crosby doesn't know one musical note from another!

Furthermore, the Crooner seldom sings a song exactly the same twice. This works a hardship on studio cutting-rooms, because it is often the practice to have voice artists sing their songs on the set for lip movement, then again in a sound-proof booth for sound. Movement and sound are then joined. This is rarely possible with Bing, because only by accident does he twice sing a number the same.

THERE is one little habit practiced by Hollywood stars that has fooled scores of check forgers. Few stars ever write autographs the same way they sign checks.

Lew Ayres, for instance, uses entirely different signatures on checks and autographs. As a consequence, two forgers have been apprehended as they were attempting to cash checks that bore Ayres' name. Unfortunately for the forgers, they copied his autographing signature, which fact bank-tellers recognized at once.

IT'S more fun! I mean, Robert Montgomery's new "Un-Intelligence Test." Bob introduced it at a house party and now everybody is playing it.

The game, (if such it may be called), is a burlesque of popular "Intelligence Tests" conducted by newspapers. Here is the way Bob plays it: Compile a list of absurd or personal questions. These are typed in advance, and all party-guests receive copies. The answers are read aloud, and are generally very funny.

Here are the kind of questions to ask:

Do you sit on the floor to pull on your stockings or socks?

Do you make faces when your bridge partner leads wrong?

Do you think you sing better in your bath than out?

Of course, the idea is for everybody to make the answers as ridiculous as possible. Try it some time.

BEBE DANIELS, who already operates a dress-shop in Los Angeles, has opened another in Palm Springs. This is the second of a contemplated string of stores to be opened in western cities, Bebe says. And now that Thelma Todd is establishing a chain of cafés in southern California, it looks as if the stars are going into business in a big way.

EXTREMELY amusing was the incident of the young eastern business man, visiting in Hollywood, who saw and joined a group of persons surrounding an ornate automobile. On inquiry, he learned that the machine belonged to Charlie Chaplin.

Not knowing the way of such things, the visitor stepped up to the Japanese chauffeur, gave him a quarter, and asked the Oriental to send him a picture of Chaplin.

A few days later the young man received a large envelope. But the chauffeur had evidently misunderstood, for inside was a picture of a grinning Jap, autographed: "Togo." It was the chauffeur!

FAN appeal is as powerful as sex appeal—thousands upon thousands of letters piled into Fox studio, and so Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are making another picture together—"One More Spring". . . Dorothy Wilson parted with her appendix, and was up and around within ten days. . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence will bring their London stage hit, "Moonlight and Silver," to New York soon. . . How's this for a record: H. Norman Olden, Englishman living in London, has seen more than 2100 pictures since January 1, 1927. . . Anna Sten's personal appearance trip was for two purposes: To introduce her to the public, and, more important, to quell stories comparing her with Garbo. . . Maxine Doyle, who was for three years mistress of ceremonies at the Earle Theatre in Washington, D. C., returned there recently, now a screen success, and packed 'em in with personal appearances. . . Three players with the same euphonic name take part in "David Copperfield." They are Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester Laughton, (Charlie's wife), and Frank Lawton.

NEVER a month without a new story based on the eccentricities of Greta Garbo. This month's story is one without words—that is, no words from Garbo.

A film company was shooting scenes at the home of Neil Hamilton, and a number of neighbors dropped in to watch. In the audience were Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a few more. Everybody was jesting in fine fettle.

Abruptly Greta Garbo arrived, clad in slacks and wearing dark glasses. Without a word to anybody present, she took a seat and watched proceedings. No one dared speak to her, and the merriment died to whispers. Presently Garbo walked away.

Wonder if Greta doesn't get a great kick—perhaps an inner laugh—from her antics?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT returned to her dressing-room one day from a set and found a male visitor. The man was seated on the barber chair which is a feature of Claudette's room—a chair in which Claudette reposes for facials or when she is being made up.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Colbert said to her uninvited guest, "but is there something I can do for you?"

"If you're the barber," answered the man, "I want a shave."

The thing was on the level, too, with the man. He was a stranger on the lot, and when he asked Gary Cooper the whereabouts of the barber-shop, Gary, with a perfectly solemn countenance, directed him to Claudette's dressing-room!

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